MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

FEBRUARY 2010 #321
$4 (US/CAN)

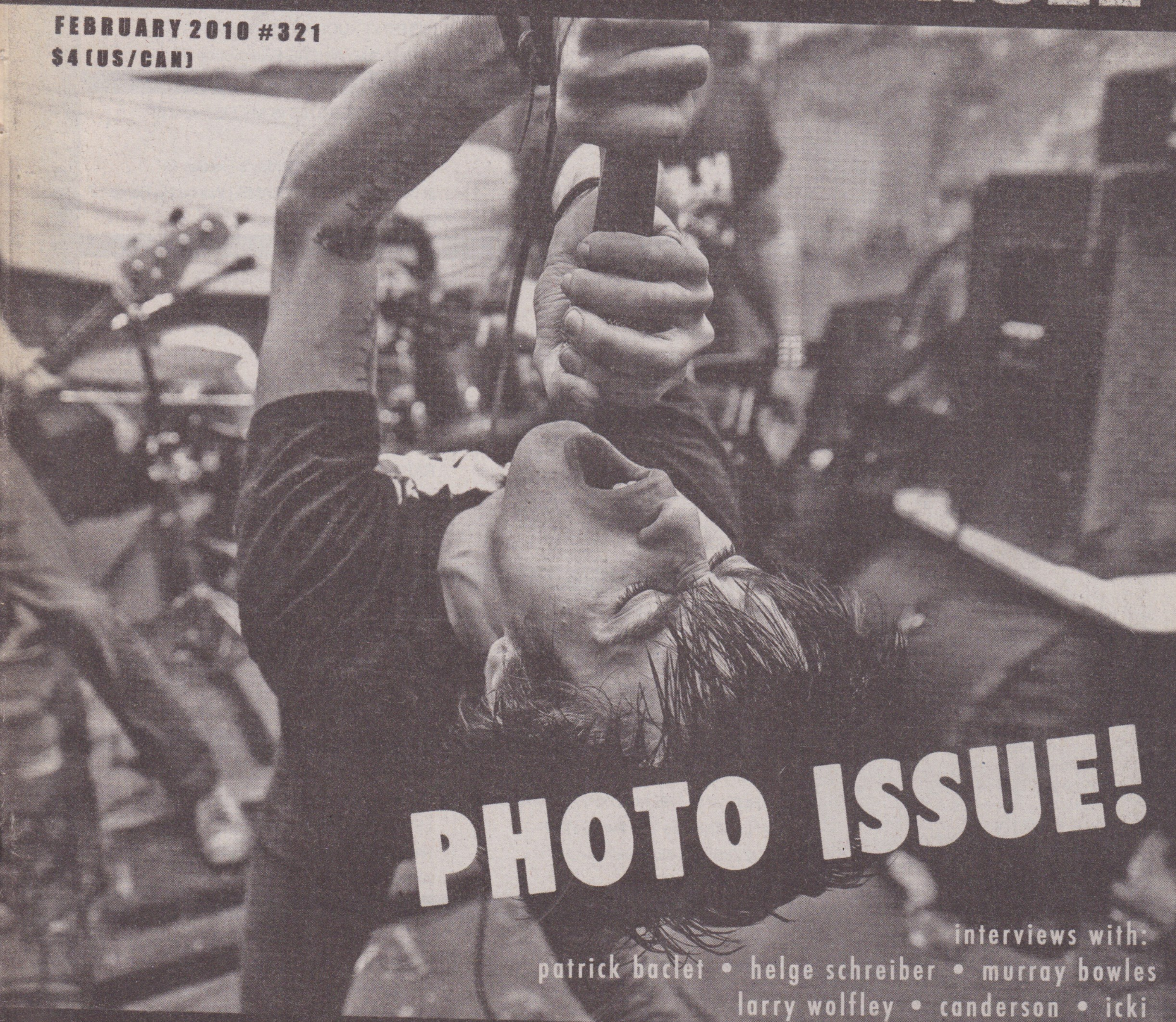

PHOTO ISSUE!

interviews with:
patrick baclet • helge schreiber • murray bowles
larry wolfley • canderson • icki
chrissy piper • karoline collins
mateus mondini • daigo oliva • gary go!

PLUS: punk photobook bibliography
and a crapload of killer photos from around the world!

A

20

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- FRAMTID/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- MÖRPHEME-Ounou No Rensa-EP
- AVSKUM-Demo-EP + Folk Som Har Sånger...-EP
- MALIN HEADS-Probegepogt Aus Spandau-EP
- TERVEET KADET-Ihmisen Poika Peden Poika-10"
- DSB-Useless System Abuse-LP
- BALANCE/HÅRDA TIDER-split EP
- DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE-Kept in the Dark-EP
- RIISTETYT-KUOLONHYMNEJA-LP
- STRIKE ANYWHERE-Failed State-EP

TIM BROOKS

- AIRFIX KITS-Both EPs
- FRAMTID/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- GERIATRIC UNIT-CD
- INVASION-CD
- A/V MURDER-Tourettes-EP
- MARKED MEN/THIS IS MY FIST-split EP
- SPITS-Pain-EP
- SHITTY LIMITS-Yesterday's Heroes-EP
- SHANNON AND THE CLAMS-I Wanna Go Home-LP
- BAD SPORTS-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- FRAMTID/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- MÖRPHEME-Ounou No Rensa-EP
- AVSKUM-Both EPs
- BALANCE/HÅRDA TIDER-SPLIT EP
- RANK/XEROX-Basement Furniture-EP
- ULTRATUMBADOS-Autogesto-EP
- KRUNCHIES-Ugly Inside-EP
- ROUGH KIDS-Why So Serious-EP
- Black Ganion-live
- LOVE SONGS-Another Guaranteed 40 Minute Set-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- THE BRAT-The Wolf-45
- RANK/XEROX-Basement Furniture-EP
- MÖRPHEME-Ounou No Rensa-EP
- KRUNCHIES-Ugly Inside-EP
- NECRO HIPPIES-LP
- ULTRATUMBADOS-Autogesto-EP
- RATIONAL ANIMALS-Distorted Temptation-EP
- AIRFIX KITS-both EPs
- ANAL WARHEAD-Protect and Serve-EP
- METH MOUNTAIN-EP / PARTYLINE-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER / RELIGIOUS AS FUCK-LP
- INSURANCE RISK-Violence in Our Minds-LP
- SPITS-EP / ANAL WARHEAD-EP
- TORN APART-Self Loathing-EP
- ROUGH KIDS-Why So Serious?-EP
- COCOCOMA-Ask Don't Tell/The Anchor-45
- COMMITMENT CREW-What Are You?-LP
- ORBITS-Make the Rules/Phenomenal World-45
- ASSHOLE PARADE-Welcome Fucking Home-EP
- AGNOSTIC FRONT-Victim in Pain-LP+United Blood -EP

KENNY KAOS

- INVADOR/BOYWIFE-SPLIT EP
- CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS-Real Hot-45
- MEAN JEANS-Are You Serious?-LP
- JACUZZI BOYS-No Seasons-LP
- WHITE WIRES-LP
- POINTED STICKS-Three Lefts Make a Right-LP
- SPENCEY DUDE AND THE DOODLES-Flirting-EP
- LE KID AND LES MARINELLIS-T'est Pas D'Ici-45
- PARTYLINE-Bad for the Baby-EP
- AIRFIX KITS-Flex Time-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- A/V MURDER-Tourettes-EP
- USELESS EATERS-Sucked In-EP
- WHEELS ON FIRE-Bad Lie-45/TY SEGALL-45
- AIRFIX KITS-both EPs
- TYLER JON TYLER-New England Street-45
- JACUZZI BOYS-LP/ULTRATUMBADOS-EP
- TORTURED TONGUES-Arizona Murder-45
- LE KID AND LES MARINELLIS-T'est Pas D'Ici-45
- MAGNETIX-EP/BASSHOLES-LP
- GONERFEST-DVD+CD/(UNTITLED)-film

VINNIE LARUSSA

- FRAMTID/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- MARKED MEN/THIS IS MY FIST-split EP
- LOVE SONGS-Another Guaranteed 40 Minute Set-LP
- MÖRPHEME-Ounou No Rensa-EP
- AVSKUM-Demo-EP
- CRACK-In Search of the Crack-LP
- MALINHEADS-Hoax-EP
- AGNOSTIC FRONT-Victim in Pain-LP+United Blood -EP
- AIRFIX KITS-Playing Both Sides-EP
- P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S.-Gotta Get Away from You/Problems-45

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 184, 186-192, 194-197, 199, 204, 206, 208-215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-247, 249-306, 308-319

See page 4 for pricing and other info.
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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

PAUL LUCICH

- SNUGGLE-Zero Real Hearts-LP
- RANK/XEROX-Basement Furniture-EP
- CRUJAY-My Level-EP
- MARKED MEN/THIS IS MY FIST-split EP
- AIRFIX KITS-Flex Time-EP
- THE BRAT-The Wolf-45
- DISKELMÄ-Burning Dreams-EP
- THE SPITS-PAIN-EP
- ULTRATUMBADOS-Autogesto-EP
- BROKEDOWNS/COPYRIGHTS-EP

RAY LUJAN

- IRON CHIC-Shitty Rambo-EP
- LASER GEYSER-Throat Miners/Scorpio Rising-45
- STRIKE ANYWHERE-Iron Fron-CD
- POLAR BEAR CLUB-Chasing Hamburg-LP
- FOUR LETTER WORD-Follow-CD
- KING FRIDAY-Married Alive-CD
- STRAWBERRY BLONDES-Fight Back-CD
- YUM YUMS-CD / VANILLA POD-CD
- CREDENTIALS-Consolation Prizes-EP
- THE CRACK-In Search of-LP

MARK MURRMANN

- PRIMITIVE HANDS-45
- WHITE WIRES-LP
- P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S.-Get Away From You/Problem-45
- CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS-Real Hot-45
- EEGOS-Hot Face/I Won't-45
- PREDATOR-Honest Man-EP
- BAD SPORTS-LP
- QUICK-Mondo Deco-LP
- RIB CAGES-Right or Wrong-EP
- POP. 1280-Time Square/Bedbugs-45

BRUCE ROEHRS

- PISSCHRIST/FRAMTID-split-EP
- DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE-Kept In The Dark-EP
- HAMMERLOCK -Let The Bad Times Roll-CD
- AVSKUM-Folk Som Har Sånger-EP
- DSB-Useless System Abuse-LP
- TERVEET KADET-Ihmi Sen Polka-10"
- MÖRPHEME-EP / BURNT CROSS-EP
- AUDIO KOLLAPS / DESOLATION-split EP
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Yesterdays Heroes-EP
- AGNOSTIC FRONT-Victim in Pain-LP+United Blood -EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- MARKED MEN/THIS IS MY FIST-split EP
- LOVE SONGS-Another Guaranteed 40 Minute Set-LP
- PROLES!-One Small Step-EP
- SNARLAS-It's Not On TVEP
- P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S.-Get Away From You/Problem-45
- KRUNCHIES-Ugly Inside-EP
- SNUGGLE-Zero Real Hearts-LP
- SHANNON AND THE CLAMS-I Wanna Go Home-LP
- THE BRAT-The Wolf-45
- THE SPITS-Pain-EP

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- MÖRPHEME-Ounou No Rensa-EP
- FRAMTID/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- ULTRATUMBADOS-Auto Gesto Al Exceso/Ultratumbados
- NECRO HIPPIES-LP
- RANK/XEROX-Basement Furniture-EP
- AVSKUM-Both EPs
- AIRFIX KITS-Both EPs
- DSB-Useless System Abuse-LP
- MALIN HEADS-Probegepogt Aus Spandau-EP
- THE BRAT-The Wolf-45

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- AVSKUM-both EPS
- FRAMTID/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- MÖRPHEME-Ounou No Rensa-EP
- BURNT CROSS-Too Many Graves-EP
- RANK/XEROX-Basement Furniture-EP
- ULTRATUMBADOS-Autogesto-EP
- USELESS EATERS-Sucked In-EP
- ROUGH KIDS-Why So Serious?-EP
- NECRO HIPPIES-LP
- TERVEET KADET-Ihmisen Poika Peden Poika-10"

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Later Daze #4*
- *Work Funnies*
- *Train Wreck #7*
- *Unemployed*
- *Tooth Worm #4*
- *Gutter Slug #2*
- *Dirge #6*
- *Antipatia #1*
- *Razorcake #53*
- *Node Pajomo*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan-Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cocacoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops. Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seeif' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (*The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)*

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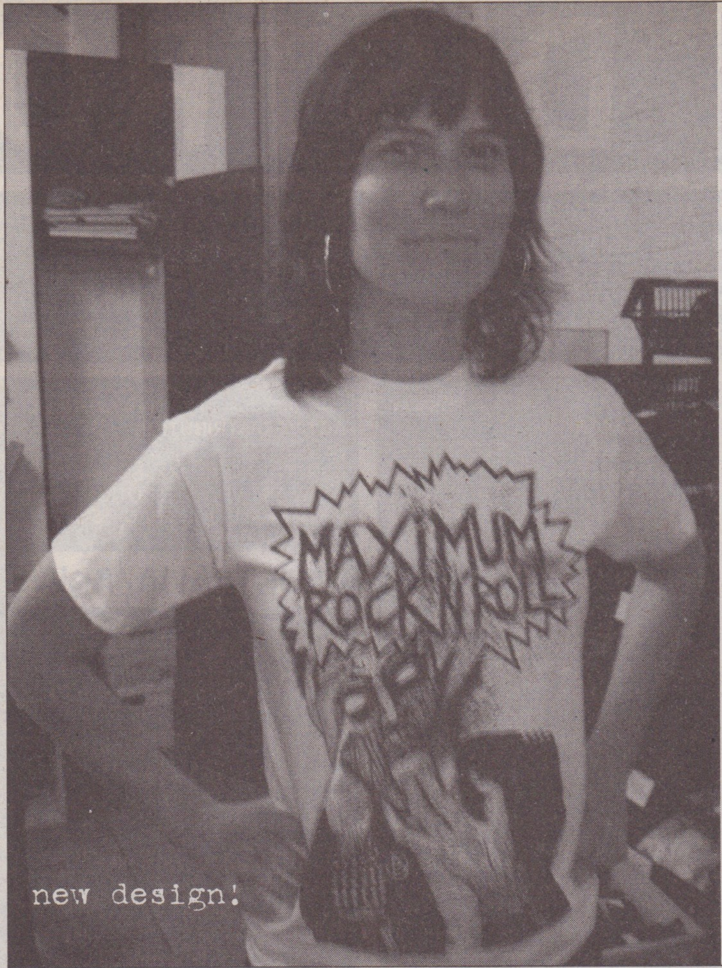
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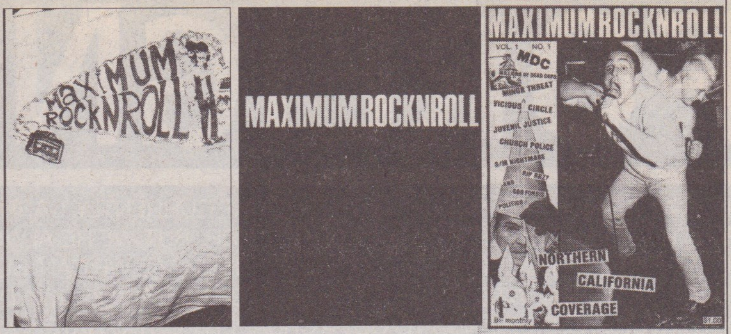
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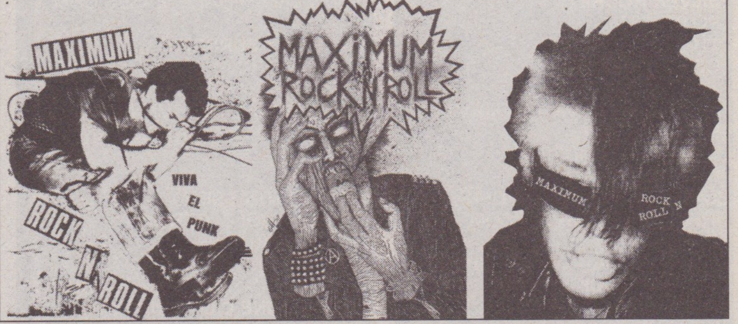
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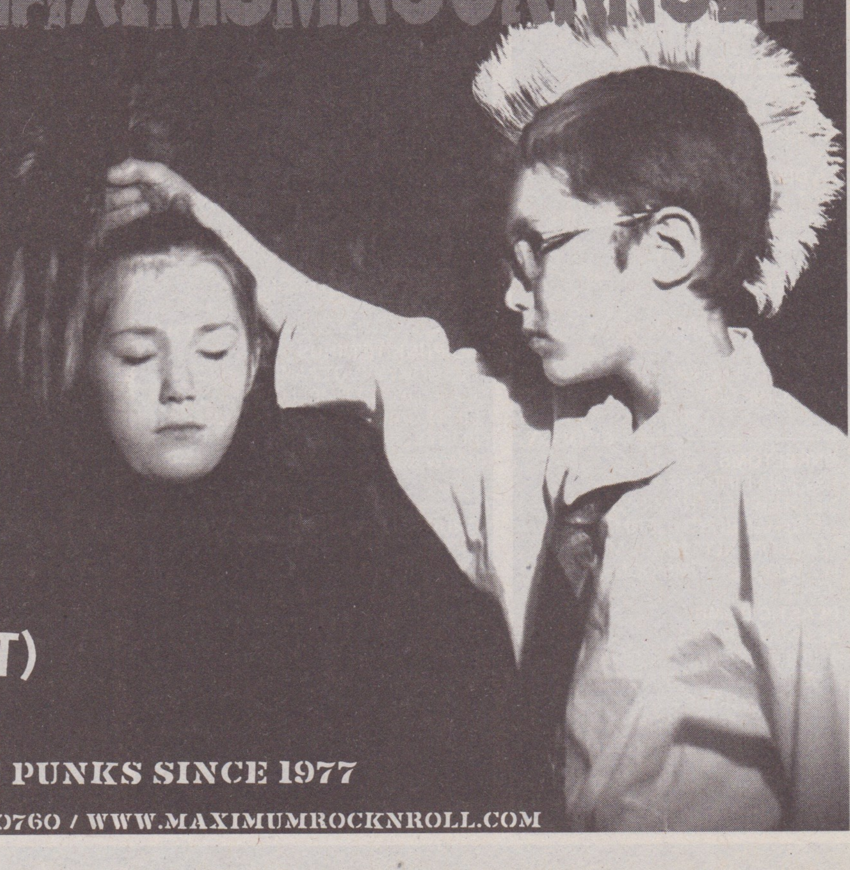

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Maximum—

As a young hardcore kid in the mid-'80s that clipped Cro-Mags photos from magazines and watched the video of "We Gotta Know" a million times, I enjoyed the John John interview, which was swell. John John is one of the more intriguing characters of NY hardcore—complicated, earthy, and tough, but somehow a Buddha at the same time. Dave Dictor did tell me John John and Harley helped hold off tons of skinheads from pummeling MDC at CBGBs back in the day. No doubt, some of the band's lyrics are troubling, but so are the lyrics of fellow travelers like Bad Brains too. As we begin to document and explore that time in hardcore history more in-depth, we'll begin to understand the personalities better. This is a step in the right direction. John John is not some caricature, and neither are readers of this zine.

—David Ensminger

Dear MRR—

Our band, Mental Rescue, was reviewed in the demo tape section of issue #318. This is an exact quotation of the review: "This recording is not very good. It's muffled and tinny and basically sounds like shit, which doesn't help the oafish/borderline fascist lyrics about food and the promotion of amoral, the punk standard of behavior (which by the way, stopped being interesting possibly as early as '81, but definitely lost all of its glory by '90). This is boring generic HC with boring lyrics and it's recorded badly. Whoops. (Helen)" I find it quite insulting that the reviewer calls our lyrics "oafish" and worst of all "borderline fascist!" Our lyrics are simplistic, to the point, anti-authoritarian. Here are the lyrics to our demo tape.

"Death To The Fucking Human Race"

Feel the rage ya feel the power / Feel it smash in your face / Feel the rage ya feel the power / Feel the hatred for human race / Explosive rage I'll kill you all / Death to the fucking human race / Feel the rage ya feel the power / How can I be an optimist / Feel the rage ya feel the power / Forced to be a pessimist.

"Kamikaze Mission"

Fuck those those bastards kill em now / Go in there with the bomb / Kill those assholes they deserve it / They ruin lives for a living / Kamikaze mission! / Kamikaze mission don't fuckin' fail / Go in there with a blast / No one's innocent they deserve it / They ruin lives for a living.

"Shit Kids"

Take their morals throw 'em away / Take their morals start living today / We're the shit kids they're just shit / We're the shit kids don't give a fuck / Take their churches burn 'em away / fuck their churches start living today.

"Mutant Shit"

Toxic food mutates you everyday / The shit you eat will end your days / Mutant Shit / Modified life slowly dying / Dunno what we eat cause they're lying.

"Scapegoat"

No one's safe it can happen to you / You trust in the system that fools you / They'll need a scapegoat and lock you up / It's a fucking lottery and you've fucking won / Scapegoat / They plan your doom lock you up / They plot your death lock you up / No one's safe it can happen to you / It's a fucking lottery and you've fucking won.

"Yankees Out"

Iraq, Afghanistan, we'll never see the wars end / Yankees Ouuuut!

"Cult Of The Leader"

Cult of personality / Kim Il Sung,the leader is god / Cult of the leader.

"Pseudo Rebel"

Follow blindly you don't care / It doesn't matter the luxuries there / Convenient lifestyle stay in line / Pseudo rebel living the lie.

"Police Aggression"

Police aggression for the last time / They fucked up and now they die / Caught me in alley but I grabbed you gun / Now you got nowhere to run / Police Aggression / blow you face off on the wall / Steal your wallet, might as well / You had it coming when you joined / When cops die it's not for nothing.

"Lock Me Up"

Put me through the courts / Put in me in your rat cage / Lock me up / Ahhhh! / Send me to jail / Send me away.

"Endless Routine"

Endless routine is killing me / Gotta break free gotta break free / Eat, sleep, work, play.

"Cold Day In Hell When I Surrender"

After me everyday / Want me to sign my life away / Join your master plan you say / Fuck off no way / Cold day in hell when I surrender.

"Vandalism"

Public damage criminal minds / Don't care for your city design / It's not art I just wanna destroy / Spray paint it all ruin your life / Vandalism, broken windows, break it all, don't give a shit.

Please judge for yourself and send us your comments. Two new EPs are scheduled to be released soon, for those curious to hear some fast HC ala Larm, Protes Bengt, Siege download the demo tape here: www.mentalrescue.blogspot.com/ (the cassettes are sold out).

Please send us your comments.

—Mental Rescue

capitalicide@hotmail.com

I think Helen's use of the word fascist was unwarranted and probably irresponsible, but that's one of the risks of sending something for review. That the person who reviews it doesn't get it, misinterprets it or hates it. When you've put a lot of work into something and someone rejects it for reasons that seem groundless, it sucks. BUT that's one person's opinion. That's what a review is. An opinion.

Dear MRR—

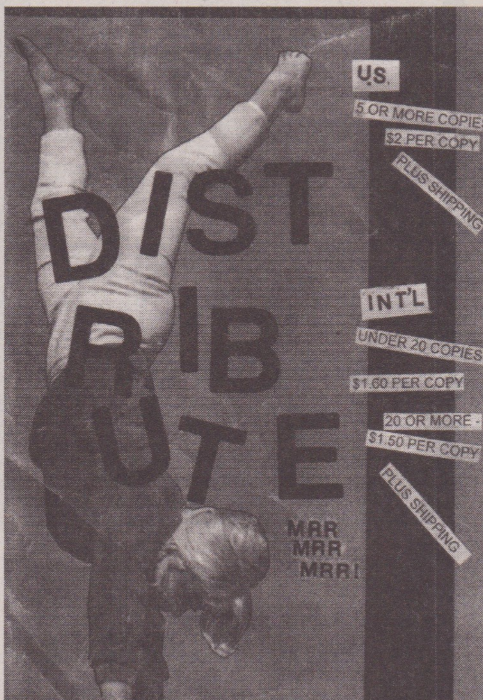
I do a zine called *Evil Minded*, and the last two reviews have been well-received, but my address was listed incorrectly both times, and I've had some angry people who sent cash in the mail that I didn't get. My correct address is:

Tom Mayhugh
2964 Winter Garden Unit D
Lexington, KY 40517

Keep up the good work!

Thanks,

—Thomas



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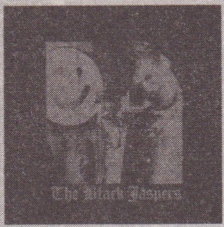

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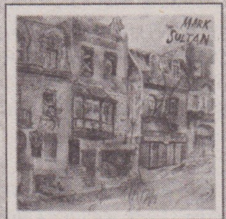

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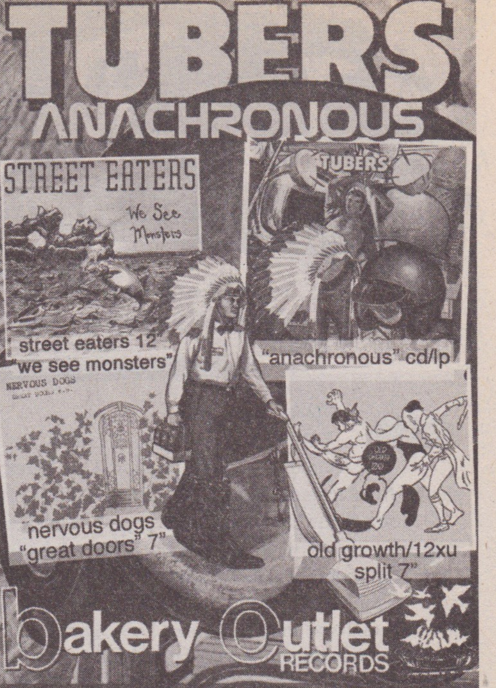

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COLUMNS

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

A note of caution: This column does not make much sense. I haven't smoked a cigarette for nearly a month, and as result of this tobacco abstinence, I've been made partially insane, and I've devolved into a cringing, wet, stringy-haired mess. I've gained thirty pounds and my feet are covered in splinters. I have descended into a sort of chemical stupor-my vision is blurred, my words are jumbled, my sentences, formerly eloquent and witty, are now crude, sexist, or pidgin. Jaundiced skin, farts. Whereas I formerly wrote my columns while straight, I've had to heavily self-medicate since my departure from the smoking world, so forgive me if the following doesn't make much sense. Without further ado, here is my column, entitled

STANDING ON THE VERGE OF GETTING IT ON

Ah, what the hell am I gonna talk about this time? When the fifth of the month rolls around, and my column ("non-music related") is due, I plop my scabbed ass down in front of my roommate's computer and, over the course of several hours, tap out a more often than not lousy column that I hope only real good looking girls read. You know what? I shouldn't call it lousy. Relatively speaking, my column is great, a truly noble and brave work, and after all it *is* lauded by the literati (don't ask me who) and (after everyone who can read it in our wide world has had a chance to do so) recycled (no doubt for use on the paper-mache statue they're building of my fat fucking gut in Haiti, where the locals worship me, because of course, I'm a Hebrew, thus the descendent of slaves {indentured in Africa, where some millionth great grandfather of mine and his cronies built the best of the Great Wonders of the World, the pyramids} as a sort of new African ideal), or kept, whichever you want. Anyways, if you haven't noticed (and believe me, you haven't), you're reading the February issue of *Maximum Rocknroll*. February 2010.

This means that last month, your eyes were clogged with the bullshit that certain employees of *Maximum Rocknroll* and selected members of the public spouted off about in their so-called decade end top tens. I was disgusted. I threw up. I'm still throwing up. You out there among the readership are of course unfamiliar with the Machiavellian inner-workings of the current junta here at *Maximum*, but evidence of sabotage was apparent last month when, somehow, some way, my top ten did not appear in the pages of this hallowed and much read mag. It's not like I didn't write one, it's not like I didn't send it in (well, that might be a lie). It's here. It's right here. I have it in front of me. They didn't print it. Nobodies fault. Maybe I didn't send it. Maybe it didn't qualify on account of it really doesn't make a lot of sense. I could of course recount here what the hell I wrote, what I liked in the past ten years. I tell myself I should do this, because people sweated and pissed their talent away into making a lot of records, and I bought a few of them and I could tell you which few of those I liked, and maybe you'll agree and approve of my taste. Ah, but I don't fuckin' *feel* like it.

To be honest with you, I fucking hate most of the shit trash that comes through this office. I can say that. I have the freedom to say that. No one who works here even reads my column before it goes to print (or at least not closely, as you'll notice from the bizarre editing hack jobs that occur once in a while). I wait until a week after the due date and then I type something up, real last-minute style, don't even read it after I'm done, send it over to the headquarters and head off. I'm a busy guy. I'm not a busy guy. I have no job. I lead a frugal life, living off money my mother left me, stretching it to the last cent. I don't even write much anymore-since my computer fried last year, I've been relegated to typing my column on a typewriter (on my floor, no desk in my 6x7), then schlepping the hard copies over to the *Maximum* office and trying to piece my confused and most of the time nonsensical ramblings into something resembling a column. It's Sunday, today. I always mean to stay home on Sundays, piece myself together, maybe eat right or catch up on some real reading (besides the usual science fiction dreck I subject myself to), but something always comes up, last two Sundays I was out by 10:30 both nights, way out, far out, I'm talking outer space. Sitting on the lap of a girl I never met, telling her I'm gonna shit in her mouth, her saying "OK" and us exiting the establishment to her house, she takes off her clothes and I throw up. I wake up in a taxi cab in front of my house, which is vexing as I have no money, so I fall out of the door yelling, and now I'm bleeding, somehow I'm inside my apartment and I break a glass lamp with my face and fall face-first on the side of the toilet bowl, and puke myself to sleep. 10:15. Dumb. Stupid. "Ain't it fun, when you just can't cum?" said Stiv "fuck yourself" Bators, at least you're fucking. I can't even fuck no more. After what happened on my 20th birthday, since this nutty broad cursed me, hell, I ain't sure I'll ever get nothing from no gal ever again. Haw haw haw. "Take off your pants, don't you know this is a party?" Lou Reed. Jack White as Lou Reed as Zooey Deschanel as the Vivian Girls as the Killers (whose hotel room I robbed last week), as pieces of shit. I'm a piece of shit too.

So what gives me the fucking right to tell you what records of the past ten years were good? I'm not a music critic. Admittedly, I may be more of one than most who claim the position, but that means next to nothing, if not less. I like writing and I like rock and roll. Those two hobbies qualify me for this position. I suppose, then, my opinion regarding records might be taken somewhat seriously (though I doubt it) among readers of this magazine. Still it doesn't make sense, because unless, unbeknownst to me, there's a significant (or even minor) portion of this magazines readership that enjoys the new wave stylings of the Yachts, I'm coming at this whole punk business from a different angle, an angle which I'm sure many of you find, well, wrong. I always thought Totalitar were lousy and Tragedy dull. Music for clean tall men in black pants. Backpatch. Beanie. Portland (a goddamn crummy town if there ever was one). Everyone agrees: Sex Vid are a hardcore band. Prize pigs. Regulations, like many of that sort of European band, were all image (except the bassist of the Vicious). Everybody, from all walks of life, hates the Runnamucks, who put out two of the most underrated records of the past decade, 2007's *Inferno* and 2009's *Clawing Back*. Nobody bought these records. I bought both. They are great records that no one will buy because Josh hasn't hobnobbed with the right people. Go to hell.

Back to the tens. It seems that most of these dorks really enjoyed the Eddy Current Suppression Ring albums. Just what I've been waiting for: A garage rock band that hardcore nerds can agree on. Go ahead; put it right next to your eight dollar Kriegshog 7". I, with my eyes and ears and body too, witnessed Eddy Current Suppression Ring in their native land of Australia a few months ago. I ate a few mushroom caps before they went on (Mushrooms currently rank as my least-favorite drug, I feel ripped off every time I take them. The mushrooms were given to me by one of the hairiest men I've ever seen.), which proved to be (in retrospect only), a mistake. I'm fairly certain they were great, throwing it out in front of six-hundred screaming, fainting fans all of them humming along to the loose-tight-loose-tight… I think. Truth be told, I can't remember a goddamn thing about their set, which stinks, but jet lag combined with peace-drugs have a tendency to cloud ones memory. I do remember being trapped in a Sydney disco dungeon, surrounded in a foreign land by foreign people, and choking a guy before drifting off into half-sleep oblivion. They sell Tylenol with codeine in it, over the counter. Back to the Ring: The appeal is universal. The group is genuine. I wish I could complain, but for once in my wretched life, I can't.

Perceptive guy that I am, I noticed some people said the Hex Dispensers put out one of the top ten records of the decade, which was pretty funny. Hex Dispensers records are all very expensive and as a result I have never purchased one, though the embarrassing cover art that adorns all of them guarantees a spot in dollar bins of the future, so I'll shell out a coupla quarters for the admittedly excellent *Lose My Cool* in six or so years. I saw the Hex Dispensers play—they were very large guys. A lot of people included the Tyrades in their top tens. I have a Tyrades LP and it's completely awful, so if this band has some OK-alright singles that maybe I should give a chance, well, golly, jeez, will I be red with embarrassment! Speaking of "T" bands that suck, how about those Tranzmitors? The Tranzmitors suck. Well, OK, I concede that they put out some decent singles, but that sixth-wave Ska Long Player they fucking raped their fans (which included me, back then) with is unforgivable. I hope they asphyxiate on those cute ties they wear. Cute. Who the hell wants to be cute? The Clorox Girls. The Red Dons. Cute bands. Safe punk. Who likes these bands? I've never met her either. The Marked Men only put out one good record. Tyvek are only popular because they're cute. Cute. Off With Their Heads. The "Clarion Alley Block Party" scene. All you need is a 40 oz and friends and good times and music and a goddamn gas chamber.

Missing from most top tens was the shitty blowjob genre of "weird punk" (probably shouldn't have written blowjob—most of the girls that like this shit don't put out), which is fine by me. At last, we can all admit that no one *really* likes the Factums (I cannot seriously believe I bought that awful record) or Pink Noise. But mysteriously missing from all the lists was the Blank Dogs. What happened? I dug the dog. Who let the dog out. Where is the dog. Notice there are no question marks ending those sentences—that is because they are *statements of fact*. Also noticeably absent from most of these Nazis' top tens was the genre *that I fucking made up*: Mysterious guy hardcore. Sex Vid doesn't count, because I like them as people and they're an above-average live act (the records leave me blank). Cult Ritual were great the first time I saw them, but it seems they started to believe their own hype, and the avalanche of copycat groups suffocated any chance I had of giving this genre a chance. Fucking hell. Fucking shit. Fucked Up. I've said it before, and I meant it then as I do know, but Fucked Up are smarter than most. Sure, they now make music so limp that even an open minded guy like me can't get behind, but at least they dragged their bloated carcass out of the hellish oubliette that is *the hardcore community*. Now they're stuck running in place on the European festival circuit, but I'm sure they get free massages and hotel rooms, so what the hell. Who can blame them? Everyone can blame them.

The best record of the past ten years was Hue Blanc's Joyless Ones *Arriere Garde* LP, on S-S records, which I do not own. Layla and Cissie: Don't fire me. Readers: Forgive me.

LOTTERY PAFFY:
by STANKS

Home, or wherever I have claimed it to be, has always been a struggling point for me. Growing up, I felt sort of tossed between two familial identities: the one that I had to present to my everyday cohorts and the ever-shadowed facet of the home life. It wasn't blaringly evident that my family and home life was a rocky one; to cope, all of my family members hid from it in their own way, whether submitting all of their attention to substance abuse, possession-based hobbies, education, or a fantastical realm, there was always an effective way to subvert the truth, some more dangerous than others. I think this is why I was so attracted to punk rock at an early age. Embarrassingly, I bought my first punk records at a Giant Eagle grocery store in a suburb of Pittsburgh, which is quite hilarious to me now, because there is no way that place would ever consider carrying a Sex Pistols or a Clash CD. I'm sure most people who read this magazine would heavily argue against those bands being punk now, but whatever.

Sure, everyone has heard the story about a young kid being sent into a whirlwind over a world of nowhere-to-go misfits banding together to make life agreeable and happy. High school punk antics in over-drive: trashing a venue with dumpstered pastries, driving cars through dead-end areas of town until early morning, smoking weed and listening to the Ramones in a basement all night, wandering down to the city for the first time to hang out at a punk party, and whatever other cliché punk thing I can write about next. I'm not trying to present an overly negative trip about all of the "punk" things I may have abandoned in the last couple years of my life. It's nothing, really. I salute everyone who still makes it out to every all-ages DIY gig. I still go to shows and have a relatively good time, but I just don't feel like it is my home as much as it used to be.

I began to doubt my childhood home when I saw the fallacies of everyone under the roof come apart rather violently. Due to a certain patriarchal figure's actions, the family was rather ripped apart and filled with distrust and confusion. Aggression was spurred through drug addiction. Someone who I used to respect was now stealing from me and threatening to murder the rest of my family. I really left that time of my life behind and tried to hide from it however I could, whether it be submitting to my own substance abuse or becoming more involved in artistic pursuits, specifically the punk scene and creative writing. Soon though, I saw a lot of the same problems in my family tear apart people I became close to, both recently and lifelong: drug problems, suicide, alcoholism, depression, and all the other usual suspects. I know it is incorrect (and probably ignorant, irresponsible, and immature) to blame certain "homes" or "environments" for being responsible for these problems, but I guess I could never be comfortable making someone own up to their problems and want them to face it for themselves. It's just too hard.

What this has to do with my involvement with punk? I have no idea, really. I guess I just came into punk thinking of it as a perfect safe-haven, which was utterly naïve and falsely utopian on my own part. I guess any slogan is easy to fall into regardless of its origins. No perfect society is ever going to exist, so stop preaching it. Everyone is going to die. Everyone is going to suffer. Nothing is going to work out. Innocent people are going to suffer endlessly at the hands of ruthless, evil multi-national corporations. One day, you'll be crossing the street and a bus will paste your innards all over the pavement. Politicians will lie to you to start more wars. Banks will rob you of your own earnings. One day, you'll wake up and your father will be dead in an apartment in South Caroline, his body ravaged by drugs. You'll look around and see the same old room you've lived in your whole life, even after you've moved year after year. Your friends will rob you, cheat you, and then die. One day, you'll be walking up the street and some face-tattooed scum-squatter will ask you for change and spit in your general direction when you don't have the change to give them, while two years prior, this same guy was probably obnoxiously dancing to your band performing. Quitting school, going to work, and never going fishing.

I'd probably be calling myself a sellout or dropout a few years ago.

Closing words, lifted from the *Hymns for the Hearing Impaired, Volume 1* compilation (names removed to protect identities, all typos and grammar mistakes have been left in to protect authenticity): Fuck Jock Mentality and Homophobia!!! *Hymns for the Hearing Impaired* was a name I came up with awhile ago when I had just started doing my label Riotous Assembly and wanted to a cheaply priced DIY compilation CD. I asked H**** from B** P***** Records if he wanted to do this as a split label with me, he said he was into doing it, so we both started getting tracks from bands and getting layouts, about a week before it was mastered, I found out that F****** P*** were going to be on it, even though H***** knows I'm not into them because of their homophobic/jock mentality. I'm not PC, but I am pissed off that this compilation has a couple stupid homophobic noisecore bands that I never wanted on it in the first place. They were put on this compilation by B** P***** Records, not Riotous Assembly!!! It sucks that a good compilation is being polluted with such stupid bullshit.

Noise/grind came from the punk/hardcore scene (started by bands like Sore Throat, Extreme Smoke, etc.) Noise/grind is about refusing the system, not hating people based on race, gender or sexual preference. Fuck homophobic bands like the M*******, V*** S****, D********* F***, etc., Fuck supporting homophobic jock mentality bullshit!!!

- Justin from Philly, I keep trying to call you, but your number never works.
- This is my last column. Thanks.
- Take it. It's yours.

SHOTGUN SEAMSTRESS
BY OSA ATOE

I work with this 18-year-old girl from Mobile, Alabama. She moved to New Orleans a year ago, looking for a more open-minded place to exist. We sling coffee together, bitch about customers and talk about feminism and music. She told me that when she was younger, her older sister played her Hole and then from there she learned about Bikini Kill and started to teach herself about feminism. She told me the first guitar riff she ever learned was "I Like Fucking." Since I set up shows in New Orleans for queer/girl bands, I've been trying really hard to get her to come. After the last one passed and she didn't show up, I had to know why. I kinda had the feeling that she wasn't going because she felt like she wouldn't feel comfortable, so I just straight up asked her and she said, "Yeah, I don't really look like a punk anymore and I haven't been to a show in so long..."

It bummed me out because in my mind, or in theory, someone like her should be easily attracted to that type of show. She's young, white, straight and likes punk rock, but somehow she still feels alienated. Then I started thinking about my friend and bandmate, this girl Takiya, who's black, 20 years old, just found out about punk a little over a year ago and is traveling around the country, playing in bands, meeting all these people and just being a completely free and beautiful person. Activists and punks are always talking about trying to make spaces "inclusive." I've talked that kind of talk myself. But in reality, you really do just have to work with what you have as far a community, movement or scene goes. If you're punk, you just are, and if you're not, you're not. I don't think you can really recruit people into this shit unless they were headed in this direction already. We can make all kinds of guesses and judgments about why that is, but it just seems to be a fact of life. If you're black and you're attracted to punk rock, you're not gonna be like, "Oh, I would be punk but there's waaay too many white people." You're just gonna roll with it, for better or for worse, at least for a while.

My whole thing with No More Fiction Shows was to create this utopian punk scene in New Orleans where you look around and you see all different types of people. Not just all queer people of color or whatever, but all kinds of different backgrounds and experiences. It's something I do for purely selfish reasons. I'm a black queer woman in a band. I really don't wanna have to look out at my audience and see a bunch of straight, white men. So booking shows for bands with women and queers in them really does help bring more women and queers to shows. It's just that the crowd remains overwhelmingly white which isn't ideal, but I understand that that's just the nature of the beast. (The beast is white!)

The one thing I will say truly makes a difference are the bands themselves. There's this picture someone took of my old band, New Bloods, playing a show at this bike shop in San Francisco and like everyone in the audience is brown and queer (or at least everyone you can see in the picture). Granted, they were all me and Adee's friends (haha) but still that was a magic moment for me. And it made me realize, if you want to see yourself represented, you have to represent yourself. White ladies love to watch other white ladies play music. Same goes for everyone else. Black people, Asian people, fat people, Puerto Ricans, people in wheelchairs, gay people (especially gay people.) As long as the majority of bands and zine writers and other culture-creators are white, the scene's gonna be real white. But just like how riot girl was kind of a niche in punk rock and not at all representative of the majority of punk rock at the time, I feel like we're making our own niche now. Brown kids, queer kids, white kids who are sick of the same old scene.

Sometimes I feel like I'm being a little bit disingenuous when I write "No More Fiction: shows for ladies and queers," because those shows truly are for everyone, not just ladies and queers, and I'm not really interested in the idea of an all-anything scene anymore. But I've found that there is a certain power in putting those words on a flyer. The whole vibe of the show ends up different. The kinds of dudes that show up tend not to be douchebags. It puts a little bit of meaning into the fun. It's not empty, like just going to a bar or something. I think that people who are truly down, don't see it as exclusive to say "a zine for black punks" or "shows for girls and queers." Most people get it and I feel like most people benefit from it.

(I don't mind admitting that this is yet another column encouraging brown kids, queer kids, disabled kids, ladies, everyone on the margins, to step up and participate.)

No More Fiction Shows: shows for ladies and queers *only*! nomorefiction@gmail.com

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

Most people probably read issue 319 for the articles on the Fix and Finnish Punk. But tucked in there was an interview with Kevin De Broux of the band Pink Reason. I don't know too much about Kevin or his band. I will admit I've never heard his band or seen their records around. I did read his short article on Russian punk that appeared in the hipster magazine *Vice*. While I applaud Kevin's attempts to promote Soviet era underground rock I must respond to the following statement. "...*MRR* put out that band Naïve. Which just shows how fucked up *MRR* is sometimes, how blind they are." As far as I remember the story with the Naïve LP is that Cammie from the Yeastie Girls went to Moscow on a student exchange, or some such, in 1990. There she made friends with Naïve and got *MRR* to help release their LP. I remember talking to Cammie before she left and after she came back and telling her that if she met any Soviet bands that sounded like Doom, Extreme Noise Terror or Napalm Death that I would like to release their records on my label. She laughed at me, and when I got to the USSR in 1991 I realized that punk in the USSR was very different from what was going on in Europe and the USA at the time.

First off, *MRR* is a volunteer run music collective, not an evil cabal that secretly controls hardcore. Many people ascribe this sinister totality to *MRR* that just does not exist. It's a collective effort by hundreds of people reviewing records, writing articles, interviewing bands, and if you wrote a scene report, article or interview and sent it in, it would probably get printed. Making you part of *MRR*. However, there seems to be this image of a group of shadowy figures behind the scenes meeting in a underground star chamber to savage your bands demo in a scathing review. So I always cringe when I read stuff like "I'm boycotting *MRR* since they gave my bands demo a shitty review," as if there was a big meeting and the demo came up on the agenda and was soundly voted down by the keepers of the hardcore arcana. I doubt many people at *MRR* are wasting time on dictating editorial policy vis-à-vis your band's demo, more likely they gave it to some volunteer who listened to twenty other demos that day and wrote their opinion about all of them.

Anyway, I agree, the Naïve record, is not very good. In fact, I'd say it's pretty bad. Naïve were important for the cultural space in which they existed, not their actual output. We have to view this record in the context of the USSR prior to

1990, not since. If you grew up in the cold war the idea of punk in Russia was still extremely novel in the late '80s. Indeed, there used to be reactionary punk lyrics like "you don't hear any punk rock in Russia" implying that such a thing could never exist. We all know now, that punk was destined to spread across the globe, but in the early years of *MRR* punk behind the Iron Curtain was still something very new and exciting. Exciting for what it was and where it came from, not necessarily how good it was. In fact, if you were interested in Eastern European punk in the '80s MRR was probably the only place to read about it. Except perhaps the occasional mention in the newsletter On Gogol Boulevard. Luk Haas and Cammie's scene reports and travelogues were probably the first reports on punk in the Soviet Bloc, at least in English. DOA and MDC were pioneers in touring the Soviet Bloc, these tours were quite unprecedented at the time and led to *MRR* releasing records by Dezerter and Naïve. In retrospect, Naïve was probably not a very representative choice of truly "Russian" sounding punk, but these were breathless dispatches from the front, not sober analysis many years after the fact.

To my knowledge the best treatment of Eastern European punk in the '80s in English is the booklet Filip Fuchs wrote for the *Dying Alive... Living Dead* compilation LP. In this Filip talks a lot about the development of punk in Czechoslovakia. One thing he mentions is that behind the Iron Curtain there was no access to western punk records. Punks would ask the few relatives and friends who traveled abroad to bring them punk records and tapes. These people would walk into a chain record store in Europe or the USA and ask for punk, what they got was usually the Sex Pistols or the Exploited. These two bands were to be very heavily influential on Soviet Bloc bands who were trying to copy western punk sounds. Filip mentions this went so far as a Czech band called "Plexis" which was "Pistols+Exploited" Certainly Naïve follows this trend of copying the Sex Pistols. We find this trend repeated all over the world, in their nascent stages, most punk scenes copy earlier UK or US bands. Many countries develop their own unique sound as their punk scene becomes established. Most notably Japan, which now finds its style of hardcore copied extensively outside Japan.

I do feel that Kevin is right to spotlight the work of Yegor Letov and Grazhdanskaya Oborona as defining a truly "Russian" sound. Viewed from 2009 this is quite clear, but in 1990, probably not so apparent. At that time there were no Russian punk records, just some demos and underground tapes. Aside from Luk Haas and maybe a handful of tape traders, I don't think anyone in the west knew much about USSR punk until 1989-90. All that I recall being available in the west prior to 1992 or so were new wave or rock bands like Kino, Zvuki Mu or Akvarium. There was a Grazhdanskaya Oborona LP on a Russian label in 1992 and another in 1993 and the Pterodactyl Records box sex of demos which compiled 1989-93 demos by Yanka, Anahiya, Kuzya Uo, P.O.G.O, Kommunizm, Grazhdanskaya Oborona and Pichismo. I think Pichismo and JMKE had vinyl soon after thanks to Luk Haas. Even then, the only place you could really hear about or order this kind of stuff was from ads and reviews in *MRR*. I might also add that you had to be looking pretty hard to find it.

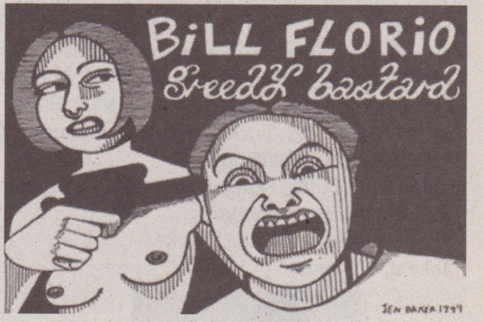
This material was slowly working its way out of the then dissolving USSR as the punk scene there emerged. Viewed from this vantage point, the decision to release Naïve in 1990 was a bad choice, but very much ahead of its time. Furthermore, most of the classic "Russian" punk (as opposed to bands that copied western sounds) don't sound very punk to us. Many of the bands Kevin cites in his *Vice* article are new wave or progressive rock, influential yes, but punk no. And the Siberian sound he champions, although fascinating, is somewhat removed from what we consider punk. The morose and introspective lyrics tend to be the main focus (in Russian) and much of the music is very primitive and often folky (acoustic guitars etc.) Add to this the very primitive equipment and production available and you get a version of punk which is pretty far from what most people in the west were listening to in 1990. Whereas Naïve, despite their derivative nature were playing in a style quite familiar sounding to western ears and also singing in English. That's not to say the Siberian bands are bad, when we listen to this stuff today, it sounds really cool because the time and place in which it was produced give it a very special sound and atmosphere. You always hear works like cold, dark, or morose to describe this kind of punk. However, it tends to be punk a bit more in its attitude and outlook than being punk in terms of sounding like say the Ramones or Minor Threat.

When I got to the USSR in 1991 I met up with some Leningrad punks. They were not movers and shakers of the scene, just normal punk kids from Vasilevskii Island. They only really knew what we would consider mainstream US and UK punk—Dead Kennedys, Cramps, Sex Pistols, Clash, Exploited and the like. The stuff I was into in those days Doom, Extreme Noise Terror, Nausea etc. was unheard of in the USSR and this was well into the Glasnost era. When I asked them about Russian punk bands they told me there were a few, but they "weren't very good" and they preferred to listen to bands from the US and UK. This was probably a fairly common opinion. Regardless, pre-internet, and in a country where the government controlled record production, the only way things got around was tape trading. And it seems prior to about 1990 very, very few punks behind the iron curtain were tape trading with the west. And when the Soviet Bloc did open up, the flow went the other way, western influences came in, rather than eastern ones going out.

Lastly, no one was stopping Kevin from releasing these records in the west or writing scene reports to MRR to give a different point of view from what Cammie or Luk were writing.

I would highly recommend Luk Haas book *Discography of Eastern European Punk* to anyone interested in punk from behind the Iron Curtain.

I will admit, I'm no expert on this scene, mostly because I'm not too into the music. I have a long time fascination with Russia, but it is centered primarily on my interest in the revolutions of 1917, not current events. It's well known I'm mostly into hardcore punk from Sweden, Finland and such. But it's a fascinating story how punk spread under communism, a story slightly different in every country, but with many similarities.



I just watched *Until The Light Takes Us*, which is a documentary film that covers the same subject material as *The Lords of Chaos*, a book by Michael Moynihan and Didrik Søderlind. (I have no idea how I got an o to have a cross through it!) If you haven't read it, it's basically about the early '90s black metal scene in Norway. I'm sure it's been written about several times in here for many different reasons, at least once by me. No one yet has compared it to people that overly decorate their houses at Christmastime, but that's just what I'm about to do.

So that you know what I'm talking about, without spoiling the truly amazing parts of the book, basically these kids in Norway started a few metal bands, they wore vampire makeup, did some extreme shit, burned churches, got arrested, murdered and played with dead bodies, the whole deal. The under running theme seems to be, who can out *real* their sort of imagined lives. There's one point in the book when the author tells one of them that a member of the British satanic metal band Venom had claimed his lyrics were a joke, it's answered with, "the people of Norway choose to believe otherwise." These are people who put crosses through Os, let's not forget.

Alright, so every year since before I was born, this guy near where I live has spent half the year decorating the outside of his house for Christmas. He spends the other half of the year trying to fit all the shit back inside his house. When I was little I seem to remember it was the usual sort of things people put outside their houses, those light up toy soldiers and snowmen, a nativity scene, just ten times more of it than you or I would dare to. But, over the years the thing has escalated into something completely horrid. There are life size mannequins that move and dance around. Life size Santa and Reindeer sit on a plastic awning the guy built along the side of his house with plastic Roman columns holding it up. There's a life sized nativity scene on the front porch. To make it more viewable he's removed the guardrail from the porch. There's a 25 foot spinning tree, dancing

Rockettes, and about 50 or so glamorously dressed mannequins, some which are dressed to look like celebrities. OK, I've built this up a little too much, they all move, but it looks like he installed windshield wiper motors in their arms and heads. Also, it seems there must be a two for one sale on female mannequins, because even the men are really female mannequins, some have long hair and to save time and paint, he has most of the men wearing wrap-around sunglasses with their tuxedos. This year there's a life sized Michael Jackson where a sequined gloved hand sits at an awkward angle at his side, it also seems like that arm is bigger than the other. I stopped by to look the other night and one of the wise men's tunics was loose and you could see a glittery spike heel and shapely leg sticking out from underneath.

So, what I'm getting at here is—what is real? What is that extreme that most of us seek? Is there a difference between someone who's "so cold and evil" that when coming home from work and finding your roommate has blown his head off with a shotgun, your first instinct is to take photos and save a piece of skull bone for a necklace. Or so "warm and fuzzy," pushing 80 and climbing all over your roof from September to March trying to find Frank Sinatra's pumps? Both of these scenarios seem pretty extreme to me, I cannot picture myself doing either and it's not in the same way I cannot see myself signing a 30 year mortgage.

So, then there are steam punks. I'm still not sure what this is, other than it's kids that dress like they're not only from the nineteenth century, but are in that mode of fashion that the nineteenth century thought the twentieth century would look like. Everything is covered with cloth covered wires and dials and hoses. The sad thing is, how did "punk" get put in there and the other thing is, if that can have punk at the end of it, why the fuck do any of us suddenly want to be even vaguely associated. I will happily create a list of those responsible for the word punk ending up at the end of what that trend is called. I'll start with Armstrong and end with Zafranovic. Speaking of this, there's this guy Whitey in NYC who's been pulling the nineteenth century punk stuff for like twenty years. He walks around in spats and walks around downtown seeking liniments and headache powders. It's fucking amazing that this guy ended up being a trend fifteen years later. Hey Whitey did this and manage to have girlfriends too, I have a feeling not everything was emulated. For that matter Amish and Hassids are way ahead of all of them being backwards. Who wants to be fake-Amish?

We could go through a hundred stories of windmills we've all personally fought and great amounts of energy all of us have spent for the sake of whatever it is that got you to read this magazine today. This could be insane record collecting disorder, it could be a whole lot of things, but what makes what we do something a step up from some other way to pretend that you're cool? Maybe we just have more people to back us up even when whatever we're doing really is stupid but I feel it is very different. I've spent hundreds of little strips of paper trying to explain it. Maybe it's the fact that no one really has a set list of why being into whatever falls into listening to this sort of music and all the counterculture or at least sarcastically viewed popular culture surrounds it. Setlist? But c'mon, I have one hundred times more respect for these Christmas house people or insane toy train collectors than folks that just want every day to be Halloween.

Last year I was standing outside the guy's house and he came out to talk to people. Oh I forgot to mention, he removed all the fencing from the front porch and stairs but there's a ten foot chain link fence surrounding the entire house so people can't touch the dolls. There's also a four foot high Plexiglas barrier attached to the fence so people can throw cash without worry of someone else sticking a vacuum hose to it. So someone asks the guy, "Hey, I remember years ago you had all the Muppets hanging from the roof" He answered, "Nah, no more Muppets, this is all about the love for Jesus Christ, I don't want to distract anyone with Muppets." Ok, 25 cross dressing mannequins reminiscent of new wave singer Taco, one dressed like superman holding a Channel dummy, and one being the completely plasticized version of the late MJ missing only his IV and a small child on his lap. All for the love of Jesus Christ? By the way, this year I noticed Muppets started re-appearing. He listens to his audience.

So you have a handful of dudes burning churches, a guy who probably spends about $20K on Con Ed every year to light up his house with 75 wiper blade motors going 24-7 and gives money people throw to the local Catholic parish in hopes that the monsignor doesn't banish him for letting Miss Piggy and or Gondofarr show a bit too much leg. You have dudes whose Playstation 3 got doused with Diet Pepsi so they decide to pretend they're inventing some new analog age. People who haven't left their house because they play 3D Dungeons and Dragons day and night and us. It's just so fucking hard to shock and surprise anyone anymore.

OK, so while the movie sort of sucked and I now have to wait for the Adam Parfrey docudrama version coming to a theater near you, the ending line sort of summed it up. Fenriz, one of the black metal dudes who avoided jail and made somewhat of a career of it, says something like, "Sometimes I get so angry because it's become such a trend, but what am I gonna do, people like to dress up." Completely profound.

bill@candids.com Happy New Year!

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

The climate conference is in full swing, so by the time I read this in print, decisions will have been made that will irrevocably change the course of modern geo-politics. I've made a couple of attempts to wade through the studies and articles referring to the studies on climate change, and each time I've come out with the smell of bullshit. It's evident to me that I have no conviction either way: either we restructure politics internationally to make countries answerable to an un-elected panel of enviro-nerds, or we continue dealing with corrupt governments that allow pollution / devastation on the part of industry. So, the ink will have dried by now on the new legislations and the new issue of *MRR*…

FRENCH CASSETTE:

Courtesy of the French, we have pastry, Cartesian dualism and Michel Houellebecq. We have endless commie reminiscences about the possibilities of May '68, Sartrean existentialism and Asterix.

We have *Ratcharge* fanzine, most importantly, and as a result, I, a modern monolingual Australian, have access to the latest developments of French punk music, courtesy of *Ratcharge* fanzine editor Alex. He plays the guitar on the new cassette by OTAKU PARTY, a deranged, distorted mess of '80s hardcore, '70s hard rock, Japanese noise core, UK industrial. The recording on this full length cassette is perfect: the most prominent detail is a vocalist who sounds like a disturbed, syphilitic character spending a season in hell, comparable to the Spanish drug free youth in BILLY BAO. In fact, for anyone who appreciates the menace of B.B., throw a couple of bones at OTAKU PARTY, shut up and listen.

FINNISH VINYL:

All the trees are brown, and the sky is gray. Every single day is a winters day. There's a couple of old men with long beards playing some unrecognizable game of cards on a foldout table out the front of a bar, sipping clear liquid and yelling. This is what Finland looks like to me, obviously because I've never been there. There are no cards in Finland.

If it's Finnish punk history you want, direct your attention towards the likes of Felix Von Havoc. He's got the beat. I don't know the slightest thing about TERVEET KADET, so I'm not going to talk about the influences that shaped the sound of one of my favourite modern hardcore bands KIELTOLAKI, but they are from Finland and no doubt drag influence from the dirt around them.

Their *Toaalisen Tuhon Huominen* EP from 2006 is one of the best modern hardcore records. The stark Sakevi influence collage layout caught my eye and the harsh, agitated pace of the music caught my ears. There is a scratch and sniff panel which reveals a scent of preserved fish and if you lick the edge of the vinyl it tastes like frost, so all my senses were engaged. I shot KIELTOLAKI a couple of questions about their band…

AFJ: Could you talk a little about the town you are from? Did you all grow up there or did you move there? What is it like living there?

KIELTOLAKI: Turku in brief, located at the southwest coast of Finland, a gateway to Sweden by sea, population 175,000, which makes it 5th largest by population. Turku is the oldest and the first capital city of the Finland, that's some facts that can be read by surfing the net. The Trinity of the Turku has nothing to with holiness but the capital, there are very few factor with economic power to drive Turku against their will, hence we have the song on our upcoming LP "Korruption Kaupunki" (City of corruption). Our guitarist (JP) born and grew somewhere upper Finland, Kajaani, but came down here for School in the '90s so he is fully integrated, the drummer (Hane) is from the neighboring town, Naantali, but moved in the '90s too, the bassist (Saku) and me (Juke) are "locals." There ain't much to talk about living in the Turku, and I can only speak for myself. I'm the only family man in the band, so my life is a bit different compared to the others, but if I'm out for a beer/"fun" I'll find the place at the next corner. The oldest underground venue, TVO, will be closed at May 2010 leaving a black hole into the punk/HC scene in Turku (in all of Finland?). In contrast, Turku is designated to be the European Capital of Culture, together with the Tallin (Estonia), during the year 2011, while closing down the libraries, saving on education, health care etc.

AFJ: In English your name means prohibition (thanks, online translator). Why did you choose the name?

KIELTOLAKI: The name sounds great KIELTOLAKI, compound of two words, first "refusal/denial" and the latter "law," one cannot take a word from another language to another and keep its meaning, kieltolaki/prohibition was also a term in Finnish history (ended 5.4.1932 10:00, hence the 5-4-3-2-1-0 has a meaning too).

AFJ: How did Kietolaki come together? When you started the band, did you have a good idea about how you wanted the music to sound, or did it come together over time?

During 2004, JP had asked to Hane if he had any interest in putting up a band paying a homage to old finnish hardcore-punk, I believe Hane didn't have to thing for long time on this, at the new years eve of 2005 at our first bassist (Julle) home, we're asked to join the group, in a week or two later we were playing together as a band. From the first rehearsals till today we have had no problems to find the sound that pleases everybody in the band

AFJ: How has the integration into the EU affected your life in Finland? Has it had any notable affect on punk?

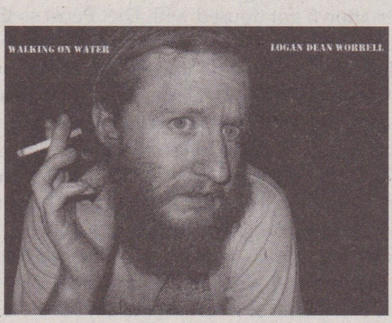
KIELTOLAKI: It has certainly made some things easier/better, eg. monetary union helps in transactions of money and goods within EU countries, don't have to be afraid of high import taxes on traded/purchased goods from Germany, perhaps traveling has come easier without strict customs formalities, but I've no experience of traveling in pre-EU. The centralized regulation is a mess and has evolved some weird regulations that do not fit in the Finnish mentality, do I even bother to mention about the linguistic problems within EU? There are 23 official languages in EU, to keep the machine rolling the costs are immense which results in higher taxes and reduced services within EU countries while politicians are arguing can pizza be a square or not (not to be taken literally).

AUSTRALIAN FANZINE:

The last six months have seen six new issues of the Brisbane, Australia, fanzine *Negative Guest List*, probably the best modern music fanzine, drawing definite influence in writing style from Lester Bangs and Richard Meltzer and obviously, all the greats that followed, like Kickboy Face, but it comes across as a genuine appreciation for the possibilities of their literary chops rather than a straight rip. Writing about music is difficult, both as a critic and as a fan, as you're treading a beaten path, and people today seem to prefer to engage with online opinion pieces that usually attempt to one up each other on how quickly they can regurgitate a position on a record, and usually nothing genuinely engaging comes across in the writing.

The Ed of *NGL* is not afraid to lose a couple scraps over his highly contentious opining, and that helps, but he's also a talented writer who could probably, if he weren't either a) damaged or b) genuine or c) punk, get a job churning out tasteful prose for a street press rag in this country and make enough money to squeeze a liberal amount of sauce on his sausage roll, and that definitely pushes it over the line for me. Talent, fearlessness, an obnoxious cunt. Like I said, six issues, all of them packed with reviews on modern punk, noise, rock and other crass shit, engaging interviews, impeccable taste. Read.

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan or Sweden, please get in touch. My address is Daniel Stewart: PO Box 239 North Carlton Victoria 3054 Australia.



Being an international punk rock superstar ain't easy. It's hard partying all the time. Being a buff fucking dude can really take its toll. The societal expectations of being a badass motherfucker in this day and age ain't like in the good old days. You think Rollins had to deal with this kinda shit? Fuck no, he didn't. He was living the high life with Kira. The only problem I can see with this whole extreme lifestyle thing I got going on is where to acquire the funds to facilitate said lifestyle. Drugs, selling ass, food service.

Let's start with drugs. Well, if I got 'em, I'll take 'em and there goes the money, which would kind of defeat the purpose. I'm not anti-drug by any means. I'm more anti-jail and definitely anti being some strung out Manic Mike type dude. More than likely I'd fuck up and get involved in some MS13 bullshit and get my ears chopped off because I'm fucking stupid. I'd owe 'em money and they'd light my childhood home up like a fucking Christmas tree. The only really punk way of selling drugs would be selling bags of glue outside of shows at an all ages show space. Punk style. OK. Mark it. Sell glue.

Selling ass. Dee Dee did it best, so why try to fuck with it. Dee Dee was a young, skinny, super cute little trick with a twinkle in his eye and down strokes in his heart. He had a healthy junk habit to support and knew what he had to do to get what he needed. Most of us, on the other hand, would just give blowjobs to buy Spanish records and tattoos. I tried selling my body for cash once. Apparently there isn't much of a market for ugly, chubby dudes down on 53rd and 3rd. Bummerville, population: Logan. Back to the drawing board, I guess. And as far as being an actual pimp, well, punks could never do such a thing. I'd be a horrible pimp. Now, selling dudes, on the other hand... I could sell the shit out of some dudes. Even got a couple fellas in mind. Guys today are looking for a clean buff type of brother and I for one feel that I could supply the demand. It's hard out there for a pimp.

What I'm trying to say is that most of us punks gotta work really shitty fucking jobs just to get by. Frankly, mine ain't all that bad. I don't have to do it much and when I do, it's something a retarded monkey could learn to do in about an hour. However, you still work shitty hours and basically suck dicks to make rent. Y'all know what I'm talking 'bout, living on tips. It's rough. Of course, like I said, that's only a few days a week and only every couple months. Rest of the time I fancy myself an odd jobs kind of guy. You know, driving people around, picking up things, selling my wares. I'm also quite the fixture at the local pawnshop, but after many years of this kinda bullshit, it's really starting to suck the life out of me. It's really time to find a new way to make a living. Why is it that if you have no education and no skills you are reduced to a life of servitude? I can read. Kinda.

Now, being a fifth generation Texan, begging and asking for money is just not an option. Fuck these little scumbags down on the corner asking me for my fucking money. I'll give the shit out of some money to an elderly person down on their luck just getting by on getting by or maybe a hobo who tells good jokes. Fuck all the generic debris sitting by the highway with their six dogs, three teeth, and probably from Chattanooga, basically demanding me to hand over a few bucks. Fuck that. Get a job already. Remember that Antiseen song "Spare Change?" I support it.

All you really need are your friends and records. Nowadays you don't actually need either. We got the internet now. 2009 is pissing all over punk. I'm not saying I don't download DAC records online, but Jesus fucking Christ. Get the fuck out and live, man. However, people who say money can't buy you happiness ain't never been poor.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

SHE'S OVER IT

BY BRONIEZ

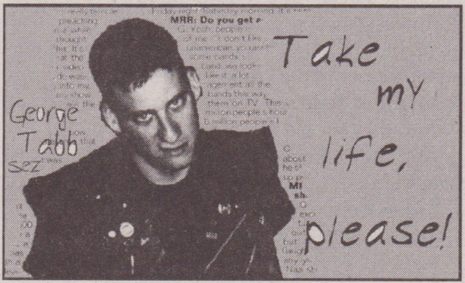
So the Younger Lovers played with the Awesomes at my house (along with Two Tears and the very fuckable Bare Wires) and I have to say I was a little underprepared. The Awesomes kicked off the show (and I mean kicked off the show, honey). Pouring beer all over themselves in my freezing fucking warehouse while wearing white two piece bikinis that read beer on the tits and ass in black marker. Was this subliminal messaging? What if all the riot girls had written "free beer" across their bodies instead of "slut" and "whore?" Dare I say, it I think it would've changed the course of the movement... Anywho, back to the Awesomes… It was like Suckdog only more feminist and 100 times better (yeah, I said it—and what?!?!?!?). I had seen Marissa play in noise bands for a couple of years and I felt like I was watching part of her personal vision fully realized. It was superb. Candice was beating it out on the skins while Marissa was rolling around on the beer soaked floor of my warehouse (which I have to talk about—we have never mopped ever. And there was the time the drainage pipe from outside burst in the living room and like 100 gallons of pigeon-water covered the floor. We just let it dry). Ruining her little white bikini and she was covered in grey warehouse soot water and all I could think was A—This rules and B—I hope she don't catch the bird flu. I knew what had to happen next. I handed Marissa a clean towel and pointed her to the shower at my house and I frantically tried to find the ecstasy dealer next door so me Candice and Marissa could all do drugs and cuddle in my room.

Sometimes I feel like people over-ask and over-state the question "How do you keep a renewed faith in punk rock?" How can you not? Especially when shit like this happens. Seeing the Awesomes is one of those mini-earthquakes that helps keep my eye from roving too much. Some people see punk as a dead end I see it as an infinitely replaceable and multiplying resource. Like, when will there ever be a shortage of pissed off freaks trying to have a good time? I glad to make it my home. Now in this past year I have really made an (unapologetic) ass out of myself in print. I'm disgusting! I've talked shit on bandmates, roommates, racists, etc. I've even talked shit on myself! My roommate, (and homosexual lover) who I will only refer too as Murdoch said to me, "Are you writing another article about how the man is keeping you down?" to which I replied, "No I'm starting off the year by listing all the things I love..." (Happy, motherfucker?)

THINGS I LOVE (MOTHERFUCKER)

1. Sunshine
2. Bunny rabbits
3. Kittens
4. Light Amphetamines
5. Talking shit
6. Brilliant Colors
7. Fucking my band mates
8. America
9. Honesty (be it real or imagined)
10. *Maximum Rocknroll*

That is all.
w/ love,
Bronny



"That wasn't so bad," I tell My Future Ex-Wife some years back as we exit the Continental airplane that just flew us from Newark to Portland.

Oregon.

My Future Ex-Wife just stares at me.

"Okay," I admit, "there was *some* turbulence."

My Future Ex-Wife stares harder.

"Well P.J. did kinda bark under the seat in front of us," I explain, trying to make her feel better about our seven and a half hour flight with our eight pound Yorkshire terrorist.

"How would you know?" My Future Ex-Wife finally says, "You took two Xanaxs and only woke up for two minutes to swallow your dinner."

I admit to her that she's right, as usual, and strongly suggest that on the way home she should take some pills as well. She says she'll think about it.

As we wait for our suitcases and Aero-bed and shit, we talk with My Future Ex-Wife's younger brother, Derek, and his first born daughter, Tess, who's in her terrible twos. His wife, Bernedette, and his second daughter, Brooke, are home. Asleep.

"They were searching everybody," My Future Ex-Wife explains to her brother, "even little children. Yet they didn't even look twice at us!"

I silently curse myself for not sneaking on that tiny pile of drugs a friend had given me for the trip.

"They didn't even take my tweezers," My Future Ex-Wife proudly proclaims, "and there was a big sign at Newark that said, among other things, *no tweezers*!"

"Gweezas?" asks Tess, who is finally feeling brave enough to poke her head out from behind Derek's blue jeans. Her eyes are as blue as the ocean and her hair, blonde as the sun.

Obviously there's some Jew missing there.

We finally get our bags and start the short drive home as P.J. jumps excitedly around the floor of the Volvo looking for kiddy crumbs.

"Ya mind stopping at a supermarket?" I ask Derek, as he sings along to a Sesame Street tape he's got popped in the deck, which he sings along with Tess.

"We got everything you need at the house," he replies.

"Really," I explain, "I just need a few things."

So we stop. I don't want to tell Derek what I really need, but he tells me he needs a six pack. Of Bud. So I tell him I'll get him one.

As I enter the supermarket, of course I notice it's the size of an airport hanger, as are most stores outside of New York. As I run my cart up and down each isle, sometimes passing *two* carts on my right, I pick up my prunes, my figs, my prune juice, and my fiber laxative pills.

Traveling plugs me up.

Big time.

It was either these natural remedies or a coffee enema.

And I hate all that caffeine. Not to mention being filled to the rim with Brim.

Eventually I find the beer *isles*, next to the liquor *isles*, and get the sixer of Bud. Then I go to the cashier.

As I begin to unload my cart, I expect the cashier to say in an Alex Trebeck sort of way, "The subject is 'Things That Make You Go Poo.'"

Except for the beer.

But she says nothing. She just rings it all up.

So I give her my credit card.

"Ined eye day," she says.

Not understanding Oregonian, I tell her she's holding my credit card.

"Ined eye day!" she says again, louder.

"Ined eye day?" I ask her, trying to repeat exactly what she said.

"Ya-huh," she says.

"Ined eye day?" I ask again, totally confused.

"Yes!" she yells, "ya ned eye day!"

"Ya ned eye day?" I ask, even more puzzled.

"No," she fumes, "ya ned eye day!"

Not wanting to blurt out, "Third Base", which she probably wouldn't understand, anyway, I look where her finger is pointing, which is at the beer, then figure it all out.

"I need ID," I say to her.

"No shit," she says, in perfect English.

I reach into my chain wallet and retrieve my driver's license, which I quickly hand to her.

"New York?" she asks as she looks at me with my bleached blonde hair, my black punk rock jacket, black women's stretch jeans and sneakers made by New Balance.

Proud maker of sneakers for the homeless for over a decade now.

"Taint real," she tells me.

"What?" I kind of say/scream at her. It was a long flight and the Xanax was wearing off.

"I'm gonna have to git the manager," she tells me.

"Fuck the beer," I tell her, "just gimmie the other stuff, okay?"

Instead of saying anything to me she grabs this big black microphone in front of her, pushes a button and says, "Manager to eye-L three, manager to eye-L three!"

I try explaining to her that my license is indeed real, and I was really kind of in a hurry.

She ignores me, and holds my credit card and license hostage until some overweight guy with horn-rimmed glasses and a Walmart suit shows up.

"What seems to be the trouble?" the manager asks the idiot.

The idiot explains that "taint no way" I'm the age it says I am on my driver's license.

The manager looks at my license and tells her she's right, and thanks for bringing it to his attention, and what a good eye she has, and how she's a hard-worker and stuff.

I roll my eyes and wish I'd eaten the stuff I was trying to purchase twelve hours earlier so I could pull a G.G. Allin on them.

"Excuse me sir," the horn-rimmed *idiot* says to me, "Do you mind coming to my office?"

I tell him I do, that I am the age that it says on my license, that I'm old enough to buy beer, as well as *needing* to buy prunes and fiber pills, and to leave me the fuck alone.

"There's no need for that kind of language," the manager tells me as he begins to walk away with my credit card and "eye day".

"Give me back my fucking cards," I say to the guy, "please?"

I only said "please" because my mom used to tell me that it was the polite thing to do.

The guy tells me if I want them back, and don't want to be arrested, I should come with him.

The word "arrested" kind of bothered me, so I followed him.

We went back to his little office which was located somewhere behind the deli section, kind of near the bakery, but not quite where the produce was.

Once in his office he had me sit down while he turned on his computer. While he's doing this, *I know* My Future Ex-Wife and Derek are wondering where the hell I am, while P.J. must be done eating the children's dropped cup-cakes and shit, and by now must be licking Tess to death.

"Uh huh," says the manager as I see my furious reflection in his bottle-neck glasses that make his eyes look like a frog's. On acid.

"What?" I ask.

"Well Mr. Tabb," he says, "It seems as if you are indeed who you are saying you are. And your age is correct."

"No shit," I say.

"You New Yorkers!" he replies, almost laughing.

I almost curse him way the fuck out, but realize I'm supposed to be on vacation, that I was trying to leave 9/11 behind, and that my blood pressure was already way too high.

So I let it go.

Then buy my prunes, figs, prune juice, fiber pills, and Derek's beer.

When I get back to the car and My Future Ex-Wife asks what took me so long, I tell her that supermarkets in Portland have better security than any airport I've ever seen.

She and Derek just stare at me.

Meanwhile, P.J. continues to give Tess kisses, to which she squeals in delight. Over and over.

***

Almost ten bowel movements later, my best friend for 22 years arrives in Portland. He'd moved there years ago, and was now working in the San Francisco area, while keeping a place in Portland. He thought he could come visit earlier, but got tied up with work.

And that was OK. I spent most of that time just hanging out with Bernadette, Derek, My Future Ex-Wife, Tess, Brooke and P.J. Brooke was just ten months old and learning to walk, and Tess was learning that the word "no" can be used almost as much as I use the term "punk rock."

Meanwhile, P.J. was learning that babies drop *lots* of food, and they are not to be humped. My Future Ex-Wife was learning that the term "cold" meant a whole different thing in the Pacific Northwest, and I was learning that this town has the highest number of strip-clubs per capita than any other city in the United States.

And that these strip clubs were all nude.

And they served alcohol.

And they allowed eighteen year olds to strut their stuff.

Inches from your face.

The town literally *reeked* of pussy.

Punk rock.

So Aaron comes to town and asks what I want to do. Of course I tell him I want to go to the strip clubs. He tells me that that's stupid, and there is so much to do here. That there are museums, art galleries, and great punk clubs like "The Satyricon," which I remember playing back in the '80s with The False Prophets.

I remind Aaron that I live in New York, that we have museums, art galleries and punk clubs as well. But what we *don't* have is eighteen year-old girls putting their vaginas so close to your face that if she's untrimmed, her pubic hair could poke out your eye.

After some arguing, Aaron finally agrees to take me to "those places." On the way to one of them, he finally admits to me he's gay. Something I've known for 22 years, but, obviously, he didn't. So I offer to go to gay strip clubs as well, if he'd like.

And he takes me up on that offer.

But first we hit the straight ones.

One, called "Union Jacks," is by far, the best. It could almost be my home away from home. As soon as we walk in the door we see a punk chick dancing on stage to Iggy Pop. After taking a good long look at her, I glance at the bartender, who says, "Hey George, what's up?"

For a moment I feel that Twilight Zone thing where I think I'm falling off the side of the earth. Then I realize I know the guy from New York, and that he used to hang out a lot. I look around and see other punk rockers I recognize, as well as drunk old men whom I don't.

"Christ!" I exclaim to Aaron, "This place is Mars Bar with naked girls!"

The bartender laughs and then introduces me to a bunch of people, most of whom I have already met in New York at the Mars Bar. Small fucking world.

Then we watch more punk chicks dance to the likes of The Ramones, Dead Boys and even Black Flag. It almost makes me want to move to Portland.

Almost.

Then this guy, who I also know from Mars Bar, as well as some other local dives, gets me really high.

And that almost makes me want to move to Portland.

Then this hot stripper chick who looks like Betty Page sits next to me and asks if I like her body. Having just seen it as close as a gynecologist, I tell her I do, especially her pierced clitoris. I then ask her how old she is and she tells me she's eighteen.

So I say, "Eighteen? And you dance to the Dead Boys? How did you even hear of them?"

She tells me her father turned on her on to them. That he's a punk rocker.

I begin to feel kind of iffy about the northwest.

Then she tells me who her father is.

And I decide that I *don't* want to live in the northwest.

Obviously our days of Johnny Apple-Seeding the punk rock across America had sprouted.

And its blossom was beautiful.

But knowing who planted it kind of ruins the whole thing.

So I grabbed Aaron, we said our quick good-byes, and got the hell out of there.

Before anyone could call me "Daddy."

*

That night, and the next one, Aaron and I hung out at a place called "Silverado" which had a big sign inside which read "Cruising Mandatory."

It also had naked guys on stage flopping their dicks around like wounded salmon, and a barrel full of condoms that disappeared faster than a free line of cocaine at a glam-rock show.

As Aaron and I hung out, we talked about him coming out of the closet, and how tough it was. We also talked about the amount of available men in Portland. Aaron told me he knew most of the guys in the bar, and it was just a gay thing to pretend that he didn't notice them. Or them notice him. I looked around and understood why.

Most of them looked like Bill Gates.

When I pointed this out to Aaron, along with all their tucked in shirts, wire-rimmed glasses, and balding foreheads, he told me that's just how gay men are in Portland. That most of them weren't into being flamboyant or radical, but just wanted to live out their lives in peace.

Like My Future Ex-Wife's brother and wife were doing.

Most of them didn't have the desire to live in a big city and change the world. Or even fight for their rights. They just wanted to exist.

To most, the weather was the most important thing. It topped the news there every day.

And the drunker I got those nights, the more I understood that.

I left Portland a few days later feeling very mellow. I had had a great time with the family, as well as with my friend Aaron. I began to realize that maybe I shouldn't always try to swim upstream, but sometimes just go with the flow.

Who was I to change the world, anyway? Maybe it *is* just about the music, the beer, and the good times. Maybe those eastern philosophies are right. Maybe it would make me healthier.

All this was running through my head as my pal Dave drove us back into the City from Newark in one of his bitchin' muscle cars. As soon as we got through the Holland Tunnel, My Future Ex-Wife and I got a good whiff of the remnants of 9/11.

"I'm wanna make those mother-fucking terrorists pay," I snarl, "and the fucking lying EPA and our landlord as well!"

"Yeah," says My Future Ex-Wife, "time to kick butt!"

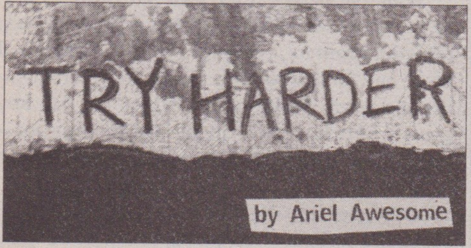
As I felt my blood pressure rise, and my prostate go into spasm, I just look at Dave and smile.

"Welcome Home," he replies.

Take my life, please.

Endnotes:

1. This is one of the greatest months in video game history. And it's all about number-twos! Ha!!! Anyway, *Call Of Duty: Modern Warfare 2* is by now the biggest selling video game there ever was, I'm sure. It's amazing. Best multiplayer games and cool as shit graphics. But it's for *adults*! Why kids play it I'll never know. Parents, wake the fuck up! *Left 4 Dead 2* is also out. More Zombies and now you can kill them with frying pans and chain saws. Better than the first… it has *five* separate missions where you can play as either a survivor or the undead. Fucking awesome. It's like being in five separate zombie movies. I'm telling you, get this. *Assassin's Creed 2* is out. The first, to me, blew dog dick. Others raved about it. Whatever. But this game... this game is something. It's like *Grand Theft Auto* at the Vatican a thousand years ago. There is nothing more fun then killing those annoying monks, I tell you. Great gaming works this time! Awesome stuff! Speaking of *Grand Theft Auto*, the number *two* game to come out of *Grand Theft Auto 4: Liberty City Stories* is out. *The Ballad of Gay Tony*—Wow, now homos get to be in games, too! As cold blooded killers. I love this sexual revolution!
2. The Roving Bovine outta Detroit Rock City are the band of the month. Look them up.... get their CD.... punk rock and great!
3. Finally, to read more about my "adventures" with 9/11, and the toll it has taken, check out www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb. You need to know this stuff.



I saw the two bloody visions dance past each other on a street just below Market in San Francisco. It was a bright cold morning and the suits shuffled and gabbed while others curled up below sleeping off last night's drunk. A little gray haired lady laughed, that's the only reason I looked up to see it, the absurd and magical moment that the anti-fur mobile with its flayed skinless little creatures plastered across it and the anti-abortion box truck with its big posters of bits of aborted fetus on its sides slowly passed each other in the mid-morning traffic.

The little old lady snorted another short little laugh, and said to herself, "Well what's the meaning of those two put together, huh? No coats out of babies? Stop badger abortions now? Oh it's just too much."

When I was eight my babysitter took me to Planned Parenthood with her when she went to get a pregnancy test. I got to pick whatever assortment of candy I wanted in exchange for my silence. I was working on my third abba-zabba when we walked out to the parade of tiny elderly ladies outside the clinic. Shelly tried to get us out of range before they saw us, but it was too late. In moments we were beset by cotton ball headed grandmas in decorative sweaters with binders full of confusing red photos. I was curious when I saw the first photo of the red glossy shapes they put in front of me, I didn't understand what the globs were supposed to be, but it made me think of when I saw kittens being born, of curled up birds I'd found, and sliced cherry pie.

It was in the same moment I heard one little lady say "they're killing babies!" that I saw the little hand. It was like a little severed doll hand in the mess of red. I threw up. I threw up and I fell down. I don't remember Shelly carrying me to the car and driving me home. I told my mom I ate too much candy and got sick, she put me in clean clothes and into bed.

Horrifying images are nothing new in the lexicon of political propaganda, probably because they are inherently compelling, and effective at making issues tangible and real to the viewer. These kinds of images beg people to look at the "truth" of a situation, confront them with an aspect of life that they would rather not see. Such is the case with films like *Hearts and Minds*, a Vietnam War documentary, which shows just about every horrifying aspect a war could manifest. It seeks to show the horrifying, the grisly, the inhumane portions of the war to combat the notion that it was an honorable war, that war could be honorable.

But you can choose to watch a film, or not. You can choose to look at reporting in newspapers. You can choose to seek out these "truths," or you can gloss over them, ignore them like most people do, or as the news sometimes chooses to do for them. But what happens when these images are forced on us? When do we deem it appropriate, even ethically necessary that we press these images on others? And what happens when the gore simply becomes part of the aesthetic? Used simply to convey the protest-ness or political activity? Does it ever do what it's meant to? Or is it less about advocating a cause than using it as an acceptable release of moral outrage at those do not agree with you? Psychically hitting them with the violence of your images.

If that's the intention, to express moral outrage, to express anger, then by all means that is important too, but if the intention is to change minds, to advocate, to appeal to the part of another that you think would be as rightly outraged as you are if they understood the way you understand, then the best way to do that is to create interest, to create dialogue, and nothing will prevent that more than a tactic that is basically a confrontational visual slap.

But sometimes shit is just so crazy, so outrageous, you really do just want to slap people who don't see the horror you do. I know that feeling, I know it intensely as a hater of war, the suffering and exploitation of animals, of rampant ecological devastation, of poverty, of a million other things that seem so obviously hate-able, that seem so clear, that it does almost make me feel wild with rage that it isn't universally acknowledged. But I also know what it feels like to be the subject of someone else's moral outrage. I have a thousand dreams of a little severed hand to remind me that there has to be a limit to how far you should go to make your point.

I've had my vengeance a few times over by throwing water balloons and garbage and condoms full of lotion at various sets of little old ladies protesting outside of clinics (If you've never tried it, let me tell you it is seriously helpful for working through issues).

I like to think about what the two drivers of those gore covered box trucks must have thought as they passed that morning. I imagine them slowing to check each other out, finding themselves disgusted, but with a kind of professional sympathy and maybe even jealousy. "That's so disgusting, and printed so well, I wonder who does his sign work…"

It really is too much.

I know, I know, there's a lot to this. Trying not to over simplify, but I know if I do, you'll call me on it. That's what an angry letters section is for. I welcome a dialogue about this… nay, I plead for one. Please send all passionate emails defending your vivisection photo poster collection to arielawesome@gmail.com, and all your napkin drawings of aborted fetuses should be made into a zine and sent in for review.

mark
murrmann

Hey, it's a New Year! Out with the old, in with the new and all that crapola. 2010 is getting off to a bang-up start as far as records go. Lots of new, good shit coming out, so let's get started.

Italy's Goodbye Boozy Records has a long track-record of releasing quality singles. Hell, one of the first records they did was LOS HUEVOS' *Manlove*. Keeping up that fine, fine tradition Goodbye Boozy closed out 2009 with a new batch of great singles (all limited to 300). And, as is Boozy's style, there's a heavy concentration of Montreal-based music here. Such an incestuous scene up there.

The PRIMITIVE HANDS is a new Brian Hildebrand (DEMONS CLAWS) band. *Burn Your Dreams* is the 7". Killer '60s garage that sounds like something that'd fit in seamlessly on a *Back From the Grave* comp.

Another Demons Claw, Pat Météor, has band with a single on Goodbye Boozy. BROKE DOWN

ENGINE are an old timey band (slide guitar, man) who also include members of THEE B-SIDES and SCAT RAG BOOSTERS. Dig it. And speaking of Scat Rag Boosters and Thee B-Sides, Martin Dupras also has a single on GB, *Sorcerer Full of Secrets*. His band is BROKEN JUGS. Guest appearances by "Work With Me" Annie from LES SEXAREENOS and Jordan from the MYSTERY GIRLS. The label calls it "Music for Good Whiskeys." I'll drink to that!

Aside from feeding from the Montreal trough, GB hit Portland, with the new EEGOS 7", "Hot Face/I Won't." This was the first I'd heard of these guys, though they have two other records out and have been around since '05. Shows how much I know. They nail a great early punk sound, like the UK bands that were kinda just playing sped up rock 'n' roll.

Also from Portland (but not on Goodbye Boozy) is the new P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. single, "Gotta Get Away From You" released by Tombstone Records. TURBONEGRO-esque tough punk. Limited to 300.

Another European label with a penchant for limited releases, Bachelor Records (www.bachelorrecords.com) just announced a new batch of four singles: INDIAN WARS (from Vancouver), MYELIN SHEATHS, POWERCHORDS, and my faves, the BARRERACUDAS (Atlanta). From what I've read, all are limited to 500 copies and will undoubtedly go quick.

In the now you see it, now you don't category, let's talk about NO BALLS, Drajan Bryngelsson and Dan Råberg from Brainbombs' new band. Hot on the heels of their expensive (about $12 here in the States) and limited single (187 pressed) is an expensive and limited ($30/300 pressed) LP. Pretty much more of the droning filthpunk you've come to know and love from the Brainbombs, but from what I've heard, it sounds like the No Balls stuff has fewer vocals, and has a slight No Wave bent. The label's description mentions Brainbombs + DNA. Get it if you can, from Release The Bats (www.releasethebats.com).

More accessible in every way, Douchemaster delivers the debut album from Denton, Texas' BAD SPORTS. Featuring the WAX MUSEUMS' guitar player Daniel (on bass and singing), this album follows their two now sold-out singles. Don't sleep on this album. Not as goofy as the Wax Museums and not a fast and slickish as the MARKED MEN, the Bad Sports hit a good sweet spot between the two.

BEST FUCKING NEWS OF THE YEAR: Radio Heartbeat is finally doing a reissue of the impossible-to-find CRUSHED BUTLER 10"!!! The Heartbeat boys are stretching it out to a full 12" though, for full volume, maximum listening pleasure. Crushed Butler were JESSE HECTOR's first band, before putting together the HAMMERSMITH GORILLAS (and later the GORILLAS). Prim-o early '70s hard rock/pre-punk stomping. The've also got the QUICK's *Mondo Deco* out and the long-promised 20/20 album (demos and other goodies) could possibly be out by the time you read this.

BUT WAIT! THERE'S MORE! Even better news…Aztec Music in Australia is *FINALLY* bringing the world a reissue of the COLOURED BALLS' *Ball Power* LP. Holyshit!!! Aztec is kicking off a series of 180 gram limited edition vinyl versions of some of their great reissues with this Aussie essential. Fingers crossed that *Heavy Metal Kid* will be close behind. I'm sure they won't be cheap (being a limited Australian import and all), but I promise it'll be worth every cent. Those albums still rock harder than 95% of anything that's come out since they were originally released in 1973 and 1974. While the reissues won't include the bonus tracks you get on the Aztec CDs, hopefully they will include the information and photos in the liner notes of the CDs.

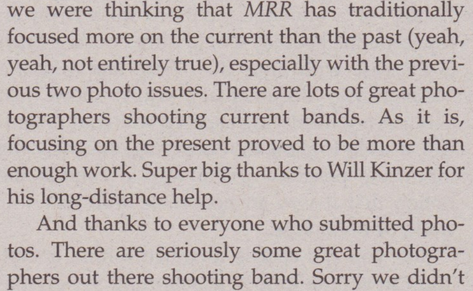
That's it this time around. Send all hits, shits and tits to me at: 4209 Shafter Ave, Oakland, CA 94609. markmurrmann@gmail.com

• • • • •

As you've noticed, this is a special photo issue of *MRR*. I had the idea of this like three years ago. What can I say? I move slow. The plan hatched when I thought about interviewing Canderson. That led to thinking of other photographers I wanted to interview. The original plan was to be larger, more comprehensive. Photographers who shot bands in the '70s, '80s, '90s and now. Stanley Greene (who shot for Punk Globe and is not a total hot-shit photojournalist with the NOOR Agency), Ed Colver (working on that interview for a future issue), Morten Anderson (interview started…) and of course a lot of the people who were actually interviewed for this issue.

We decided to limit the focus of the photo issue to the last 10-15 years in part as a way keep the editing easier. Space is tight as it is. But also we were thinking that *MRR* has traditionally focused more on the current than the past (yeah, yeah, not entirely true), especially with the previous two photo issues. There are lots of great photographers shooting current bands. As it is, focusing on the present proved to be more than enough work. Super big thanks to Will Kinzer for his long-distance help.

And thanks to everyone who submitted photos. There are seriously some great photographers out there shooting band. Sorry we didn't have more room to include more photos. Check the *Maximum Rocknroll* website for the regular Monday Photo Blog.



TAXES ARE BAD, MMMMKAY?

Got some great fucking news this week. Ellen and I get our health insurance through her work, a small, private psychiatric hospital. You know, a mental hospital. The nut house, the booby hatch, the loony bin, the funny farm... alright, I'm done being less than politically correct, although, if you heard some of the stories Ellen comes home with, you'd quickly realize that those terms aren't off the mark. She spends a good part of each day in her duties as a social worker trying to locate services for her patients, arguing with insurance companies... She told me the other day she's been having a hell of a time of late getting her patients into any sort of program, residence, etc. She wrote about her job in my column that was in the health care issue so I won't repeat anymore.

Anyway, our carrier Blue Cross/Blue Shield is jacking up their rates 31% and her work has decided to drop them for another carrier, Fallon. It turns out her current primary care physician, one she's very fond of, doesn't accept this insurance. She's quite upset about this and justifiably so. Fortunately, my doctor does accept it and so does the orthopedic doctor who did my shoulder surgery in October. Unfortunately, the physical therapy practice that I've been using doesn't accept Fallon. That means that I have to find a new therapist by the end of the year. I did have one recommended to me and, fortunately, they do allow Fallon, so I'll be contacting them. But it sucks I have to leave these people in the middle of my therapy. I've been making progress, although it'll be some months before the shoulder is 100%, and now that has to be disrupted. And there's always the question about how much therapy my new carrier will provide because I sure as hell can't afford to pay it out of pocket. Coming up with the $25 co-pay twice a week has been bad enough. I state all this with the caveat that, yes, we're goddamned fucking lucky to have any insurance and be able to pay for it. I appreciate it even more when I saw the story about hundreds of people showing up for free health clinics in such states as Louisiana and Arkansas, home to some of the "Blue Dog" Democratic Senators who oppose health care reform with any sort of public option. Let's be blunt—that means they don't want everyone to have affordable healthcare, lest their medical, pharmaceutical and insurance industry patrons withdraw their financial support. I heard a story about one person seeking care at one of those clinics who works as a nurse but doesn't have enough hours/pay to afford his own insurance.

What happened in the past few days provided another reminder of something I've been thinking about for a couple of weeks, the original idea I had for this column. Do any of you remember the South Park episode where Mr. Mackey gives a lecture and the main idea he conveys is how "drugs are bad?" I imagine it's on the same level as "Just Say No," only this was a cartoon. He then goes into details about how each certain substance is bad, even going so far as to pass around "mara-jee-wana" so the kids can know the odor. Of course, it disappears, Mackey loses his job and falls on hard times, but I won't give an entire synopsis. This is all leading somewhere.

That sort of simplistic nonsense (and yes, once again, I know it's just a cartoon) came to mind when I saw a post by an "ex-liberal" who I've known slightly over the years, first through his involvement with the Salem State College radio station and, in more recent years, from his posts on a local radio forum. This guy is an aficionado of right-wing talk, both local and national and

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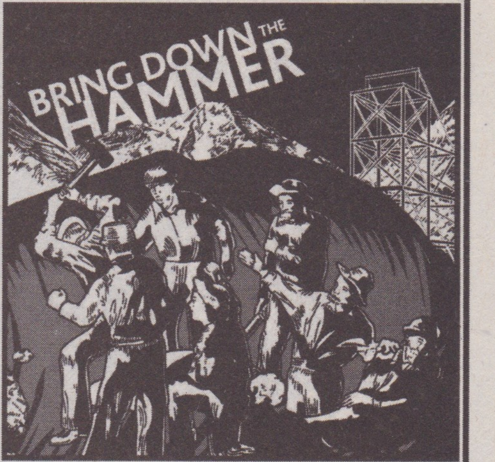
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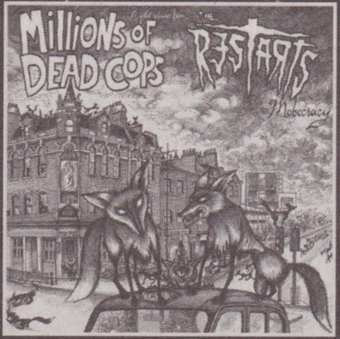
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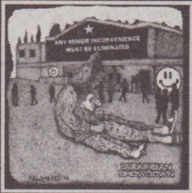
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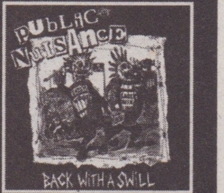
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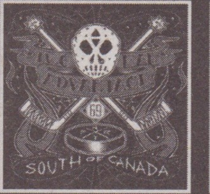
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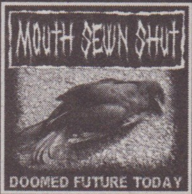
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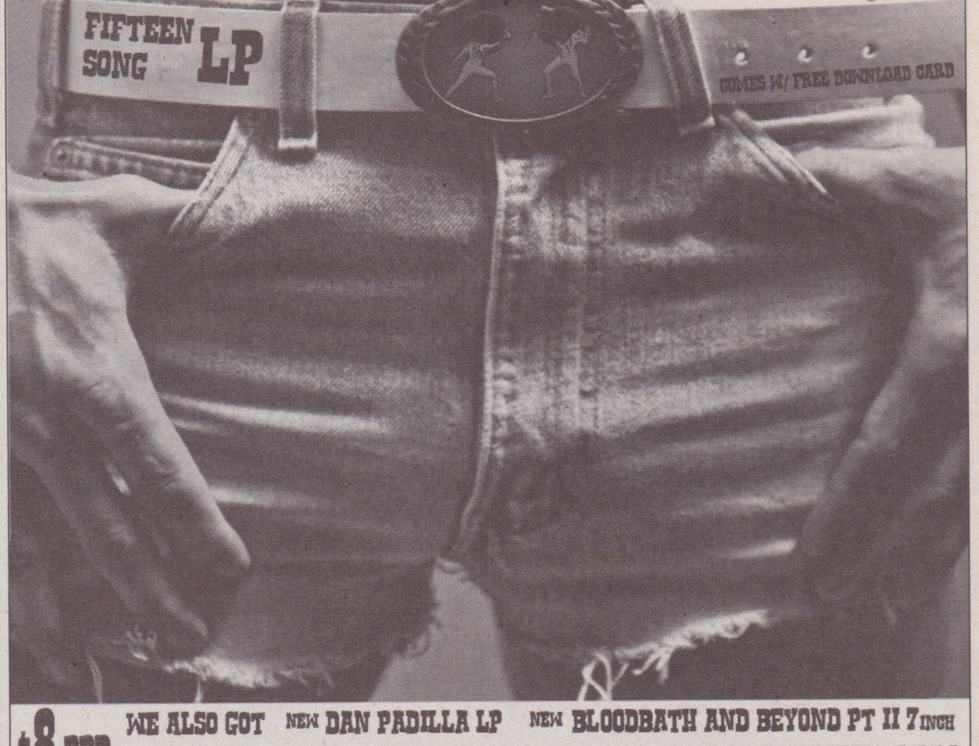
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The Accüsed
The Curse of Martha Splatterhead

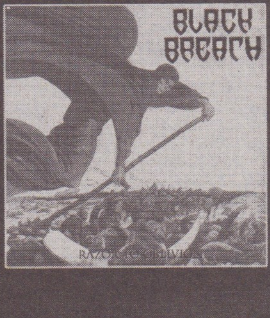
THE ACCÜSED THE CURSE OF MARTHA SPLATTERHEAD

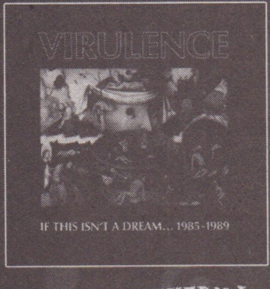
Martha Splatterhead returns! The pioneering kings of Splatter Rock **The Accüsed** are back from the wrong side of the grave! **The Accüsed** axe slinger and founding member *Tommy Niemeyer* has resurrected the unholy Splatterbeast with a new lineup that is an efficient killing machine! The new album *The Curse of Martha Splatterhead* contains even more face ripping riffs, more brutal throat shredding and more intestinal morbid devourment than ever before. 14 songs clocking in at 29 minutes = FASTER, MORE VICIOUS, MORE BRUTAL than you can handle! Crushing production courtesy of *Billy Anderson* (**Melvins, Neurosis, Eyehategod, Brutal Truth, Sleep** etc.).

BLACK BREATH RAZOR TO OBLIVION

Southern Lord is proud to present the CD release of *Razor to Oblivion*, the ferocious debut EP from Seattle's **Black Breath**! Recorded in January of 2008 *Razor to Oblivion* was released as a 12" EP on the band's own **Hot Mass Records** imprint. It quickly drew acclaim for its raw and uncompromosing blend of angry hardcore and ripping metal, informed by a steady intake of **Discharge, Poison Idea, Celtic Frost** and **Bathory**.

Southern Lord will be releasing the **Black Breath** debut full-length album *"Heavy Breathing"* in the first part of 2010. This brutal, unforgiving disasterpiece was recorded by *Kurt Ballou* (**Converge, Cursed, Trap Them** etc..) Dont sleep on this one!




VIRULENCE
IF THIS ISN'T A DREAM... 1985-1989

VIRULENCE IF THIS ISN'T A DREAM... 1985-1989

Virulence was originally formed in Southern California in 1985. Their primary influences were **Black Flag, The Melvins** and **Bl'ast**. They released their debut LP *If This Isn't a Dream...* on Alchemy Records that year. Shortly after the release of the album Alchemy folded and this album was lost in obscurity. This also was the end of **Virulence**. *"If This Isn't a Dream...* is a personal favorite of mine from the past." - Southern Lord label owner and **Goatsnake/sunn 0)))** guitarist *Greg Anderson*. "They effectively fused the aggression and intensity of punk rock with a slow, metallic bludgeon." This reissue contains all known recordings by **Virulence** including the remaster of "If This Isn't a Dream" album, early demos and live recordings are included. The booklet contains liner notes from the dudes in the band plus tons of photos and flyers from back in the glory days of the group.

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often quotes insane right-wing sites like *Free Republic* and *WorldNetDaily*. I honestly forget where he posted it—it might have been on my F*cebook page or some other radio group but, in one of his posts, he said "taxes are bad." It immediately brought Mackey's statement to mind—all you needed was an "mmkay" after the three words and it would have been perfect. It was followed by more parroting of other right-wing propaganda. The topic might have been health reform. The bottom line is this guy and others of his ilk quite simply see no use in paying taxes or at least as little as possible. And here's a bit of irony—this dude works for the US Postal Service! A government organization, one that the anti-tax terrorists (a phrase I recall being used by former *Boston Globe* columnist Dave Nyhan—he also called them zealots) would love to privatize. Granted, no one really likes paying taxes but, to use an old cliché, it's what we pay for a civilized society. In my opinion, that includes government-provided or, at the very least, subsidization of affordable care.

Ah, that aforementioned hot-button issue of health care with all those moronic "tea-baggers" showing up at the "grassroots" rallies put together by former Congressman Dick Armey's organization FreedomWorks and other "astro-turf" organizations. Senior citizens, most likely on Medicaid, saying they want the government out of healthcare. Saying that a "government takeover" is going to lead to rationing, death panels and probably Nazi concentration camps—there seems to be a lot of Nazi imagery at those rallies. Those pissed-off (mostly) angry white people scream about socialism. They scream how they want their country back! They want freedom! A return to what the founding fathers wanted—but I guess we'll just whitewash over the fact that there was still slavery and women didn't get the vote until the twentieth century. It's OK to spend billions on a pointless war in Afghanistan and the Republicans support it but they want it paid for by even more cuts to social programs.

I actually wish we had some kind of socialism in this country or democratic socialism—you know, making sure people's basic needs like health, housing and food are guaranteed to be provided for them if they fall on hard times. No governmental system is ever going to be perfect but something along those lines would be better. But the peasants-with-pitchforks aren't having it. They'd rather show their support, intentionally or not, for the medical-industrial complex. Gotta love those insurance companies who raise their rates and pay their executives obscene amounts of money. But, hey, taxes are bad!

That's enough simplistic, leftist boilerplate for now... shit, I'm starting to write like I did in the '80s! Let's get down to the punk rock.

*****

I've been bombarded with a number of reissues over the past few months and it's time to catch up a bit. First on the docket is the lavish package for RORSCHACH's *Remain Sedate* and *Protestant* albums, presented as a double LP in a gatefold sleeve and released to coincide with their recent reunion tour—and the Boston show was mind-blowing. I think RORSCHACH is a band I appreciate more now than I did back then and I was definitely a fan at that point, as well. With RORSCHACH, you had howling vocals, dramatic arrangements shifting between heavier lurch and blasts of adrenalin. The twisted guitar lines drew from the well of DIE KREUZEN and, to an extent, VOIVOD, although the latter was certainly influenced by the former, themselves. And the nods to BLACK FLAG have to be acknowledged, as well, although it's a subtler take than, say, BL'AST. That stated—and to be a tad trite—they twisted those musical ideas into something of their own. RORSCHACH's approach proved that it's possible to play heavy and intense music without any sort of mindless machismo or boring chuggishness. Brutal and brilliant. (Gern Blandsten, www.gernblandsten.com)

During that time period—well, the late '80s mainly—the DIY scene in NYC was often at odds with some of the bigger name bands who signed with such labels as In-Effect, Profile or Caroline. There was a pretty well-circulated radio "debate" between members of BORN AGAINST, SICK OF IT ALL and AGNOSTIC FRONT and a threatening phone call to a member of BORN AGAINST ended up on their song "Born Against Are Fucking Dead." Which is a roundabout way to bring up the reissue of recordings the aforementioned AGNOSTIC FRONT, those being two stone classics—*United Blood* and *Victim In Pain*, There was a little bit of controversy over these repackagings on Bridge Nine since the original artwork for both records has been relegated to the inner sleeves. Some folks viewed this as a compromise, especially in the case of V.I.P., with its rather provocative cover of Nazi death camp imagery and a lynching. But the embossed outer sleeves are a hell of a lot better than the late '80s Combat reissue. V.I.P. is, in my opinion, the best of the early NYHC 12" releases (I'm talking pre-Age Of Quarrel), a firebomb of buzz saw thrash and sick circle-pit inducers. The breakdown of "Blind Justice" still makes one want to kill. So many incredible moments—Roger's "Yeeeeeow" that starts "Hiding Inside," the "STIGMA" yell that leads into Vinnie's sputtering solo for "Power," the rumbling bass that starts "Fascist Attitudes" and ominous pattern for "Last Warning" and so on. I've listened to this album hundreds of times over the years and it's not stale yet. As for *United Blood*, the band was rougher-sounding than on V.I.P. Double-time, martial-beat thrashers (with the tubs thumped by Raybeez), one brief blast after another and including an early version of "Last Warning." AF sound as though they were finding their footing a bit but the results are still explosive and demolish everything in sight. Two great recordings created by anti-social beings capable of battering their instruments into a bloody pulp. (Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

AGNOSTIC FRONT was often a controversial band in these pages. INSURANCE RISK also created a little controversy around ten years ago with their song "We Don't Care," a shock homophobic song meant to piss-off the so-called "politically correct people," as drummer/bassist, Ollie puts it in the liner notes of *Violence In Their Minds*. OK, keep backpedaling. I just think it's dumb but not enough to get all self-righteous about it. Others might disagree with me. In any case, this disc is a compilation of these Norwegian edger's two 7"s on one 12". INSURANCE RISK are beyond shameless, beyond derivative, from the band's name being plucked from a DYS song to the plucking of song structures lock stock and barrel from that band, SS DECONTROL, NEGATIVE FX and THE FU's. Complete with Springa-with-a-bellyache vocalese. And you know what? It's a blast, with the remastering bringing out the bile in bold relief. (Crucial Response, Von-der-Mark-Str. 31, 47137 Duisburg, Germany, www.crucialresponse.com)

Another one-LP anthology comes from KAMIKAZE, pulling together their LP, 7" and one compilation song for the boiling over The Spirit Of Battle. It's fast and frantic hardcore that has more of a stripped-down sound than DEGENERICS, their ranting 'n yowling vocalist Craig's preceding (and now reunited) band. DEGENERICS often favored a DIE KREUZEN-ish flair and one song here, "Going Through The Motions," does echo that. "Nothing Seems Real" brings the proceedings to a torturous (not in a negative sense, though) conclusion and a trail of doubt, anger and rage is strewn behind them. And if there's an admission of "singin the same ol' song" and "another cliche about changes," it remains a timeless and universal theme. Direct and soul-grabbing. (Soulrebel, www.myspace.com/xsoulrebelrecordsx)

Just enough space for one more review (and you can always read more at subvox.blogspot.com). BROKEN NEEDLE are a west coast band playing hardcore with a classic, catchy style ala UNIFORM CHOICE and the like—kind of stating the obvious since they cover two of that band's songs but it fits. Bright, punchy guitars, urgent-sounding vocals and all of it is spot-on. Given the band's name and the artwork with a hand snapping a syringe, one might expect standard-issue edge lyrical themes, but that's not the case. Sure, there are the personalized songs about betrayal, confrontation and the like but also ones about larger issues—standard-issue sentiments on church, state, greed, etc and I find it hard to disagree. And "Trash This Place" takes venue-wrecking morons to task. Talk about a timeless theme. Taken from their demo, 12", 7", comp tracks and one of the UC covers ("Use Your Head") is unreleased. Well-worn for sure but they nail it. I'll always have a soft spot for this type of direct, uncomplicated burn. Incidentally, the insert fold-out includes flyer artwork from the late, great Randy "Biscuit" Turner from the Big Boys. (Lengua Armada, www.myspace.com/brokenneedle)

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After 23 years, I finally closed my box in Lynn and got one closer to home. If you sent something to the old box, don't worry, because it'll (hopefully) be forwarded to me.

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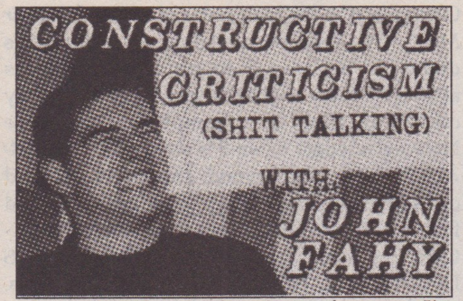


I was in a band when I was fourteen. I've talked about that here once before. The first real band I was ever in got together in 2005 and is still around, though slow today, named MERKIT. About six months to a year ago, I started a new band that is currently active also, called PANZRAM. About two months ago, my friends were starting a band called AUTARKEIA and I mentioned that I'd be up for playing bass—which they agreed to. In the last week, I've started dicking around with another project, as yet unnamed. Seems ridiculous, maybe, but all I want to do is start another band.

For some background here, I don't know anything about music—notes, and such—I barely know when I'm in tune. Two friends I'm in MERKIT with are also in PANZRAM and AUTARKEIA respectively. The reason for the clusterfuck of same-people-playing-in-a-bunch-of-different-bands is this—there's really not many people in our town to do this fucking shit with. We don't have a divided or clique-ish scene here at all—there's just straight up, very few kids. It's been like this for years, and while DIY shows in Fort Myers are well attended and always a blast, there are just not as many participants we'd like to see, until now. While a bunch of people overlap in bands, a shitload of people who'd previously never been musically active are getting involved and they are aggressively seeking to start bands. It's beyond inspiring to see. It's just as inspiring when I see friends across the country doing the same thing.

While in Gainesville over the time of The Fest, I kept hearing about this band called VACCINE that everyone was describing to me as "really fucking good" youth crew. When I got home I got a hold of the EP, and hearing it was like being suckerpunched. The band borders on powerviolent, but the abrupt, feel-stupid-because-you-should-be-moshing-already parts that sneak up on you have a youth crew swing to them that is diabolical. I get this same feeling when listening to PUNCH—you kind of rage in the chaos of it, and then abruptly are forced to circle pit. The seven inch blazes in and out, and takes no prisoners. What stoked me more about this really new, exciting band was that I knew two of the guys in it, and they're in two other high-functioning bands that tour and release records often.

Incestuous as all scenes can be, sometimes so many of the bands produced from the inbreeding are really fucking good. Nowhere is this more evident than in Tampa, where HORRID CROSS, NAZI DUST, SLAVE SCENE, NEON BLUD, DADS and MERCHANDISE all share members with each other and are the offspring of deceased bands like DIVISIONS, BODY ROT, and CULT RITUAL. Output from these bands newest to me is the NEON BLUD demo, which basically is the same line-up as BODY ROT but with a totally different feel. This band alters blistering noise with fuzzy, catchy punk in the best way. The drumming is odd and eccentric, the guitar is feedback-soaked and raging, and Samantha's vocals are a fucking excellent mix of disaffected and frustrated. NEON BLUD's original drummer was Kevin—who sings for NAZI DUST currently. Before this, he'd never been in a band before. This shows the importance of new blood.

People that are new to playing in bands can bring a freshness that is motivational. People that don't know how to make music, but know what sounds they like and try to get them out of an instrument—can make some of the best, most raw, honest music. This can totally change the way someone who's played music for a long time can approach writing a song—often for the best.

My friend Jess, who'd never played in a band before, just moved back to my area from Philly and immediately wrangled a group of kids together because she really wanted to play something like FLOOR. So now she's practicing with it and I'm stoked to hear it. My friend Krystina (formerly of RIPSHIT) is playing with some dudes in a new violent hardcore band, which I also can't wait to check out. "DC" Dan Zia of MRR reviewer fame is playing in a new band, and I've heard stories about his berzerkitude about his former bands enough to really, really want to hear his new project. My friend Meghan is working on an extremely harsh solo project (all instruments) called MOMS that I'm dying to hear, along with her new band SIAMESE TWINS,, which I almost pissed my pants about, when she told me they sound like "something between SIOUXSIE and JOY DIVISION." I could go on and on. New projects are exciting—even if they end up sucking—because it shakes things up and challenges people—which is what punk should do.

A lot of people are intimidated by the idea of starting a band, playing in public, feeling musically inferior to their peers, all that. It seems like punks, like normal people, have a huge self-consciousness deal going on and when kids finally realize "fuck it—it doesn't matter," I'm overjoyed, because that's exactly how it should be. No one is ever going to think about the time I balls-ed up playing my stupid bass, or danced around like a goddamn idiot five years from now. It doesn't mean shit, except to me and my friends that are having a good time doing it and maybe the odd spectator. I'm going to be 27 by the time this prints. That's not even that old, and I'm totally realizing that now is when I should be starting to completely not give a fuck and humiliate myself on a regular basis, because the reward of these memories is going to far outweigh any brief feelings of self-consciousness. Now is the time to embarrass ourselves—this is the time to get fucking stupid. Be a goddamned idiot. Start a band. Try to make music that you think you can't.

ENDNOTES:
1. By the time this prints, my friend Joe will have released the WAKING UP HURTS tape on his label. Check out some of the music here: www.flwebwizzard.com/wtfhttrecords and then purchase yourself one. It's good stuff.
2. POLLUTION of NY has released both of the tapes on vinyl, to the relief of many. These records look great, have beautiful artwork, great lyrics and some of the most interesting, disturbing hardcore I've heard in quite some time. Check out their myspace to find out more about getting at them for copies: www.myspace.com/pollutionpollutionpollution
3. For NEON BLUD demos, consult this blog: www.cultmaternal.blogspot.com
4. See my friend Pickle about some records he's selling, and while you're at it, check out what he's releasing at www.ifbrecords.com. New records coming soon from POSITIVE NOISE and others.
5. For any MERKIT, PANZRAM, etc. shit, get at me here: fahy_john@hotmail.com or here: John Fahy/ 15011 lakeside view drive/ apt 2402/ Fort Myers/ FL/ 33919. And send me your new bands fucking demos!

assimilate
my
purse
mattilda bernstein sycamore

Loyalty

I want to say that we sat on that kitchen sofa and smoked, the way we tore down a piece of an anti-smoking billboard and put it in the bathroom as an ironic decoration, but the truth was that we didn't smoke in the house, we would walk through the laundry room attached to the kitchen and then across the back stairwell to the roof of the garage behind our building, where sometimes we'd see the landlord wandering around for no apparent reason. That was our smoking area, sometimes in the sun and sometimes in the dark, overlooking an alley that would later become famous for acceptable graffiti, an art project.

People smoked pot inside the house, mostly Laurie, since I didn't really smoke much pot anymore I thought it was boring. Laurie's dealer had a crush on her, so she would buy an eighth or a quarter and then he would give her a huge bag of shake, like a whole ounce—you couldn't sell that on the West Coast, but on the East Coast it would have been better than anything we bought. Once, Laurie took that whole ounce and cooked up a batch of pot brownies—when we tried the first one it was disgusting, but then we got high and the brownies tasted better, we ate the whole batch in one sitting. We were high for literally three days and it was like we were back together again, together in hysterics. Otherwise our life together was becoming as much tension as extension, we would still do that thing where the whole world would become our eyes into eyes holding steady when everything else wasn't, but now usually one of us wasn't looking.

Laurie kept planning to move out and get her own apartment, but then she would decide that she didn't have enough money to move. So then we would talk about who was going to move out, since we thought it would be better for our relationship. I started becoming aware of the ways in which I wasn't so welcome in certain dyke spaces, I mean I'd always noticed the way I sometimes became a sort of fetish object, oh I like your hair your nails your pants your politics, and other times everyone would ignore me because I wasn't on the sexual menu, but I always thought it was okay, I mean just look at the way that dykes were treated in fag spaces. There was a certain kind of status about being one of the only fags welcome in dyke spaces, or almost welcome, welcome by the people who actually knew me, it meant I had done my work. Kind of like being one of the only white people invited into some of those early activist groups, like the one where we fought over consensus and then I realized I was taking everyone's rage and putting it inside me, like with my father, and that I needed to stop, to step back and figure something else out. Maybe part of figuring this out meant questioning that type of inclusion, I mean when it wasn't really inclusion.

One time Laurie and I went to a party at a new art space that was also someone's house, this was a different crowd, a newer crowd in the Mission, do you see how everything changes so fast? More money or maybe just attitude like money or college or something like that but some of the same people and this one person who was known for walking her slave around on a leash came up to me in the courtyard out back and said: do you mind if I piss here? Sure, no problem, I said, and she pulled down her pants and pissed all over my legs, mostly on my boots but on my legs too and I knew this game, I knew this game even though I'd never played it, never played it in this way but I stood there and acted like I didn't even notice. Afterwards I felt so distant, maybe shaking a little bit like childhood too but enraged and maybe this was one of the things we talked about in the kitchen, how SM was becoming so trendy and how, when something becomes really trendy it can only go wrong. Sure, we were also angry about plaid pants on the runways, fashion victims who dyed their hair with Manic Panic, and mainstream gay men who wore combat boots, but this was different because it went deeper. Kind of like how I never wanted to recommend turning tricks to anyone, because of how it would change your life, I mean I would share all my knowledge but I never said do it, you should do it, it's easy, like a lot of people said, because it's never really easy.

But that was later, soon I would be a hooker, I mean in just a few months and it was already familiar, and then it would last for too many years and then when it was over it still wouldn't be over and that's where I am now. But back to the Mission, in the early-'90s, earlier I said something about how New Age was just above trust fund trash in the hierarchy of morals, but the truth is that this was the West Coast, so you'd go to a party, any party, and someone would be doing tarot. Sometimes even in our kitchen, and I was aghast but really it was everywhere so eventually I learned to act like it was OK, like with altars, it seemed like everyone in San Francisco had an altar, sometimes it was a bunch of Eastern religious symbols, take your pick and presto—meaning—but other times it might just be an empty cigarette pack from your ex-boyfriend, a yellowing black-and-white picture of a city you'd never been to, twigs from the street after a big storm, a rock from the beach, and a few club flyers—and then it might become beautiful because it wasn't just someone else's feelings.

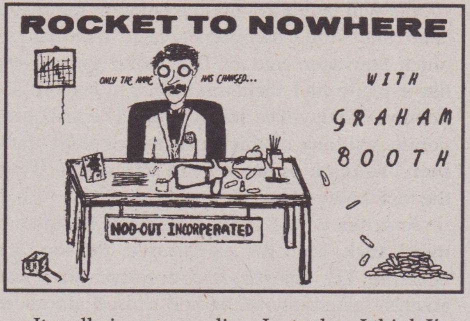
Garrett was someone who I definitely didn't trust. He would follow people around, mostly dykes, first it was Angie who was one of Laurie's friends, and then Laurie, and Laurie told me I was being judgmental because I didn't like the way Garrett would become whoever he was around. We'd had this conversation before—who the fuck wasn't judging everyone all the time, that's what I wondered. But now we were in a different place, a place where we didn't always know our relationship would survive, maybe it would survive but maybe it wouldn't and it's true that I would take one look at certain people and make pronouncements: She just wants to be friends with you because she doesn't have any sense of self. He's a pathological liar—didn't you notice the expression in his eyes? He's just another clueless rich kid. She's just a hipster. She's using you.

So I decided not to be judgmental, and then Garrett followed me around too, even though I didn't want people following me around and so I told him that, and then we kind of became friends. But I forgot about hipsters —hipsters were the enemy, we all agreed about that. They were vapid culture vultures who didn't have any politics. They looked kind of like us, so we had to constantly draw the boundaries. I still talk about hipsters, it's hard not to. In the early-'90s, we were always talking about how hipsters were taking over, pretty soon there wouldn't be anything but hipsters in the Mission, why did you invite that hipster over your house? I can't believe you went to that hipster bar. We walked in the door at that party, and it was nothing but hipsters, so we grabbed a few drinks and then turned back around.

Of course, there were larger conflicts going on in the Mission, not just the gentrification advancing with the crepe place right around the corner, the one everyone made fun of, or the tapas restaurant because maybe Spanish food was kind of like Mexican—was that what they were working? And the vegetarian restaurant that some people actually went to, I mean people we knew. This tension was between those of us who cultivated critique, polished it, held it up and turned it around to examine ourselves and everything around us, all of the time, even if sometimes it tore us apart we wanted to change everything. And then there were those of us who distrusted critique, or trusted it when it was about something seemingly far away, like straight people or parents, but not when it got closer—in this vision of queerness, loyalty was the most important thing, loyalty could mean safety but it could also mean reenacting high school popularity contests but taking on the victors' roles. Remember: high school was only a few years in the past for most of us, even if we might have been stunned if you told us that.

The truth is that we all cultivated critique; we were dogmatic in our alliances, self-righteous in our beliefs. I'm still talking about us, because that's what we believed in: us. I've already told you that my critique was relentless, that sometimes I tore apart the people I loved and I was trying to get somewhere else, but that didn't mean that I distrusted critique: it still meant everything to me. Without critical engagement, what was the point? You might as well go back to who you were supposed to be. But this other culture, the broader Mission dyke culture which we called queer, so much of it was about loyalty at all costs: it held us, and held us hostage. Accountability only occurred when people would get in dramatic fights and it was more about whose team was stronger or more popular than about what actually happened. This was what made me hate San Francisco.

The writing in this column is an excerpt from some crazy memoirish thing I'm working on called *The End of San Francisco*. My most recent book is a novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*, but guess what? I might be sleeping better—could that be possible? I'm also turning lostmissing, my public art project, into some kind of book-type thing, yay for more books! And I recently finished a new anthology called Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots? I know you're wondering the same thing. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.



It really is never ending. Just when I think I've heard every '80s hardcore release there is, I go and slip a tape in my car cassette deck (y'all *do* remember tapes, doncha?) and I hear something I never noticed before. This morning it was *MEATHOUSE I* on my drive in to work. There's some ridiculous shit on that Version Sound Records compilation tape of yore, but this morning it was the unexpected track "Red Rum" that shattered my world.

Uhh, what the hell is this band? There is a punked out girl singer belting out some inspired Kathleen Hanna style agitation, all over the '80s core. This shit is catchy as fukk. I fumbled for the plastic case laying in the passenger seat at 80 mph, waiting for a lull in traffic so I could glance down at the track-listing. WTF? Uhh, RED SCARE had a girl singer? News to me. I've passed on that LP so many times. Shit is all over Southern California (was?), I always figured it was just another mid-'80s SoCal hardcoresploito piece of trash. I mean, has anyone ever repped RED SCARE to you? But music doesn't lie, and "Red Rum" was killin' it. Did I mention I like hardcore with girl singers?

I just googled it and apparently frontwoman Bobbi Brat died of cancer way back in 1988. Bummer. Her gravestone is still available for viewing. RED SCARE has some comp tracks (duh!) and that *Then There Were None* LP from '84 and that's about it. If you can deal with CDs, Grand Theft Audio has a complete discography. Anyway, I guess I need to keep an eye out for it now. Hmmm... I wonder if that one copy is still sitting at that one place for $15…

Man, when I first started writing for *MRR*, I never could've imagined I'd be writing three paragraphs about RED SCARE. Oof! Really, is this what it's coming to? I mean, this is literally the direction things are going. Albeit all the "classics" were sorted a decade ago, to the point that writing a column about how amazing NEGATIVE APPROACH is in 2010 would be the most redundant ridiculous waste of ink ever.

I remember when I was buying up every '80s hardcore EP I could get my hands on in the early '90s, NEGATIVE APPROACH was just another forgotten '80s band with a small but dedicated cult following. There was a growing network of record trading fanatics around the world who knew what was up, but I would guess 80% of typical punk show goers had never even heard of NEGATIVE APPROACH. Nowadays they might as well be THE SEX PISTOLS of US hardcore.

But it's not about loving NA anymore. I mean, you have to *know* NA, but that's like junior high school shit. You have to be way beyond NA or people will laugh at you. It's crazy to me that a band like VOID has been able to maintain so much scenester cred of late, but I guess they never really had their moment. I'm sure in six months VOID will be a dirty word. The real question is, will any of this new crop of VOID fans even like punk or hardcore in six months? Who the fuck knows!?

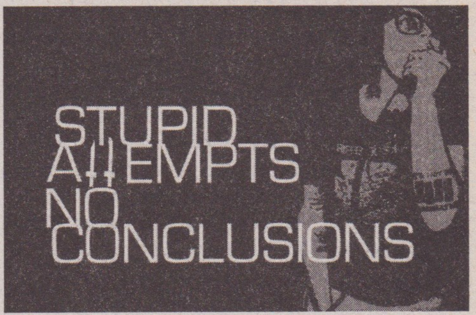
And this whole CHRONIC SICK business. I mean, fuck, yeah it's a great over the top '80s hardcore LP, but it's also a record that was always talked about behind closed doors in hushed tones. People get offended. I can't say I blame them. Collectors have been arguing that their, er, "sense of humor" is so obviously "tongue in cheek" for a decade now. Are you sure? Have you ever stopped to think that the reason their record is so impossibly rare is that it has a swastika right there in the middle of everything? How many stores would even put that on their shelves? It's crazy that somehow in 2010 that LP has become the pinnacle of collecting, with a widely distributed reissue to boot.

I guess I just wonder what kids are thinking these days. I can still remember when my little circle of friends finally managed to locate a CHRONIC SICK LP back in the '90s. It was like this cruel inside joke. Most of us had been going to shows long enough to experience skinhead violence and boneheaded thugs first hand at punk shows, and it was nothing to laugh about. Certain misguided ideologies were definitely not welcome. I think most of us preferred having the girls and gay boys hanging around, so we actively had to confront a lot of the deeply entrenched misogyny and homophobia we grew up with. Some people definitely went overboard with the ultra-PC witch hunts, but most reasonable people seemed to have an understanding. To me, that understanding meant that, while I could joke around with uber-nerds about ANTIDOTE lyrics or which SKREWDRIVER record was the ultimate turning point, it was something better left at the door.

It seems like nowadays people are more interested in being shocking and offensive. Low culture is championed everywhere, and people seem to think violence is funny. Sure, I joke about the same shit everybody else does, but I know myself, and I know what both ends of the spectrum are... Boneheaded Violence vs. the PC Police. I want neither. Unfortunately, I've been having this sinking suspicion lately that all of the shit we went through and figured out in the '80s/'90s has been completely lost on this generation, and they are destined to repeat the whole cycle. I worry that our stupid "There Goes the Neighborhood" and "Sock Woman" jokes are somehow becoming a reality for the youth of today who don't know any better. Honestly, fuck that weak shit. Leave the bro-punk to the infomercials dudes.

Meanwhile, I have to come up with more and more obscure records to blab on about every month. I kind of hate the idea of writing about RED SCARE, but the music does not lie, and "Red Rum" kills. It also makes me wonder whether, now that every other mini sub-shard of a genre of '80s hardcore has been championed to death, that maybe it's finally time for a Ladies of the Eighties US Hardcore Rehash. You know, like instead of seeing studded vests emblazoned with ESKORBUTO or ANTI-CIMEX logos, we might start seeing some ANTI-SCRUNTI FACTION back pieces.

While I'm on the subject of Estrogen Fueled US Ragers, I'll close out this month with another female fronted winner that you probably all already know given the current bottomless pit of information available to you on the interwebs. That would be the killer BEAST OF BEAST *Sex Drugs... and Noise* LP, released on the California based My Ass Records circa 1983. I can't think of many records that can match the fury of Virginia Mac's vocals on "Icy Eyes." One of the best. Some of you stamp collectors may have seen copies with Mutha Records logos pasted on the back cover and labels, as Mutha took over distribution. Why Mutha you ask? Because Virginia, the singer, originally from New Jersey, is actually the sister of CHRONIC SICK's singer, Greg Gory! A small world, indeed. I should hope he'd leave the misogyny at the door when she was around, because she sure doesn't sound like she'd put up with it. *Fuck!*



Another new month, another week of forgetting about my MRR deadlines. I don't really know what my problem is, it should be routine by now. Pay rent on the first of each month, start formulating some poignant vignette about the trials and tribulations of being a punk in an isolated, far-off place. OK, well, sorry. It's hard to think about punk records when I'm obsessed with the cold. Lots of my friends who also participated in the great pre-2010 Olympics hipster flight from Vancouver moved to Montreal, and some have confided in me that the bitter winters there have led them to listen to metal. I'm not there yet, thankfully, although after the first big snow dump of the season (um, yesterday, early December), I only want to listen to power violence tapes from the '90s. The point is, I bought winter boots for the first time in my life but after sixteen inches of snow and seventy miles of wind, these boots are still not enough to get me around. Former tenants of my house left snow shoes behind and my grandiose solution is to utilize the fuck out of them, if only to include in letters to my grandma: "Snow-shoed to the grocery store today, ate moose pizza, wish you were here."

But seriously, I need a solution because I need to be able to leave the house because I turned 26, and started swimming routinely at the pool that's around the corner and across the parking lot of a shopping plaza and across the street. At least, it was routine until I got pink eye last week. Can you tell my life is a constant struggle between trying to get my shit together in order to accomplish new things that require a change in how I live my life, and inherently still just being a lazy, dirty punk kid? Whatever. I would like to not get pink eye anymore, but still would like respond to my relationship problems by locking myself in my room and listening to Crossed Out for hours, leaving only to sneak beers from my roommates.

Anyway, I'm trying to be pragmatic. Yes, I attended a workshop hosted by the local university bike-related not-for-profit group and made my own studded snow tires for my bike, but I am still no match for the four-foot drifts and it is time to accept that in such conditions, bike-riding alone can never be enough exercise to effectively delay the effects of age, lethargy, and a slowed-down metabolism. The bike has to stay home sometimes and consequently usually I do too. So now I'm doing water aerobics with 50 year olds to Elvis songs. "Some tattoos you got there," one says in the change room, "B'y, you've got some nerve gitting all dem. Hard not to notice them." "Yeah, I know, I kind of stick out." "Gurrrl, stick out? You? I ain't got no tits." Locker Room Lady refers to her mastectomy scars. Perspective.

Last month, Kyle moved to the Yukon and left his grunge pedal at my house. Wicked awesome. Turn the grunge knob to the max, treble knob up to seven and a half, and I can borrow any amp at any show ever, regardless of whether or not it has a distortion channel. This is how you be in a band here. It's the north. We make do. There's not a lot right in front of us at in a direct seeing/hearing capacity to compare to, so you can get away with a lot here. I can't tell what I think: Like does the lack of quantity leads to a tolerance of the subpar or are we a purer city unaffected with such petty details as good music equipment and general fitness?

I'm trying to get my shit together in an overarching, successful sense, so I got myself elected to be a shop steward for my work's union. As I've mentioned before, my job is a home care worker for children currently guardian-less because they've been removed from their homes by the government. I have no pretensions about whether or not anyone in a decision-making capacity for the government agency I work for makes any decisions that make sense. I'm just trying to be a chill dude who facilitates smooth, need-meeting days and gives a lot of consensual hugs. Whatever. Anyway, the training to be a shop steward was really early in the morning, I barely caught my bus and brought my coffee in a salsa jar with the label half-peeled off. Everyone was surprised I nominated myself. God, I love brotherhood. It was informative in a paperwork sense until group discussion disintegrated into a general complaining about getting trouble at work. Not like legit shit, but stuff like "I got disciplined because a nine-year-old with an eating disorder called me fat and I snapped and told her she'd get fat too if she kept eating Lucky Charms, can I file a grievance?" and "I'm a fucking asshole who hates kids and this job and I have a totally bogus attitude and I don't get that many shifts, can I file a grievance?" Can I file a grievance about management for hiring complete assholes? What's punker? Trying to get my co-workers fired for being douchebags or maintaining worker's solitude and filing grievances with an objective standpoint? Can I work for the union if I probably hate all workers because they are shitty human beings? Am I a scab? Give me advice at julsgeneric@hotmail.com.

BASEMENT SCREAMS
100 50 0

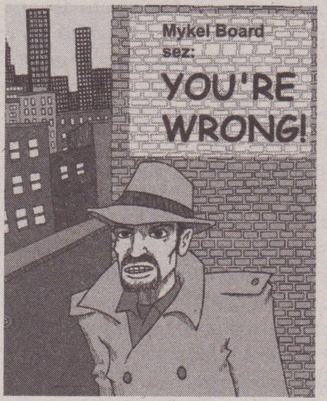
Another month, another belated column for *MRR*. This month worked on tracking some guitars for multiple previously unfinished records, which became kind of fun, because to be honest, I feel like I'm on a roll here. At the end of a sesh, my ears are usually shot and I need to come home to the soothing sounds of *Electric Warrior* or *154* to unwind. Don't worry punks, I've not grown up. There are still extended sessions of blasting YOUTH OF TODAY, NAPALM DEATH, and TOTALIT ÄR into my ears. Not that this helps you, but I finally found a full copy of YOUTH OF TODAY playing CBGB with Tommy Carol (STRAIGHT AHEAD/NYC MAYHEM) on drums, and raaaaging through all of their best songs. What a travesty he never did studio work with them. Luckily we have STRAIGHT AHEAD on the *End the Warzone* comp. A word of caution about NAPALM DEATH: *From Enslavement to Obliteration* is a terrible workout record. I thought I would go running to the fastest album I could think of, but all I could do was sit there and marvel at the awful '80s UK over-production. The clackity-clack drum kit with all the life scooped right out, and Bill Steer's 1989 solid state Crate tone all drenched in sterile digital reverb in a distracting sort of way. These are the things we hope to stop here in Basement Screams. We want fuzz and crunch and grit. Raw and wriggling.

Speaking of which, a great record I picked up this month that's already been making the rounds since this past summer is the VAASKA 12" on 540 records ("Austin Texas man"). I have a limited understanding of the Spanish language (not for nothing, my co-workers are trying to teach me), but I'm pretty sure the insert says this was recorded by Hans the guitar-guy in SACRED SHOCK. Anyway, hats off to him, the drums have a great distorted sound, very thick and pushed a bit into the red to sound extra heavy. There's lots of trashy delay, on them too, and the vocals for that matter. Red hot searing guitar, and bass, that still has a lot of body and tone and never gets lost in the white noise overkill that a lot of Dis-Noize bands do. I like it a lot! It would be a good record either way, but it's definitely kicked up a notch by the awesome raw production. More proof it doesn't take fancy shit to make a killer record.

Anyway, one thing I found myself working on was trying to beef up the guitar sound on a couple of recordings with only one guitar. In the past, on 4-track recordings, my solution was just to record the guitar to just a little over the point of saturation to add some thickness, but as I rarely work on 4-track anymore, and I'm mostly digitally recording, the solution doesn't really hold up. First off I try to use multiple mics to capture the initial guitar sound, even if I have to have them all going onto one channel. Try and find a couple that have a nice contrast to each other, rather than a matching pair. If you have trouble with this, try to split the guitar into two separate amps, mic each one separately, and then blend the sounds together. Obviously take extra care to make sure nothing sounds funny, and that everything's in phase. If you're working on a digital set-up and can copy the guitar to a second track later, I'd suggest doing that. Adding some stereo reverb and/or chorus can help to spread out the sound a bit, and adding a little bit of overdrive on top of that can give it a little more crackle and keep things from sounding too clean or sterile (as digital effects tend to). You also may want to add a little bit of additional gain or overdrive to the main blended guitar track, whether or not you're adding a second track. It only takes a splash of it to give the track a little more thickness and crunch. Just a hair. If you run the two mic signals through a separate mixer you can add some of the gain there, and then when they're going into the main mixer they'll be nice and hot.

If you have room for it, I really think a room mic on a guitar can add a lot of additional depth and grit to the sound but it can also do a lot to ruin the clarity of the sound. Generally, I only opt for a room mic when the guitar sound needs to be really massive, like you're standing right in front of the amp massive. It seems to add a lot of low end to whatever is happening on the recording, and can also pose phase issues, both of which necessitate a good bit of care. Make sure to keep it far enough from the other mics. The rule is three inches from any other mic for every inch from the sound source. Also try and cut some of the lower frequencies (like 150Hz and below), they're not going to be doing much besides adding inaudible and unnecessary muck to the sound. If you have an omni-directional mic it's going to be a lot better at getting the roomy sound. Look around you can find a totally decent one for under $50. I've mentioned radio shack made omni-directional mics before and you'd be surprised how well the ones I have hold up on recordings.

I know that's on the brief side, but I know you readers will live. Happy new year!



"I do not take any pleasure in suffering the torments of travel merely so that I could dine out on them."—Paul Theroux

It's amazing how easily my thumb slips into my right nostril. How it perfectly conforms to the skin inside. Better than an ice scraper on a windshield. It scales the inside nasal wall as New York's pollution collects under the fingernail. A little twist... a pinch... a pull. A bloody booger comes out with two hairs crossed through the middle.

Yeah, I'm back in THE CITY. My trip to Albania behind me. Gone. But far from being forgotten, despite my creeping senility. Last week I wrote about being tricked by a mysterious bus rider, into a spooky house? Hotel? Abattoir?

"You can stay at my place," he mimed, unable to speak a word of English, and my Albanian limited to less than a hundred words.

Now, I'm in a room that only locks from the outside. I'm in the middle of the countryside, on a hill, in Albania. I don't know how to get to anywhere from here. I don't even know where ***here*** is. My tormentor's only motive for keeping me like this has to be torture and then (mercifully?) murder.

I don't sleep very well that night. When I do drift off the dreams are terrible. Fortunately, I can't remember most of them. Only one. I'm standing outside. Just standing... eyes closed... seeing nothing. I feel a hand grab the front of my shirt, at solar plexus level. In the dream, I know it is a dream. This is not real. I reach down and feel the hand. A human hand, masculine, holding tight. I grab the hand and squeeze. It crumples like hollow plaster in my grip. Then I wake up.

I must have drifted off yet again, because I'm again awakened. This time by the sound of the glass door sliding open. There he is, my abductor, impossibly old, pillow-shaped, face frozen into a perpetual frown. He carries a large cup of coffee and more fruit.

The only thing I've eaten in the past days is fruit. Figs, pomegranates, and a mysterious cactus fruit. It all grows in the garden 30 or so feet directly below. Fertilized, I'm sure, by many others who have stood in this exact spot. The fruit keeps constant pressure on my bowels. I don't take shits. I explode them.

I understand why he asked me how long I'm staying. He hates what he has to do, and wants to postpone it until the last possible minute. I could escape, maybe. But I'm so far out of town, so lost, how would I ever get anywhere? And he'd see me with my backpack. That'd be a... er... dead giveaway.

He tells me his name. *Cocho*. I'm horrible with names, but somehow I feel if I don't remember this one, I'll be in even worse trouble. It becomes the most important task of my life to remember it. Let's see: Ocho is *eight* in Spanish. *Co*-means *together* like co-worker or cooperate. Two eights together. I fix the image in my mind and superimpose it over his face.

I take out my camera and motion that I want to take his picture. I figure when my remains wash up on shore, they'll find the camera and catch the guy. Surprisingly, he agrees. I guess he'll dispose of the camera when he disposes of me.

After the photos, he points out to the sea. He asks if I'm going to go swimming. I tell him it's too cold. He says maybe tomorrow. I say, "No I'm leaving tomorrow."

I can see the sadness in his face when I make it clear I'm not staying another day. The longer he can wait, the better. I know he doesn't want to do this, but he's got to. And now, it has to be tonight.

Dua te shikoj Himara. (I want to see (the town of) Himara.), I tell him.

I'm not thinking clearly. Even if I manage to get into town, I could never find my way back to his place. I get lost in Soho, for God's sake. And I can't take all my bags with me. He'd know. I have to come back here.

He points to me, then himself, and then makes a two-fingers-next-to-each-other sign that means *together.* Ok, we'll go together. People will see us. When they find the body, they'll be suspicious.

At least that will get me back to the death chamber.

So together we climb the stairs to the alley that leads to the tunnel that leads to the ditch that leads to the stone steps that lead to the road where the bus will come to take us to Himara. We wait for a bit. The bus does not come.

I take a picture of the stone staircase, another of the garage door close to it, another of a sign that says QEPARO FSHAT, right near the descent from the highway. Qeparo is the name of this tiny village. I have no idea what "fshat" means, but maybe some cab or bus driver will recognize the sign. Besides, if I escape, like that girl in Texas Chainsaw Massacre, I can use the photos as clues for the cops to find Albania's Ed Gein.

Still, the bus doesn't come.

A car pulls out of a nearby driveway, off the main road. Slowly, it makes its way to the outer street. Cocho walks over and signals the man to stop. They have a conversation. Cocho opens the front and back doors of the car. He motions for me to get in the rear. I do. Then he closes both doors and waves good-bye. We head into town.

The driver lets me and another passenger off at the post office. I look up the word *return* in the Albanian-English dictionary: *kthim.*

Ku kthim? I ask him. (When return?)

He shows me two fingers, one bent halfway. I guess that means in an hour and a half. I figure he'll park his cab here and return to it when it's time to leave. That doesn't give me much time, but I can buy some stamps and mail my postcards, go for a stroll down the beach, look at the ocean, have a last cup of coffee before I die. I figure wrong.

When I get out of the post office, the cab is gone.

I'll never find my way back now. My bags, most of my money is with Cocho. My computer, too. I know the only logic is death, but what if I'm missing something? What if he's just this nice eccentric old coot who really does want to take care of me? It's not logical (or true, it turns out), but what if?

I walk to a taxi stand near the post office. Maybe my driver will be there. He isn't.

Most of the cabs are empty. In the only one with a driver, the driver is asleep on the front seat with the door open and one leg out of the cab. Knowing my own consciousness on just awakening, I decide not to wake him for the drive.

From a nearby restaurant, another guy, late thirties, needing a shave as do all Albanian men, walks toward me. [Note: Albania joins that list of countries: Turkey, Mongolia, Brazil, where the women are neck-wrenchingly beautiful, but the men are as ugly as the Bush family.]

Taksi? he says.

I pull out my camera and flip through the pictures until I find the garage on the main road.

Ju dini ketu? I ask. (You know here?)

He squints at the picture and then shakes his head. "Po (yes)," he says.

Then he says *13 Euros* in English. I try to bargain, but he sticks to the price.

Taxi-meter he says.

During the ride, he never turns on the taximeter.

He does, however, get me to the garage. And actually a little past where the QEPARO FSHAT sign is. I get out and go down the stairs, trying to remember the way to the house of horrors.

A strange kind of trance music comes from someplace. It's like a pop version of Phillip Glass. I've never heard it before. It may be what's popular these days. I'm out of touch. But it sounds spooky to me.

I walk down some steps, through a tunnel, another tunnel, past a ditch, through an alley. I see a pile of bricks I never saw before. A door with a large round knocker... never saw it before either. I'm lost.

I turn to retrace my steps. An old man comes the other way.

"Cocho?" I ask him.

He laughs, and points back where I came from. Then he makes a downward motion with his hands, and a sweeping curve with his arm. I retrace my steps, and soon get lost again.

"The sea, the sea," I think. If I can find the sea, I can look up at the houses. I'll recognize my jail from the blue front and the sheer drop. If I go down, any path down, I'll find the sea.

I pick a downhill path. The music is louder here, more menacing than mellow. Like a horror movie soundtrack.

I follow the path until it ends... dead ends. Then I go up a little and take another path through a bunch of fruitplants, and then down again. Sand, plastic debris, I've found the sea.

Turning my back to it, I scan the houses. There it is. Blue, in its glory, ready to fall with me, into the sea. I head right for it, up the path to the lower gate to the house. I know this gate, Cocho took me through it yesterday, to show me the fruit and the way to the beach. I'm sure this is the way back to the house.

The gate is locked.

I do not scream. I do not pound on it. Instead, I keep the house in view, and go up through the trees, catching my sleeve on a cactus, then pulling free. The music continues, insistent, droning. Up to a small trail. I've lost sight of the house, but I think I know where it is. I follow the path. The house comes into view again. I can see it slightly below and to the right. I reach the set of steps I recognize. They lead down toward the house. They end at a gate.

The gate is not locked.

I walk through it and escape into *my* room. It's warm. I collapse on one of the two beds in the room and fall into a dreamless sleep.

I awaken when it's still light outside. There is a rattle as the glass door slides open. Cocho brings a tray with more figs and other strange fruit on it. Much of the fruit from yesterday lies rotting by the sink. He doesn't seem to notice. He moves the food in smooth motions, like a robot. Gliding the tray to the plastic table in my room.

He makes an eating motion, putting his hands to his lips.

Bukë? (Bread?), he asks.

Po (yes), I say. I need something besides all that fruit. It just goes right through me. I'll be a pretty messy corpse. He'll deserve it.

"Did you take a shower yet?" he mimes.

"*Yo* (no)," I say.

He shrugs, goes away and comes back with a couple slices of bread and a few cubes of cheese. He also brings about a cupful of cold spaghetti with tomato sauce. Everything looks homemade. Too homemade.

Then he goes away for a bit and I write a little more. As the sun is setting over the Adriatic, he returns. He looks grim.

Opening the sliding glass door, he takes a chair and puts in next to mine.

The miming starts again. You eat. You sleep. Now you pay. I recognize the Albanian word. *Pagoni.* You pay.

"Pay with my life?" I don't ask.

He holds up one finger. A thousand Lek?? That's ten dollars. Hah, that's wonderful. I give him *two* thousand.

"You're my friend (I use the Italian word *amici,* since it was a word I never needed in Albanian)," I say. "Take more."

He nods NO.

I don't understand.

He shows me with more miming. His face never changing:

One night, four thousand lek. Two nights, eight thousand.

That's robbery. That's more than I paid in my Jacuzzi hotel in Vlora. This is a haunted house! $80, that's ridiculous. I'm not going to... Yeah, right.

I hand him the money. It's most of what I have left. But, he's only robbing me! He won't kill me. It's just extortion. He's a hustler, a con artist, not a murderer. Take my money, please! I could kiss the guy.

I ask him what time the bus leaves for Saranda tomorrow. He tells me 9AM. I say I'll get up at 8. Too late, he says.

OK, I tell him. *Statë ore.* Seven o'clock.

I set my cellphone alarm (that's all it's good for, it can't make calls here) for 6:30. I want time to clean myself up and empty out all the fruit.

At 6:15 Cocho opens the door to wake me up. He stands and watches as I get dressed, stuff my remaining clothes into my pack and go out the door with him. He leads me back upstairs through the alleys and ditches to the road.

My bus comes and I get on it. He does not say good bye. I watch him cross the street to go back to Vlora, where he found me. He'll wait at the bus stop. Someone not from around here, will get on a bus headed South. He will ask them where they're staying. Then he'll offer his own place. Eventually, someone else will say yes, and move into the room I just left.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>Somehow it sounds like propaganda dept: Rupert Murdoch's *Wall Street Journal* reports that the family of a protester in Iran was told that they had to pay a $3000 BULLET FEE— a fee for the bullet used by security forces— before they'd get the body of their son.

I don't believe it. Sounds like the Saddam Hussein dead babies stories, or the Qadaffi drag stories. Or the Japanese-women-built-differently stories, during a much earlier war.

—>Democracy Now, yeah right dept: Democracy Now, a liberal magazine, complains that a Tennessee Republican State Senator refused to fire a staffer who sent out a racist image of President Obama. The staffer sent out an email with images of all the Presidents. Obama was in the bottom right hand corner— only a pair of bright white eyes on a black background.

It was Nat Hentoff who wrote the book "Free speech for me, but not for thee." Go Nat! Now more than ever!

—>Clark University, in enlightened Worcester Massachusetts, canceled a talk by Norman Finkelstein who is both a Holocaust scholar and critic of Israel's occupation of the West Bank. The reason for the cancellation? The university said the talk "would invite controversy."

I say, what the fuck are universities for if not to invite controversy?

—>Also from Massachusetts dept: a bill in the legislature proposes to criminalize nude pictures of people over 60 and people who are disabled. Why? For their own protection, of course. We can't have old people or cripples thinking about sex... or even nudity, can we? It just wouldn't be... er... liberal?

—>1984 Redux dept: Many people who read their books with Amazon's kindle e-book reader suddenly found that Amazon had deleted copies of George Orwell's *1984* and *Animal Farm* from the device... even after they purchased it. The reasons are obscure, but just that they CAN do this, should scare people back to paper. But then again, paper can be deleted too. *Fahrenheit 451* anybody?

—>It's all happening in South America dept: Lawmakers in Uruguay approved a bill to legalize gay adoption. It's not finished yet, but it should become law later this year. In the same week, the Argentinean Supreme Court ruled that it was unconstitutional to punish anybody for possession of small quantities of cannabis. The week before, Mexico passed a law that decriminalized possession of small quantities of most drugs, including marijuana, heroin, cocaine and LSD. Then, earlier in the year, a Brazilian appeals court ruled that possession of drugs for personal use is not illegal. Mind you, they are way behind Portugal, which decriminalized all personal drug possession back in 2000.

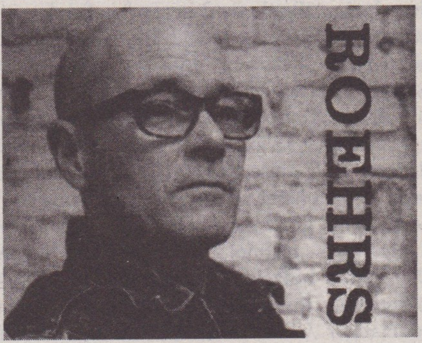
Time to move?

—> *Progressive Pollution dept:* The EPA in 2006 named BP (British Petroleum) as the worst polluter in the U.S. Guess who advertises in the liberal NATION magazine... with a green flower as their logo.

—>Spy vs. Spy dept: Jim Hightower reports that Starbucks' newest competitor is... well... Starbucks. According to Hightower, the awful coffee giant is finally getting the message that people don't want to drink coffee produced by an awful coffee giant. According to Hightower, Starbucks will open new shops, keeping their name off the marquee.

Hightower reports, *"The new shops strive to be the anti-Starbucks, with funky stylings and localized names that disguise the corporate presence behind them."*

So, before you buy from that new coffee shop down the street. Ask 'em who signs their paychecks.



POWER

You fucking skins and punks are in luck! Bridge Nine Hardcore Records out of Boston, Massachusetts has reissued the best hardcore album of all time!! Bridge Nine has repackaged AGNOSTIC FRONT's classic *Victim In Pain* LP with a handsome new outer sleeve with the pictures from the original jacket on the inner sleeve. As soon as you put the needle down on the title song "Victim In Pain" you are reminded of New York in 1983 when AGNOSTIC created a whole new genre of their own, New York Hardcore! An infamous past editor and creator of *Maximum Rocknroll,* Mr. Tim Yohannan was unable to get past his narrow-minded hatred of everything related to skinheads—he was unable to appreciate what a landmark record this was. You slam through "Remind Them" and get to "Blind Justice." Brilliant! "Blind Justice" has one of the best breakdowns ever committed to hardcore vinyl. You surge through "Last Warning" and get to "United And Strong"—a magnificent treatise on human relations in the hardcore and skinhead world! Side A finishes with what might be the most powerful skinhead song ever written—entitled appropriately enough: "Power." It does not get any better than this. Roger Mirets vocals soar! Vinnie's guitar playing is extraordinary! Side B offers five more classic skinhead anthems. "Hiding Inside" segues into "Fascist Attitudes" and "Society Sucker." When you arrive at the amazing "Your Mistake," you know you have come face to face with the most dangerous hardcore missive ever issued! Close the chapter with the song "With Time." This record defined the era and the region! Bridge Nine has also reissued the "United Blood" 7" EP with superior packaging. You lucky fucks can finally have these two pieces of history in your house on vinyl! Contact Bridge Nine at: www.bridge9.com

Fuck! PISSCHRIST (Australia) and

FRAMTID (Japan) have come to destroy your little world! The destruction comes in the shape of a 7" split EP. Holy crap! This record will rip your fucking ears off! PISSCHRIST leads us into battle with their song "Extinction." The lyrics are disheartening to say the least. Read this: "Lonesome world this system breeds in a cut-throat society run by greed / Fucking over people for individual gains / Humanity rides on doomsday train / Extinction / Never give up!" That is quite a fucking song! Next up is "Plastic Security:" "Consume! Borrowed funds—a nation in debt / Plastic economy—rebuild our way of life." Next in the PISSCHRIST arsenal is "Never Give Up." Here are some of the dark and deep lyrics: "Battle field in my head / A war of insanity / Pain cuts deep / Trapped in a living hell / Never give up! / Many years pass but still confused / Future blurred by the past / Pain cuts deep / Trapped in a living hell / Never give up!" Yes! That's a great song! Side B of this earth-shaking split presents FRAMTID scorching the crust of the planet with three brutal songs!! The deep, dank, gruff vocals on "Survive" are positively blood curdling! The lyrics unfold like this: "No matter how—the world rots in Hell / No matter how, the future loses its light / Keep up your anger / Burn with hate / No answer for your survival". That is powerful shit! The words to "Stay Against" are very straightforward: "Stay against the society of forced oppression / Stay free / Stay punk." Do you understand what FRAMTID has in mind? In "Visions," FRAMTID sings: "Is this God's caprice? / Merciless scenes / No God exists in this land / Just a vision made by the helpless." With ominous vocals and scalding fast guitar leads, FRAMTID has accomplished their mission! The PISSCHRIST/FRAMTID split EP is a must-have disc! Contact HG Fact at www.interq.jp/japan/hgfact

HAMMERLOCK, Oakland's Confederacy Of Scum kings have ten songs available for download entitled *Let The Bad Times Roll*. The songs offered are: "Later Than You Think," "The Plague Of Weakness," "Felt That Way For A Day," "Keeping My Powder Dry," "38-44," "I Reject It," "Chemical Straightjacket," "Soon I Will Be Free" (co-written with Mr. Simon Stokes), "Drive On" and "Sleepless Sunrise." All ten of these songs are destined to be classic HAMMERLOCK anthems. Several tunes jump out at you immediately. "Felt that Way For A Day," "38-44" and "I Reject It" are three such songs. Contact: www.hammerlock.us and then click on shop, and finally click on download.

PRESSURE POINT—veteran skinheads from Sacramento, California have an excellent CD for you punks and skins! The *Resist And Riot* CD begins with a great up-tempo number called "In Their Eyes." Kenny's guitar work chugs along at a fast clip while Mike sings: "I see the pride in a father's eyes is eulogized / Another dead soldier—another fallen soul / I see the pain in his mother's face as she mourns a loss that can't be replaced / Another dead son—another rich man's war / I believe in America bound by liberty / We must stand and fight / One united nation built by you and me / We must stand and fight." Then in "From Hell To Eternity," PRESSURE POINT sings: "I got a night gig in a local strip dive / I'm doing my best just to stay alive… / A broke down shell and a rotting soul—I never thought I'd sink this low… / You can take my freedom but not my pride / Doing my best just to stay alive." Now that's a good song!!! In the excellent song "Give Me Liberty", PRESSURE POINT fucking smashes all the boundaries!! PRESSURE POINT sings: "Give me liberty or give me death / From my first to my last dying breath!" Kenny goes off on guitar in a big way! Mike sings: "I'd rather fight and die than live my life in chains." Yes! This song harnesses all the power that PRESSURE POINT has been refining since way back in 1995! Next we arrive at "The Morning After" with a lilting ska beat and good lyrics. Read this: "Brothers in the struggle—united in the fight / We toil—we labor for the common plight"… "From the altar of hypocrisy —force-fed the masses your theocracy." Yes! Those are words that apply to the life of every man and woman in this fine country of ours! Song thirteen sums up some of the poignant thoughts we deal with in our world everyday—"Destination Desolation" reads like this: "In the streets I've found my destiny / In these streets I've been set free / Destination, desolation, I've got a place to go." This strong skinhead music is accompanied by intelligent lyrics addressing frustrations and problems in our society. In addition to the excellent *Resist And Riot* CD, PRESSURE POINT has a compilation entitled *Get It Right*. This CD covers material from 1995 to 2002. Songs included are: "Never Walk Alone," "Boots 'n' Booze," "Downtown Livin,'" "Life's Blood," "Fuck The Kids," "Guts Alone," " Chaos," "Cross To Bear," "We Are The Blood" (by THE TROUBLE), "Friend Of Mine," "Overworked, Underpaid," "To Be Continued," "The Great Divide," "Sell Out" and "Drinking With The Damned." This is a great compilation! To order *Get It Right*, contact PRESSURE POINT at: 3104 "O" Street, #332, Sacramento, CA 95816, www.pressurepointoi.com.

Jim Martin, commander-in-chief of veteran Connecticut hardcore band BROKEN has a new LP for you!! Mr. Martin is operating the Vex label and his punk rock treat for you is the new album by Japanese hardcore maniacs DSB. They toured the states a couple of years ago and left a good impression on the San Francisco/Berkeley/Oakland punks and skins. Alas, the tour planned for this year was not to be! The tight-ass fascists at the immigration checkpoint in Minneapolis, Minnesota would not permit DSB to enter the US. The band was denied access, turned away and sent back to Japan via Amsterdam. That is very disappointing to DSB and all the fans that were looking forward to the tour. DSB, in conjunction with Jim Martin and Sachson and Vex Records have recorded an album filled with anger about the bad experience at US Customs. The frustration from DSB's deportation created a powerful record! The album is entitled *Useless System Abuse* (USA—get it?) The songs rage on—filled with venom! The record starts with "Blast 'Em All." Here are some of the pissed-off lyrics: "Useless system—they spoil our network of friends… / Your tricks are brought to light… / They are making the walls… / (They have) no toleration to diversity." The next song is "Someday." Here are some of the words (and I paraphrase)… "Face up in a muddy stream—it's like a race against time / Carry on (I guess we start to die) / No action—Speak loud… / One foot in the grave… / Some day there will be no border / We will be free to cross…" The music on "Someday" is very strong!! "Someday" might be the strongest track on the record! On Side B, DSB starts off with "Social Vibration:" "Find out the answer—in your mind, with your naked soul." The second song is "The Wall Of Arseholes" with more cryptic lyrics on the same theme—fuck the nazis at immigration! "Drive out and exterminate / Threaten with a filthy grin / It's one way justice / They were called the freedom country before / Freakish freedom—they don't care / Where's the violation? / Stop it!!" The last song is "Rejected-Denied-Refused!" You get the picture! The guitars boil over on this LP. Very good! The caustic vocals are filled with hatred for the system! As you might imagine, the artwork on this elaborate three-color gatefold LP revolves around "Suspicions," "Violation," "Deportation" with the illustration depicting an immigration officer putting a chokehold on a Japanese radical punk. Included inside this LP is a DVD called *Warning Shot* with footage from DSB's European tour in 2008. Order your DSB product from Vex Records: www.myspace.com/vexrecords, Vex Records, PO Box 1271, New Haven, CT 06505. You can also obtain VEX001—*Broken At The Border* EP. Another excellent EP that is being distributed by Vex Records is the second *Dishonorable Discharge* EP. You will recall that Vex Records put out the first *Dishonorable Discharge* EP in the not-so-distant past. The new EP is called *Kept In The Dark* put out by the band. This fucker kicks a lot of punk butt! Side A starts with "Expedite Death," an absolute raging thrasher! Some of the words are: "Expedite death / A fundamental disregard for life / Paving the way for industry / A generation of children starve". Song two is "March Into Madness" with more crazed guitar blasts and over-the-top gruff/growled vocals/harmonies. The words are: "Battle-scarred—blown to pieces / Dying of disease / March into madness generate bodies to fight in the crusade / The walking dead don't give a fuck!" Song three is the title track of the EP, "Kept In The Dark." It goes like this: "Kept in the dark for far too long / Victims of their schemes / Obscene acts for position and power… / Experiments of their fuckin' greed—victims of the fuckin' schemes." Side two of this rough-hewn Norwegian hardcore assault starts with the song "Power Corrupts." Some of the lyrics are: "The pigs in power so easily deceived / Refuse to acknowledge what they know to be real / Power corrupts / It's a government warning / Defending the right to use power and force for another eon." That song fucking thrashes the shit out of your brain! The last song on this fierce punk opus is "Cowards Attack." Read on: "Arms race—to extinction / Driven insane by misery / All hope lost through suffering / They fill their bellies, ignoring the dying screams / The rich fill their pockets on another war scheme." Yes! Those are bleak lyrics about warfare! Order the *Kept In The Dark* EP (Dishonorable Record 001) directly from the band. To contact DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE, email: ghostofmankind@gmail.com or write to: Dishonorable Record Company, Postboks 49, Vålerenga 0626, Oslo, Norway.

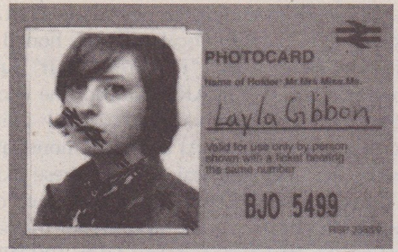
Fuck yes! You fortunate skins and punks have got some new meat on your plate! Straight out of the midlands region of England comes a strong split CD on Dirty Old Man Records/Winston Records/Punker Pages. The first six tracks are performed by WASTED LIFE. This band features seasoned punks that are veterans of DEAD HEROS (USA) and the ROUGH KUTZ (UK). JJ delivers rough and ready vocals that could be favorably compared to the LAST RESORT or BONECRUSHER. WASTED LIFE comes out of the chute with a considerable head of steam! The first track "Gangland" has stellar guitar playing by Rat and Lindop and contains a classic UK power-punch—not unlike what Mr. Nicky Garrett unveiled in *Endangered Species* era UK SUBS. The lyrics in "Gangland" paint a grim picture of growing up under these dangerous conditions. The second tune "Kick Me" employs a full-scale bass and drum attack provided by Starky on bass and Mach on drums. "Kick Me While I'm Down" rolls right over the top—propelled by forceful vocals and more brilliant guitar work!! Song three is "1977" and showcases JJ's gruff vocals that harkens back to 1982 and the glory days of COMBAT 84 with Chubby Chris at the helm. Excellent! Song number four is "Outclassed." This motherfucker bludgeons you with fierce guitar and tough lyrics like "Don't talk to me about the daily struggle"… and "The middle class hypocrites don't understand." "Outclassed" is an angry indictment of the class system and the lack of opportunities for the working class. Song number five is "Oi! You" about the uninvited poseurs who fabricate stories in an attempt to fit into a skinhead scene. Song number six is "Unforgotten Heroes" with more top-quality Oi! For you skins and punks! Some of the lyrics go like this: "Heard it on the news / Another soldier dies and my heart fills up with national pride / He was sent to die in a foreign land / Fighting in a war he will never understand / Back home his mother cries—his wife and kids are traumatized… / Now it's time to take a stand—bring them back from that dusty land!" These lyrics are distressing!! WASTED TIME combine intelligent lyrics with strong Oi! Music! This is very good skinhead rock! On the second half of the split CD on Punker Pages Records you get RATMONKEY from Black Country. RATMONKEY approach their eight songs with more of a straight-ahead rock'n'roll verve. We start with the band's theme song "Ratmonkey" and segue immediately to "Don't Tell Me I've Got Cancer," "No Religion" and "Union Jack." You get "End Of The Day" next with its poignant lyrics: "Just so you understand—this is the season of discontent." During their rare moments of brilliance, RATMONKEY sound like a grade B imitation of BARSE. RATMONKEY cannot keep up the frantic momentum that WASTED LIFE established on the first six songs of this CD. Buy this product for the WASTED LIFE material! Order from: Punker Pages, Apt. 6, Berona House, 31 Charles Street, S1 2HU, UK, www.punkerpages.com, punkerpages@gmail.com

Trujaca Fala Records from Sopot, Poland has a frightening cesspool of searing punk damage for you! The new split features AUDIO KOLLAPS on side A and DESOLATION on side B. German veterans AUDIO KOLLAPS provide angry, brute-force death-metal punk on their side of this split. AUDIO KOLLAPS hammer you into the ground like a tent-stake with two songs: "Die Crew" and "Deutsche Im Dübelähn". Some of the lyrics to "Die Crew" are: "I'm the best / You are the best / We are the hard crew – beating, drinking to the maximum / I'm part of it – straight forward – parole punk / I'm important – you are important / No future – trying to change everything – tomorrow you're gone." Yes! Those lyrics are pregnant with violent hooliganisms. The second song by AUDIO KOLLAPS is "Deutsch Im Dübelwähn" or "Germans On The Brink Of Plugging" with lyrics such as: "One keystroke away from real life / Complete stupefication on all channels / Majorca report at a quarter past eight / Reality before, comedy afterwards / Darling – our children are gay / Help – our granddad is pregnant". Those cynical lyrics are growled out over crippling death-metal guitar riffs. DESOLATION is a San Francisco/Bay Area band comprised of members from BORN/DEAD and SCURVY DOGS. DESOLATION gets things rolling with an intro showcasing Dan's fancy guitar work. Sam supplies the rock solid drumming with Billy coordinating the bass lines. Will fleshes out the ripper sound with his rhythm guitar parts. On "Tooth By Tooth", Justin Briggs steps up to the microphone and howls like a man possessed! The threatening lyrics go something like this: "Sell out your peers for a pat on the back / You system sucking maggot, your plans will crumble / Tooth by bloody tooth — every pig ripped apart with vengeance to rot in the streets / The antidote in plagues of deceit / Your plans will fucking crumble / Our numbers mount, an end to your scam / For us pawns… revenge over greed forever…" Yes sir! Those are tough words delivered with authority by a band that crushes your mere rock'n'roll mortals. For your copy of this scorching split EP, contact: Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81806, Sopot 6, Poland, www.trujacafala.com, fala@trujacafala.com

Yes sir! The SYDNEY DUCKS have a demo CD available for you skins and punks. This fine-tuned mod/pop street crew has delivered a well-crafted skinhead opus with influences as diverse as the TEMPLARS and the JAM. On "Brannon's Fall", Carl on vocals, Grant on guitar, Mike on bass and Phil on drums concoct a melodic blend of ringing guitars and smooth bass and drum stylings. Carl's vocals are spot-on! Carl nails the lyric with a punk versatility that can only be acquired by playing in countless bands over the years. Song two is a winner! In "He Lives For Today" (He doesn't care what they say!), the guitars chug along efficiently with a solid rhythm section laying down the foundation. These firm underpinnings allow Carl to concentrate on superb vocals that are honed to perfection. Song three: "Few Years Left" fully embraces THE TEMPLARS mantra. The excellent vocals are interwoven with a tasty guitar riff. Song four, "What's At Stake" demonstrates more of the deep musical acumen these skins and punks possess. The verses weave in and out between intelligent punk and hyper-melodic street rock. Watch for more from SYDNEY DUCKS!! Contact: sydneyducks@gmail.com

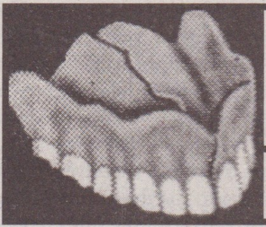
Iain (from INTENSIVE CARE and BEERZONE) and his new band CONTROL came to the USA for a blitzkrieg tour of the west coast as the opening act for THE BUSINESS. CONTROL came in support of a split 7" EP with MARCHING ORDERS from Australia as well as a strong debut LP on Longshot Music (USA) and Contra Records (Germany). Opening up for CONTROL in San Francisco and Santa Rosa was the HARRINGTON SAINTS with a strong set list including: "Dead Broke In The USA," "Guilty," "Put Your Boots Back On," "Factories," "Claret & Blue," "Bootstraps," "Razors In The Night" (BLITZ), "Sounds Of The Street," "Working Class Friday Night" and "A Nation Divided." CONTROL, with members from England and Oregon followed the HARRINGTON SAINTS at Thee Parkside in San Francisco on Saturday November 28th with their own stellar set including: "Depressed," "Guilty By Association," "Keep The Home Fires Burning," "Vigilante," "Don't Give A Fuck," "Nail Your Colours To The Mast," "Rollover," "Hooligan Rock And Roll," "Welcome To The Nanny State," "Working" (COCKSPARRER), "10 Years Of Chaos," "Son Of A Gun" and "Stand Up And Fight." The next night in San Jose, California TRIED AND TRUE opened for CONTROL at the Voodoo Lounge instead of the HARRINGTON SAINTS and here was their set list: "That's Life," "You're Through," "Democratic," "At Arms Length," "Lottery," "Fight Song," "Boot" and "Carpe Diem." Fuck yes! TRIED AND TRUE is one of the best skinhead rock outfits in the United States of America! After TRIED AND TRUE came those Sacramento skinhead veterans, PRESSURE POINT. These men have been carrying the SHARP skin banner since 1994. Mike and Kenny have had a deep influence on a whole generation of skinheads in northern California and the USA and all it's hinterlands. Here's the set list for PRESSURE POINT: "Give Me Liberty," "Boots 'n' Booze," "Skinhead Justice," "Rise Up," "Murder On My Mind," "Heart Like A Lion," "Here To Stay," and "Never Walk Alone." Yes! PRESSURE POINT was playing at the top of their game and damn near stole the show! CONTROL played a truncated set to satisfy the San Jose skins and punks that closely resembled the set from the night before in San Francisco. The next night in Santa Rosa, California, CONTROL rose to the occasion! Following a strong set by the HARRINGTON SAINTS again, CONTROL won over the collection of skins and punks in these northern environs! Thanks go out to TRIED AND TRUE, PRESSURE POINT, HARRINGTON SAINTS and CONTROL!

Until next month—see you fucks at the bar!



Usually it's George Tabb who goes over the word count and squeezes the coordinator columns to their most minimal, this month it was Roehrs who unleashed an epic. What with Cock Sparrer live in SF, and the Agnostic Front reissues, the Roehrs universe was at its peak. I have been not been existing in a universe at its peak, just walking round town listening to tapes I made last time I had a walkman, in the early '00s. King Crimson and PP Arnold, Quix*o*tic and Circus Lupus, Unwound and Jerry's Kids. Wanna make me a tape? Brace claims he is going to. I am making one for Osa because she asked me about Wilma, San Francisco's own lesbian separatist post-punk force who were on Subterranean. One of the women from Wilma gave a talk at the library here, for the queer part of the Penelope Houston curated punk series they've been having at libraries in town. Penelope is a librarian at the main branch here, and there was a rad exhibition of her Avengers ephemera, fliers and original record art, alongside an incredible photo exhibition by this woman Ruby Ray. The picture of the Zeros lying on the chalk body outline of a fresh murder scene in North Beach was my favorite. There's going to be a Ruby Ray book, with contributions from Annex of *Search and Destroy*, who was involved with the early years of *Maximum Rocknroll* radio too. Annex's daughter Zoe is a punk as well, continuing the family tradition, she says she is gonna interview Ruby for the mag, so that's something to look forward to. I wanted to have it in the photo issue, but we thought it would be cooler to focus on more recent punk photographers. There are gonna be some other classic punk photographers interviewed in these pages in the upcoming months, including Edward Colver…

I like making tapes again, especially with the *MRR* library at my fingertips… Someone told me about this band Dress Up Like Natives, an all girl early '80s Pittsburgh punk band that kind of remind me of a poppier Ama-Dots. (Another rad post-punk band from the same era from Milwaukee—a friend found their 7" about ten years ago in the 99c bin at Amoeba, I got one on Ebay as soon as I heard his copy). I dug out the *MRR* copy of the Dress Like Natives 7", and started obsessing as to if there were other Pittsburgh girl bands at the same time. I wrote a few months back about a movie, *Debt Begins at Twenty* about the PGH art punk scene of this era, and guess what, you can watch it online now! www.lux.org.uk/collection/works/debt-begins-20. It's a black and white movie, with sort of a boy meets girl plot, but basically it's just about punks hanging out and a house show in early '80s Pittsburgh. My favorite band in it was Hans Brinker and the Dykes, who sound like Noh Mercy, and thusly are incredible. I have detectives at work trying to figure out if they recorded anything beyond this movie. Someone told me that despite the fact that the Cardboards had a great name, their record was super dull (but worth a lot of money!). They're sort of like an uncool Contortions with the touch of a more awkward Devo, if you can picture that collision of dorkiness. I guess the drummer, who is the star of the movie kept the band going after the rest of the original members quit and put out that record. Anyway, if you don't like art punk you will not be enthralled, but I do and I was. More girl bands that sound like Noh Mercy! Write! layla@maximumrocknroll.com whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com



NOTHING EVER LASTS

CISSIE

Welcome to the photo issue! Photography and punk have always had a solid chemistry. Punks are incredibly photogenic, and so many images associated with punk and hardcore are legendary in my mind. I've had this gigantic photocopied image of the Bad Brains on my wall for over a decade. You know the photo I'm talking about—it's a Glen Friedman shot with Dr. Know shouting and swinging his guitar and HR holding out his menacing fist. Images like these will be forever seared into my brain. When I was a teenager I'd look through my copy of *Banned In DC* on a weekly basis, if not daily. I loved looking at all the punks. Now there's Flickr, which is cool, I waste lots of time on Flickr, but I have to say it's not the same as flipping through a zine or book (sometimes I feel like I repeat this notion way too often…).

We had a lot of fun putting this together. Well, I have to say that Mark Murrmann did the bulk of the work in soliciting, gathering, and sorting the photographs and content. Thanks Mark! Also, thanks to all the people that sent stuff in and did interviews. We got *tons* of photos, which is awesome, but being that we only had a limited amount of space for everything a lot of photos didn't make it in. Sorry about that, but we do want to keep running photospreads on a more regular basis than we have been, so keep sending us stuff. Also, the *MRR* website now features photo Mondays and a new photo will be posted weekly, and anything we get sent will possibly end up there too.

In other exciting news, we've decided to finally do a proper vinyl reissue of *Welcome To 1984*, the legendary international MRR comp that's been out of print for ages. The whole comp has been remastered by Lucky Lacquer—the original plates that we have are so ancient that they're incompatible with the modern record pressing machinery. The new mastering job sounds fucking great. The reissue will be out by the time this issue hits the stands (or your mailbox) and can be ordered directly from us (we will have a limited run of colored vinyl if that's your thing), and I'm sure tons of distros and stores will get them too. If you're unfamiliar with the compilation then I can't recommend enough that you buy two or three copies (seriously), because I'm certain you'll wear it out; it's pretty much the best hardcore compilation to ever exist. I dare anyone to name a better one.
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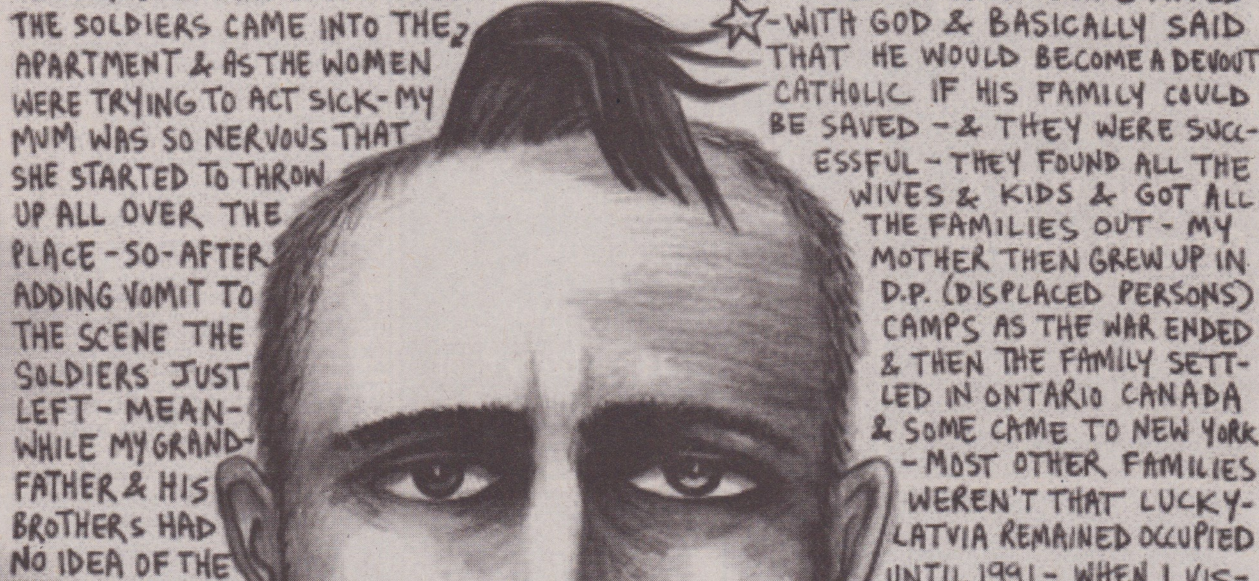
BOTH MY GRANDMOTHER & GRANDFATHER ARE FROM THE BALTIC REGION - THEY WERE YOUNG PARENTS DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR - MY MOTHER WAS BORN AROUND THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR - THEY WERE IN LATVIA WHICH WAS FIRST OCCUPIED BY THE NAZIS & THEN BY THE RUSSIANS WHO EXERCISED A HUGE AMOUNT OF CRUELTY - THEY SET TO DISMANTLING THE LATVIAN CULTURE & ELIMINATING ONE THIRD OF THE POPULATION - THEY WERE EITHER KILLED OR SENT TO SIBERIA OR ESCAPED NEVER TO RETURN - MY GRANDFATHER & HIS BROTHERS ESCAPED OFF INTO THE FOREST LEAVING THIER WIVES & CHILDREN BEHIND AS THE SOVIET SOLDIERS CONTINUED TO ADVANCE FOCUSSING ON KILLING ALL OF THE MEN - MEANWHILE IN RIGA - (THE CAPITOL) - MY GRANDMOTHER & HER MOTHER & MY MOTHER WERE IN AN APARTMENT & AS THE SOLDIERS APPROACHED THEY HAD TO MAKE THEMSELVES LOOK SICK IN ORDER TO AVOID BEING RAPED - THE SOLDIERS CAME INTO THE APARTMENT & AS THE WOMEN WERE TRYING TO ACT SICK - MY MUM WAS SO NERVOUS THAT SHE STARTED TO THROW UP ALL OVER THE PLACE - SO - AFTER ADDING VOMIT TO THE SCENE THE SOLDIERS JUST LEFT - MEANWHILE MY GRANDFATHER & HIS BROTHERS HAD NO IDEA OF THE FATE OF THEIR FAMILY - SO THEY ARRANGED WITH SOME PEOPLE WHO WERE MERCENARIES TO RETURN TO LATVIA TO GET THEIR FAMILIES OUT - MY GRANDFATHER ALL ALONE IN THE FOREST SOMEWHERE HAD A CONVERSATION ☆→ ☆ - WITH GOD & BASICALLY SAID THAT HE WOULD BECOME A DEVOUT CATHOLIC IF HIS FAMILY COULD BE SAVED - & THEY WERE SUCCESSFUL - THEY FOUND ALL THE WIVES & KIDS & GOT ALL THE FAMILIES OUT - MY MOTHER THEN GREW UP IN D.P. (DISPLACED PERSONS) CAMPS AS THE WAR ENDED & THEN THE FAMILY SETTLED IN ONTARIO CANADA & SOME CAME TO NEW YORK - MOST OTHER FAMILIES WEREN'T THAT LUCKY - LATVIA REMAINED OCCUPIED UNTIL 1991 - WHEN I VISITED MY GRANDFATHER ON HIS DEATHBED HE STARTED CRYING - EVEN THO HE HAD SAVED HIS WHOLE FAMILY HE WAS CRYING SAYING "I LEFT THE BABIES BEHIND" - EVEN THO HE HAD SAVED EVERYONE - HIS INITIAL ABANDONMENT OF HIS FAMILY STILL AFFECTED HIM DEEPLY - HERE IN THE WEST WE ARE INSULATED FROM THE FACT THAT THESE SITUATIONS CONTINUE TO OCCUR AROUND THE WORLD



JASON RIDGLEY - 08/29/2K9 - LOWER EAST SIDE NYC

YET ANOTHER OF MY FINE C-SQUAT COMRADES! - HERE IS WHAT HE HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF - JASON RIDGLEY IS THE FRONTMAN FOR WWW.MYSPACE.COM/PIGSHITENGINE AND THE BRAND NEW SUPERGROUP FIRE, AND HAS BEEN PART OF C-SQUAT SINCE THE LATE 90'S. HE HAS A DEGREE IN PHILOSOPHY AND IS CURRENTLY STUDYING MUSIC IN NYC. HE'S DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE NICO AND IS BUILDING A NON-COMMERCIAL INTERNET RADIO STATION HUB FOR PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU. REACH HIM IF YOU'RE INTERESTED: JASONRIDGLEY@ROGERS.COM. - TO CONTACT FLY PLEASE EMAIL: FLY@PEOPS.ORG - OR - FLY@BWAY.NET (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW ITS NOT SPAM) - FOR SNAIL MAIL: FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA - FOR FLY ZINES (DOG DAYZ & PEOPS) CHECK MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY LAYLA GIBBON AND CHRIS PUGMIRE

THOUSANDS STILL VIRTUAL SLAVES IN US

by Mike McGraw and Laura Bauer
From The Kansas City Star

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude...shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." 13th Amendment to the US Constitution ratified Dec. 6, 1865.

Sebastian Pereria told a friend last year about his life in America. How he wanted to see his wife and children in India, but his boss kept his identification papers and wouldn't let him go. Other waiters who worked with him at a Topeka restaurant told of how they were forced to work 13-hour days, six days a week. They talked of how the boss underpaid them and pocketed their tips. In the end, Pereria, 46, got his wish. He finally arrived home last year. In a coffin. The US government could not help Pereria, even though they said he fit the criteria for being a human trafficking victim. Other waiters he worked with got help and were rescued from the Globe Indian Restaurant. But for Pereria, even in death, a judge remained unconvinced.

America declared war on human trafficking nearly a decade ago. With a new law and much fanfare, the government pledged to end such human rights abuses at home and prodded the rest of the world to follow its example. But an investigation by *The Kansas City Star* found that, in spite of all the rhetoric from the Bush and Obama administrations, the United States is failing to find and help tens of thousands of human trafficking victims in America. *The Star* also found that the government is doing little to stop the flow of trafficking along the porous US-Mexico border and that when victims are identified, many are denied assistance. The United States also has violated its own policies by deporting countless victims who should be offered sanctuary, but sometimes end up back in the hands of traffickers.

After spending millions of taxpayer dollars, America appears to be losing the war in its own backyard. Even some top federal anti-trafficking authorities in the Bush and Obama administrations acknowledged serious problems. "The current system is not yet picking up all the victims of human trafficking crimes," Janet Napolitano, secretary of the Department of Homeland Security, told *The Star* two weeks ago. "It has been a growing problem and in a world of growing problems, it's time for the nations of the world to take it on." America's failure to live up to its own high standards isn't for lack of will or good intentions or even money. *The Star's* investigation pointed to problems that are more systemic: an uncoordinated, inconsistent approach to finding victims; politically charged arguments over how to define trafficking; and a continuing disbelief among some in local law enforcement that it even exists. The issue is further complicated by the heated debate over illegal immigration. The willing participation initially of some victims is blurring the lines and testing the law. "People feel if you come in illegally, anything that happens to you is your fault," said Lisette Arsuaga, with the Los Angeles-based Coalition to Abolish Slavery & Trafficking. "Slavery is not an immigration issue. It's a civil rights issue. There's no justification for making someone a slave."

It may be hard to imagine that slavery exists in America, but trafficking victims are all around us. The Midwest, in particular, seems to be an emerging hub. Although trafficking usually is considered a coastal phenomenon, more alleged traffickers—36 in the past three years—have been prosecuted by federal authorities in western Missouri than anywhere in the nation. One Kansas City case, involving Giant Labor Solutions, is believed to be the lagest labor trafficking ring uncovered in US history.

Around the country, some victims exemplify the more exotic definitions of trafficking—those sold into the sex trade or into forced labor. But many, like Pereria, find themselves in mundane jobs. Incurring heavy debts while trying to find a better life, they become financially chained to their traffickers and work for low pay or in dangerous conditions. They toil in factories and massage parlors, on fruit and vegetable farms, and inside homes, hotels and restaurants from California to Maine. Stripped of their humanity, they're often threatened with their lives, or their families' lives, if they don't submit to the traffickers' demands. The victims are not unlike Dareyam, a 42-year-old Indonesian woman held captive for 18 years, half of those in the United States. Kept as a housekeeper on the West Coast, she was forced to clean house naked and to sleep on the floor. She could not use the indoor bathroom, forced to go in a plastic bag outside. "My lady, she was mean, evil, crazy, you know," Dareyam told *The Star*. Another Indonesian woman, Ima, 29, worked long hours caring for two children, cleaning a home on the West Coast and never making a dime. Verbally abusive, the woman who enslaved her once hit Ima so hard she needed stitches. After three years, she wrote a note to a housekeeper next door. Please help me, I can't take it anymore. It took Ima hours to find the courage to write those eight words.

The physical and psychological toll on trafficking victims can trap them in a life of slavery for years. "I trusted nobody," said Flor, a 37-year-old survivor living in California, who came to the United States to earn money to start a sewing business. She'd already lost one child to starvation in Mexico. She swore none of her children would go hungry again. "But when I got here, everything went wrong," Flor said. Her boss started abusing her, forcing Flor, who was in the United States illegally, to work 17 to 19 hours a day for no pay. After other workers went home, she labored through the night, toiling under a dim sewing machine bulb no bigger than a matchbook. "I thought slaves were only in the past, just in history," Flor said. "It happens every day." She still can't forget the words of her trafficker, a woman who told her she could kill her and no one would care. "If I kill a dog, I will get in trouble," Flor's trafficker told her. "If I kill you, I won't get in any trouble. No one knows you are here. You don't exist."

Six months after President Barack Obama was sworn in, Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton declared human trafficking a top foreign policy priority. "Trafficking is a crime that involves every nation on earth and that includes our own," Clinton said in June as she presented the US government's ninth annual global report on human trafficking. But so far, little progress has been made in changing ineffective policies, *The Star* found. Obama's incoming anti-trafficking czar, former federal prosecutor Luis CdeBaca, said many obstacles remain, including a lack of money, coordination and training. "We are doing a lot ... but continue to have a lot of learning to do," CdeBaca said. America's human trafficking law requires the government to rate other nations every year and report on their efforts to rescue victims and punish traffickers.

EX-PARAMILITARY IMPLICATES TWO US COMPANIES IN MURDER OF TRADE UNIONISTS

By Juan Smith
From Nacla.org

Dole Food Company and Chiquita Brands International paid a Colombian terrorist organization to perform protection services that included murdering trade unionists, demobilized paramilitary José Gregorio Mongones said in an affidavit released December 6. The testimony is the centerpiece of two civil lawsuits against Chiquita and Dole filed by family members of victims of paramilitary violence in Colombia. Both lawsuits accuse the companies of funding the Autodefensas Unidas de Colombia (Colombian United Self-Defense Units, or AUC), the country's largest paramilitary organization, formally demobilized in 2006.

Mongones, better known by his alias "Carlos Tijeras," assumed the command of the AUC's William Rivas Front in the banana-growing department of Magdalena in March 2002, inheriting a protection arrangement in which Chiquita paid the group "three cents on the dollar per box of bananas shipped from Colombia," according to his affidavit. Dole paid the paramilitaries a tax of 70,000 pesos per hectare of land in the Front's area of control in the Department of Magdalena, the statement said. In return, Mongones said, the William Rivas Front protected the companies from threats posed by groups including leftist guerrillas, hostile unions, and common thieves.

Mongones names twelve people whose assassinations he says he ordered after Dole informed him that they belonged to or sympathized with leftist guerrillas. In all, he has confessed to ordering more than 500 murders. His confessions have come since the Peace, Justice, and Reparation Process began in 2006, under the terms of which paramilitaries receive a maximum of eight years in prison if they confess to their crimes. Chiquita pled guilty in 2007 to paying over $1.7 million to the AUC, a State Department-designated terrorist group since 2001, and the company paid $25 million in fines. Heirs to the victims of paramilitary violence filed a civil suit against Chiquita shortly thereafter. Current US Attorney General Eric Holder defended Chiquita in the Justice Department suit that ended in 2007.

Dole denied supporting Colombian paramilitaries in a press release dated April 29, the day after 73 heirs of murdered Colombians filed a civil suit against the company in Los Angeles. "The allegations in the complaint are based on nothing more than the false confessions of convicted terrorists from Colombia, who had every motive to lie about their activities in order to minimize their jail time for their terrorist crimes," the press release said. Dole's media relations contact said in an email that the company's "comments are unchanged" from those in the April release. The plaintiffs' attorney, Terry Collingsworth, disagreed, saying in an interview that Tijeras and the other demobilized paramilitaries "are going to get their years based on how many people they killed, not whether they turn Dole in." The involvement of multinational companies in paramilitary violence is "not a factor at all in their criminal cases" in Colombia, he added.

Collingsworth says former paramilitary commanders are talking about their alleged involvement with Dole out of anger at the Colombian government for not extending amnesty to them in exchange for demobilization. The Colombian Congress voted not to extend amnesty to demobilized paramilitaries in the 2005 Law of Peace and Justice, although the law provides for reduced sentences of up to eight years for those who testify about their crimes. "They feel like they got sold out. They've got nothing to lose so they're confessing. And they're going to get eight years so they might as well tell the complete story and talk about who else was involved in it," Collingsworth said of the ex-paramilitary commanders in an interview.

Regardless of their motivations for talking, the lawsuit against Dole will hinge largely on whether the US courts choose to take admitted mass murderers at their word. "If it's just oral testimony, they're going to have a hard time in this case. Dole's defense is going to carry a lot of weight in the US courts because these witnesses are not seen as credible," said Adam Isacson, a Colombia expert at the Center of International Policy in Washington. Isacson said the plaintiffs would need to corroborate the paramilitaries' testimony with that of other witnesses or documents.

Two non-governmental organizations—La Isla Foundation and International Rights Advocates—joined the plaintiffs' law firm, Conrad and Sherer, to launch the Banana Land Campaign, at which Mongones's affidavit was released on Sunday, Dec. 6, at the Harlem School of the Arts. The campaign aims to raise public awareness about the role of multinational companies in Colombia. The campaign also offered a preview of Jason Glaser's documentary film The Affected. The organizers timed the launch of the campaign to coincide with the anniversary of the 1928 massacre by the Colombian military of striking banana plantation workers employed by the United Fruit Company at La Ciénaga-an event best known to American readers through the fictionalized account in Gabriel García Márquez's One Hundred Years of Solitude. The Justice Department did not return phone calls and email messages asking if it planned to investigate the allegations that Dole paid the AUC for protection. Providing material assistance to a State Department-designated terrorist group is a federal crime.

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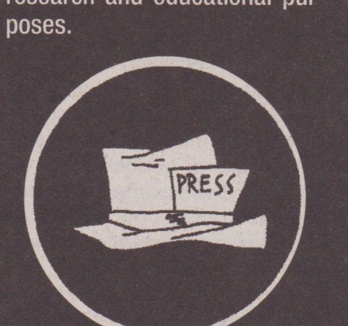


MRR asks YOU:

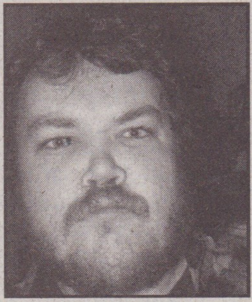
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's the most embarrassing photo of you that exists?
(asked at the Wild Thing/Traditional Fools show at 25th & MLK in Oakland)

Krissy, 22, San Francisco
This one!

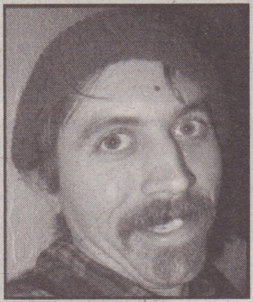
Dahlia, 19, Oakland
Me singing along to ANS, and it got in Thrasher even.

Elizabeth, 22, San Francisco
Probably one from when I was 15 and had pink hair and some funny street punk patch.

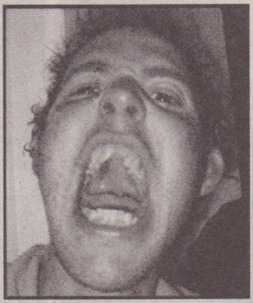


Laura, 20, Hayward
The Hairy Hunx of Oakland calendar.

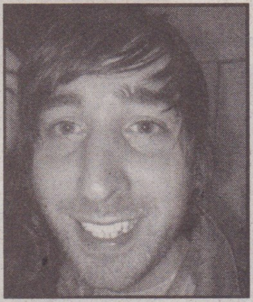
Alicia, 25, Santa Rosa
The most embarrassing picture of me that exists is me doing the worst smile in the world, and my friend behind me pulling his balls out of his pants and getting them within a half inch of my head.



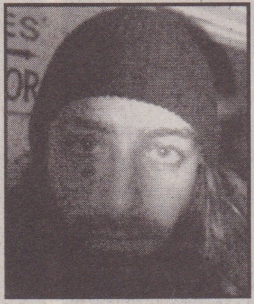
Nate, 26, Oakland
I was hanging out with some friends who were Eagle Scouts, and they were like "check it out, you can make a cool noise with this leaf if you hit it like this, it's a huge fucking leaf." So I hit it to make the noise, and it exploded in my eye, and then it turned out to be poison ivy! It was swollen for days, and my friend took a picture, and I looked completely ridiculous.



Neil, 35, San Francisco
A lot of pictures of me in my underpants, but there's nothing embarrassing about me. There's nothing that I won't do.



John, 17, Oakland
A picture of my butt, spread open, and talking about my own dick.



John, 25, Oakland
Passed out with a banana up my ass.

Hooligan, 19, Oakland
Me with an antichrist cross on my head.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL'S
PHOTO ISSUE

The last *MRR* photo issue came out over twenty years ago. Helge Schreiber, with the help of Dolf from *Trust* (among others) compiled the internationally focused *Welcome to Cruise Country* photo zine. It came out in 1987. A lot of great punk bands and punk photographers have come and gone since then. It's past time for another *MRR* photo issue. For this issue we got submissions from over 80 photographers from around the world. We tried to get in as many photographers, as many good photos as we could. What you see here is a small portion of the absolute killer work that was sent in. One criterion we decided on early was focusing on the last ten to fifteen years. Even that felt like a long time back. For this issue, like the previous photo issues, we wanted to really highlight what's happening now. That meant not including some great photos and interviews. Look for those in upcoming issues.

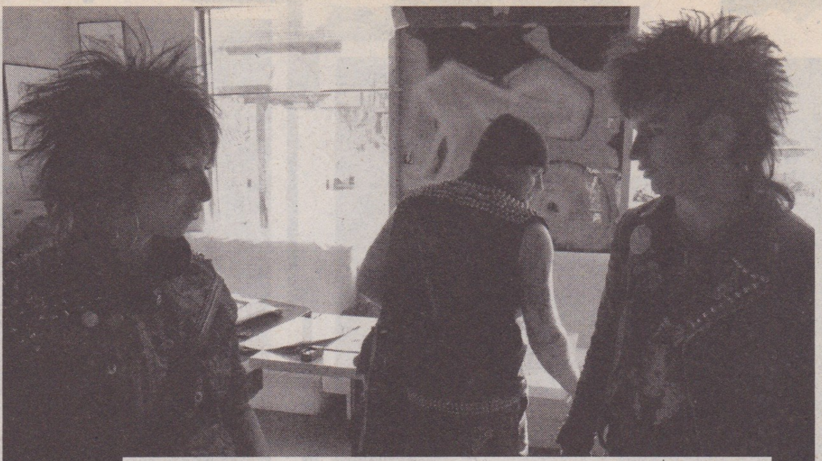
In addition to the submissions, we also have interviews with a handful of photographers, which is how the idea of this issue came about. Two years ago I thought about interviewing Canderson, and then other photographers came to mind that should also be interviewed. It snowballed from there. It felt essential to include interviews with Murray Bowles and Helge Schreiber, the two people behind the past two *MRR* photo zines. We talked Karoline Collins and Chrissy Piper into interviewing each other. Patrick Baclet, who recently published his photobook *Out of Vogue* seemed an obvious choice for an interview. Mateus Mondini and Dagio Oliva, two of the best photographers shooting punk bands today had to be included. Sarah Crews sat me and Canderson down for a conversation. And so on. There are plenty of others who should have been interviewed for this (Martin Sorrondeguy and Will Kinser come to mind).

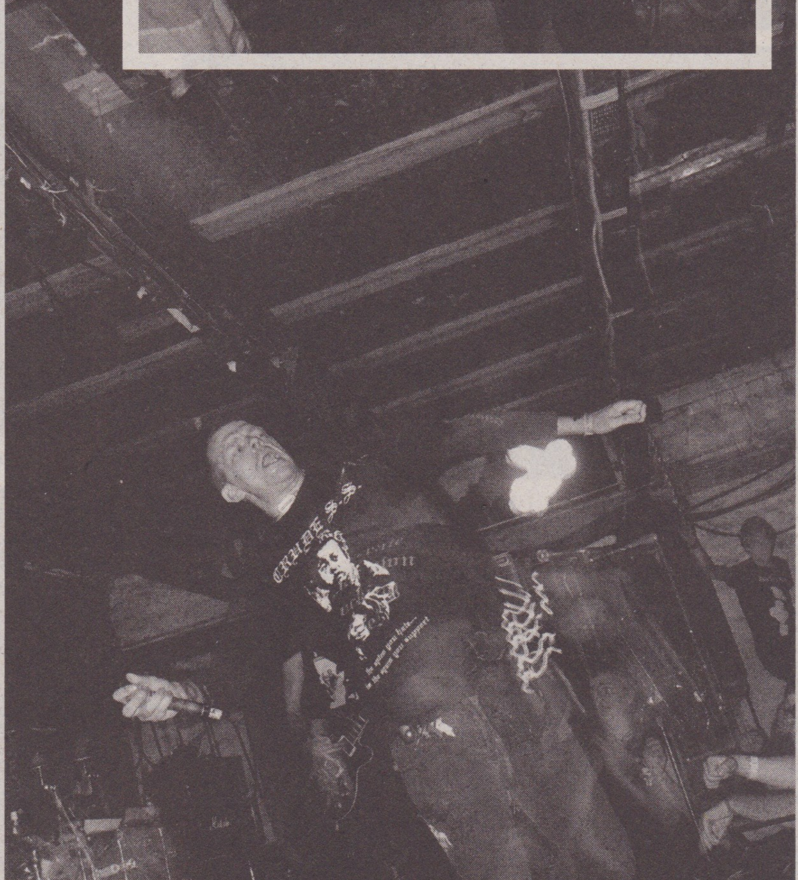
Last, but not least, the collector nerd in me felt compelled to compile a bibliography of punk photo books. It's an incomplete, but solid list.

Thanks to Will Kinser, Sarah Crews, Vinnie LaRussa, and everyone that submitted photos and interviews.

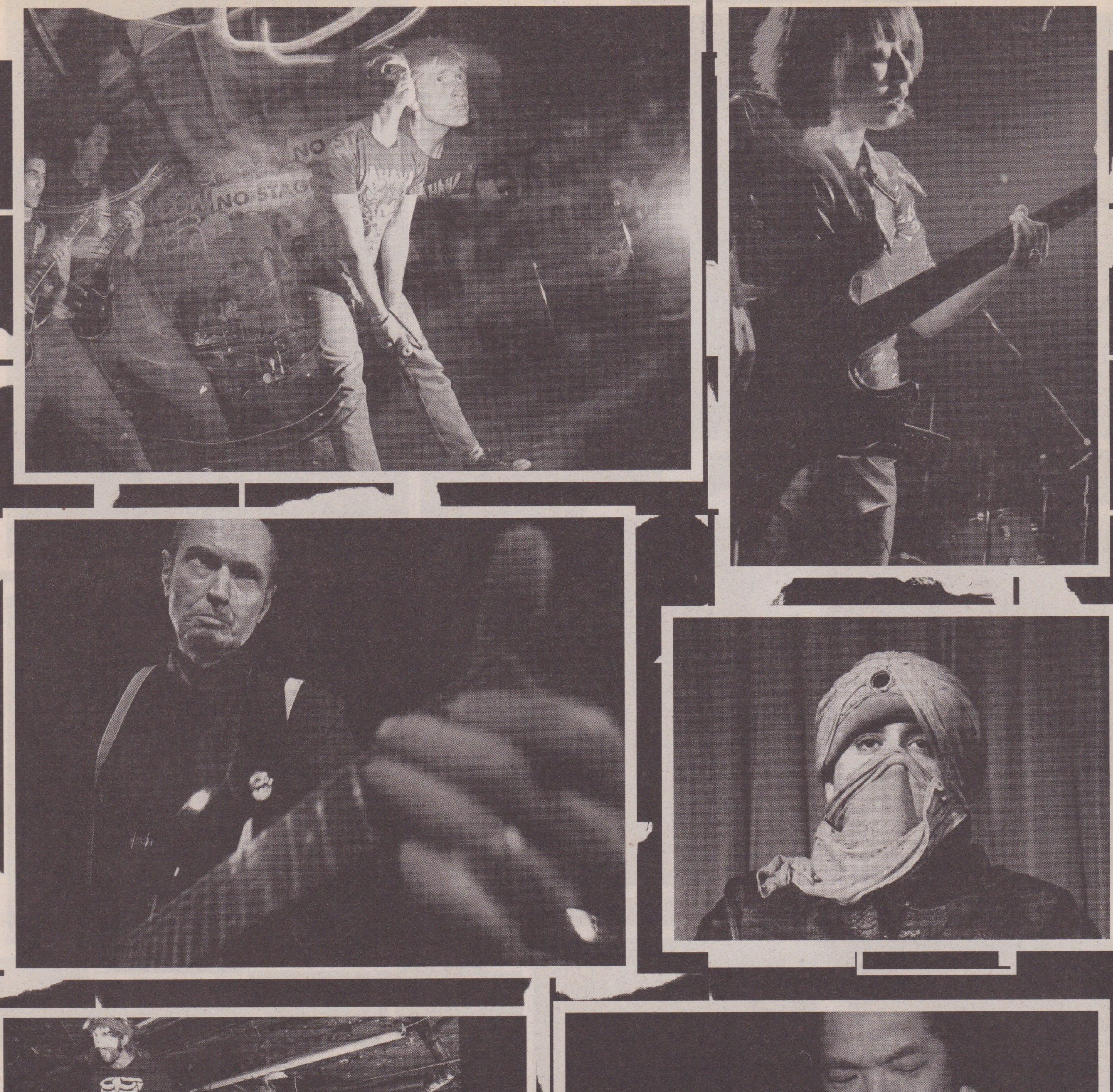
Kriegshög to the left by Martin Sorrondeguy
Career Suicide below by Craig Kamrath

Clockwise from top-left corner: Insaniacs, Cola Freaks, Condominium, Invasión, Sweet Nothings, King Khan. Photos by Jason Penner.





Clockwise from top-left corner: stage-diver, punks hanging out, Abrupt, Warcery, Los Monjo. Photos by Will Kinser.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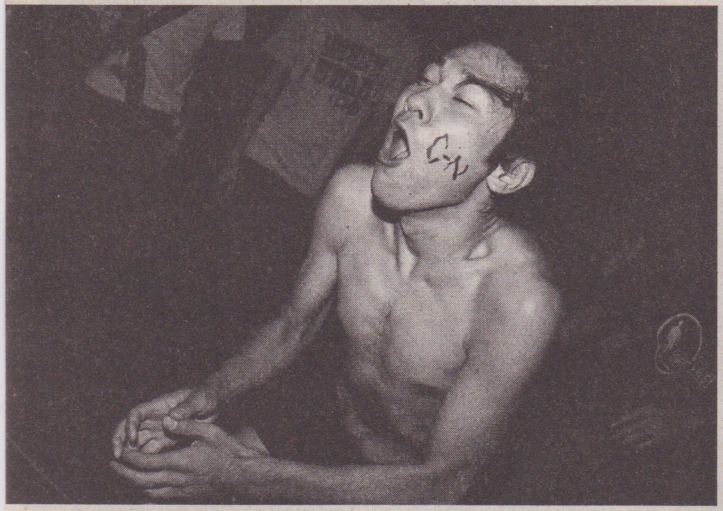
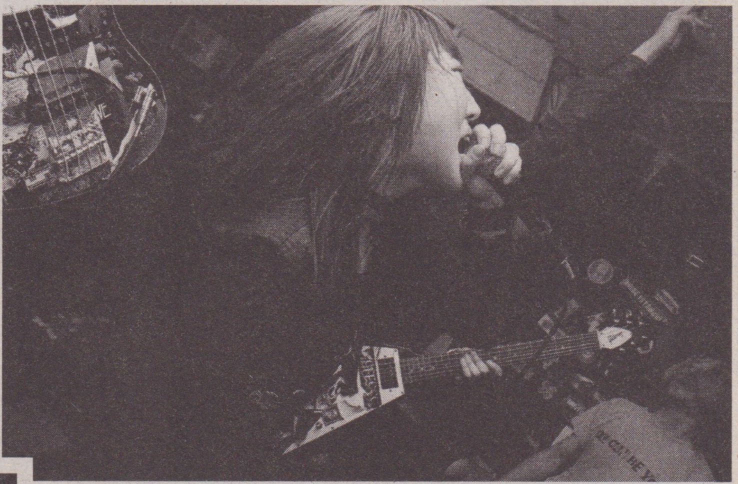
Clockwise from top-left corner: Clorox Girls, Gasoline, Mark Sultan, Gasoline, No Bunny, Crime. Photos by Tiger Lily.





Clockwise from top-left corner: Ferocious X, System Fucker, Unarm, Completed Exposition, Tolsux, Cosmic Neurose. Photos by Kenta Nakano.

NO COMMENT
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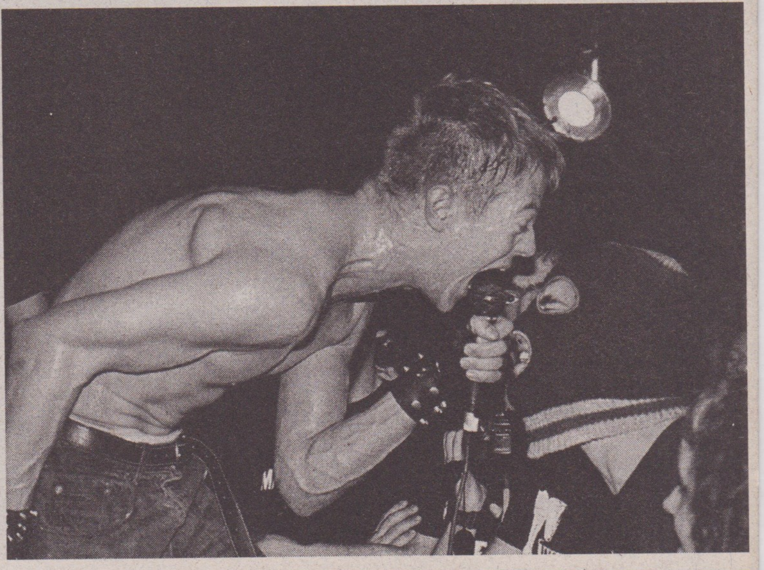
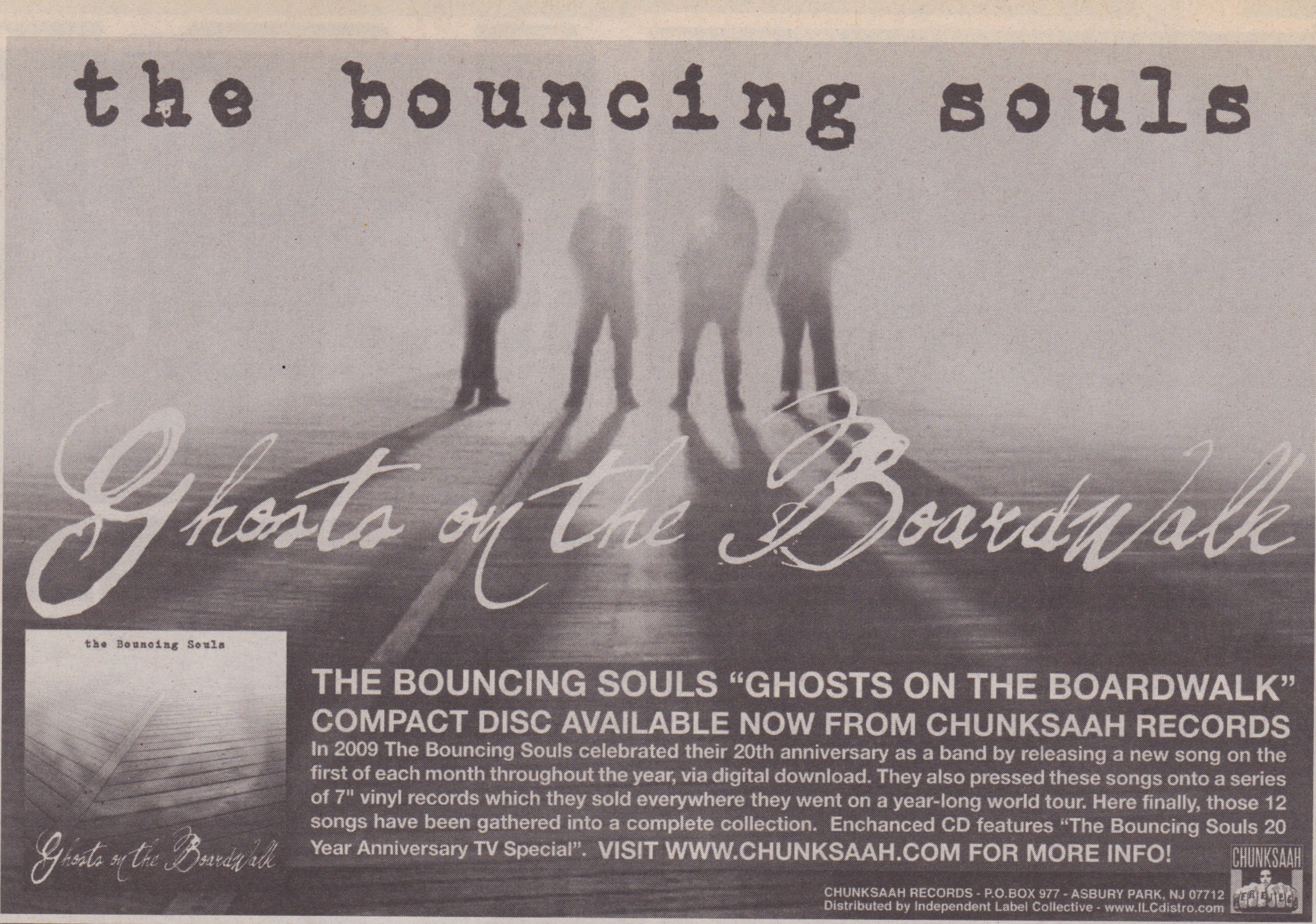
Clockwise from top-left corner: Formaldehyde Junkies, Carbonas, Gordon Solie Motherfuckers, Andi Petersens Armé, crowd for Skitkids on the Lamar Pedestrian Bridge, No Reply. Photos by Craig Kamrath.





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Ghosts on the Boardwalk

the Bouncing Souls

Ghosts on the Boardwalk

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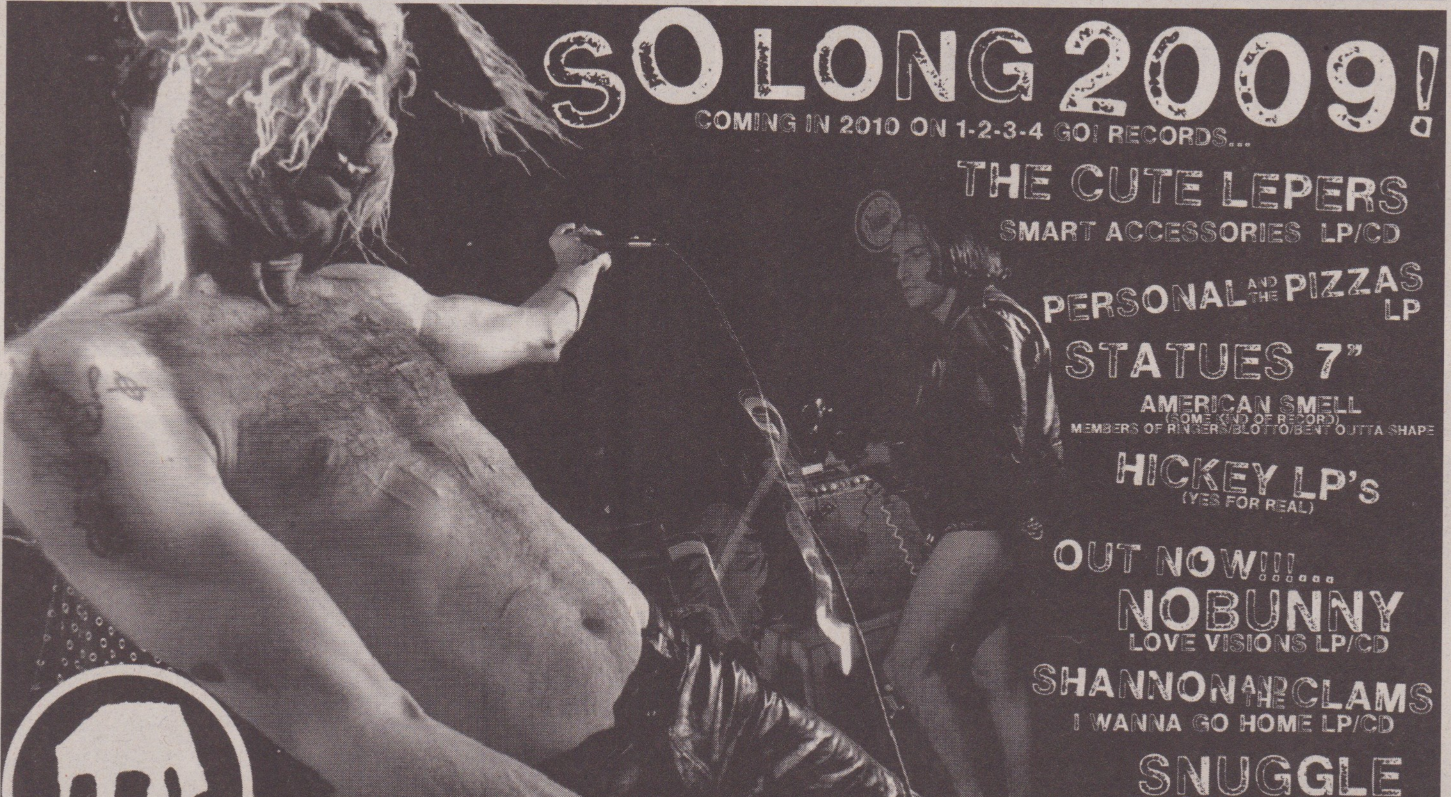

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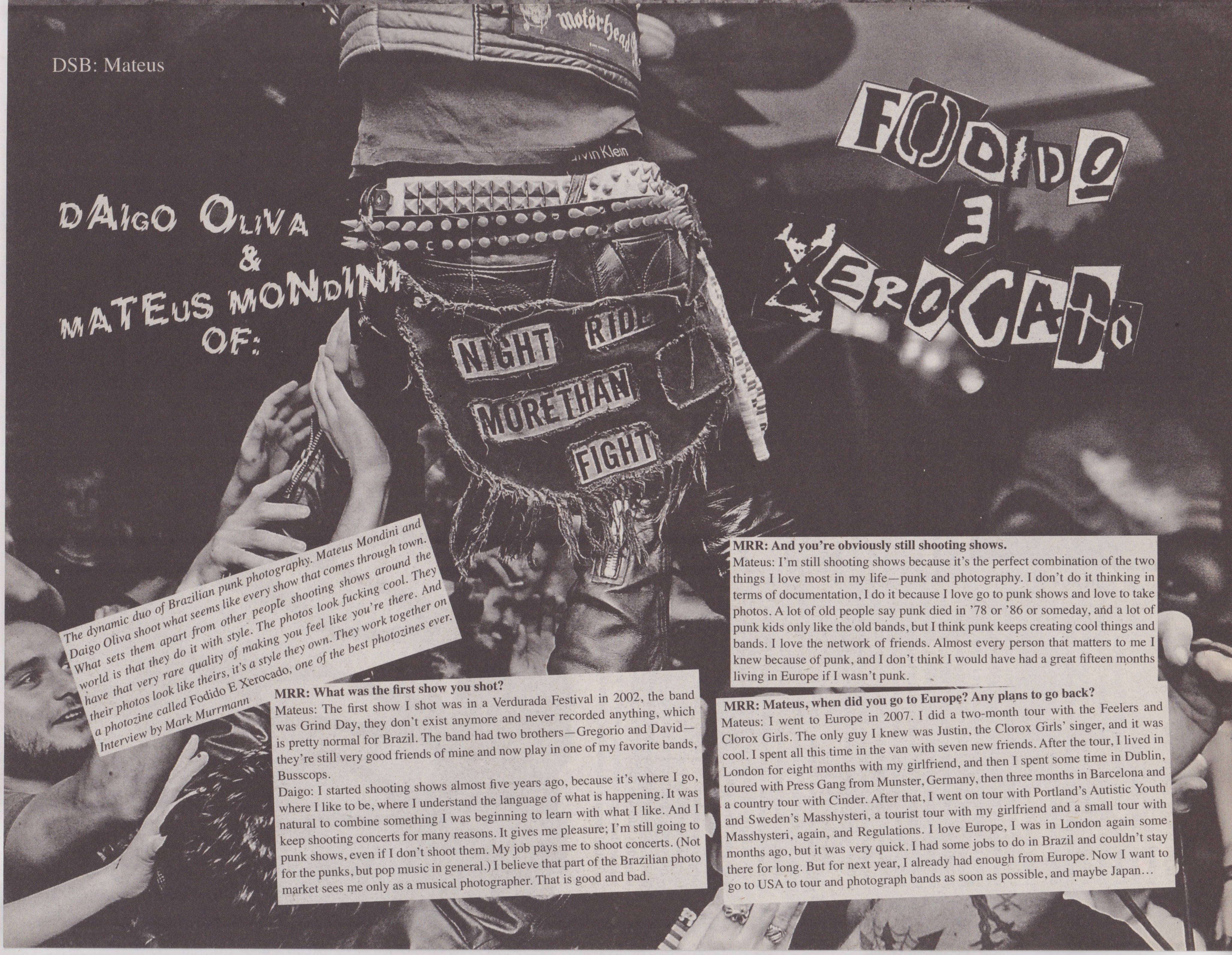


DSB: Mateus

DAIGO OLIVA & MATEUS MONDINI OF:

FODIDO E XEROCADO

The dynamic duo of Brazilian punk photography. Mateus Mondini and Daigo Oliva shoot what seems like every show that comes through town. What sets them apart from other people shooting shows around the world is that they do it with style. The photos look fucking cool. They have that very rare quality of making you feel like you're there. And their photos look like theirs, it's a style they own. They work together on a photozine called Fodido E Xerocado, one of the best photozines ever.

Interview by Mark Murrmann

MRR: What was the first show you shot?

Mateus: The first show I shot was in a Verdurada Festival in 2002, the band was Grind Day, they don't exist anymore and never recorded anything, which is pretty normal for Brazil. The band had two brothers—Gregorio and David—they're still very good friends of mine and now play in one of my favorite bands, Busscops.

Daigo: I started shooting shows almost five years ago, because it's where I go, where I like to be, where I understand the language of what is happening. It was natural to combine something I was beginning to learn with what I like. And I keep shooting concerts for many reasons. It gives me pleasure; I'm still going to punk shows, even if I don't shoot them. My job pays me to shoot concerts. (Not for the punks, but pop music in general.) I believe that part of the Brazilian photo market sees me only as a musical photographer. That is good and bad.

MRR: And you're obviously still shooting shows.

Mateus: I'm still shooting shows because it's the perfect combination of the two things I love most in my life—punk and photography. I don't do it thinking in terms of documentation, I do it because I love go to punk shows and love to take photos. A lot of old people say punk died in '78 or '86 or someday, and a lot of punk kids only like the old bands, but I think punk keeps creating cool things and bands. I love the network of friends. Almost every person that matters to me I knew because of punk, and I don't think I would have had a great fifteen months living in Europe if I wasn't punk.

MRR: Mateus, when did you go to Europe? Any plans to go back?

Mateus: I went to Europe in 2007. I did a two-month tour with the Feelers and Clorox Girls. The only guy I knew was Justin, the Clorox Girls' singer, and it was cool. I spent all this time in the van with seven new friends. After the tour, I lived in London for eight months with my girlfriend, and then I spent some time in Dublin, toured with Press Gang from Munster, Germany, then three months in Barcelona and a country tour with Cinder. After that, I went on tour with Portland's Autistic Youth and Sweden's Masshysteri, a tourist tour with my girlfriend and a small tour with Masshysteri, again, and Regulations. I love Europe, I was in London again some months ago, but it was very quick. I had some jobs to do in Brazil and couldn't stay there for long. But for next year, I already had enough from Europe. Now I want to go to USA to tour and photograph bands as soon as possible, and maybe Japan…

MRR: What's you're usual set-up for shooting shows?

Mateus: I use a Canon 5D Mark2. I've always used Canon, since I was shooting film. For lenses I use a fucked up 24-70mm 2.8 or a 12-24mm 4.5. I also have a 70-200 2.8 but it's too hard to use at punk shows. I also have a flash of course. I sometimes use it off the camera, but normally just on the camera.

Daigo: Usually, my setup is pretty basic. Currently it's a Canon 40D camera, 17- 35mm 2.8 Lens (sometimes I steal Mateus´s 12-24mm lens), Canon 430 EX flash and a radio transmitter to put the flash where I want. This is for punk shows. For the "big" shows, you can count a 70-200 f/2.8 and a fantastic 50mm, f/1.8 too. But this is nowadays, almost five years after I started shooting. In the beginning, it was ridiculous. Just a built-in flash, 18-55mm lens, a really dark lens and that was my setup. I don't know how we shot all those old pictures. Despite that, sometimes I think it was a little more spontaneous, without any perspectives, only with what we had.

MRR: Do you shoot film any more?

Daigo: Yes, I still use film, but only for my personal madness and portraits. All of my last trips, 90% were film. There is a different connection with the photo when you use film. So I always keep up and order my Nikon FM2 with a 28mm 2.8 and Kodak Tri-X and Fuji Chromes.

Mateus: I haven't shot film in a long time. I lost my film camera somewhere in Europe. I think it was stolen by Brazilian mail when I sent a lot of my stuff to my mom's house in São Paulo, but I'm not sure. I should buy another one. I love cross process and that stuff. The last crazy thing that I did was put old 35mm cinema film in the photo canister, but everywhere that I went to develop it told me to go to hell because it made their chemicals dirty.

Career Suicide: Mateus

Sguardo Realto: Daigo

MRR: Do you actually print many of your photos, aside from the zine?

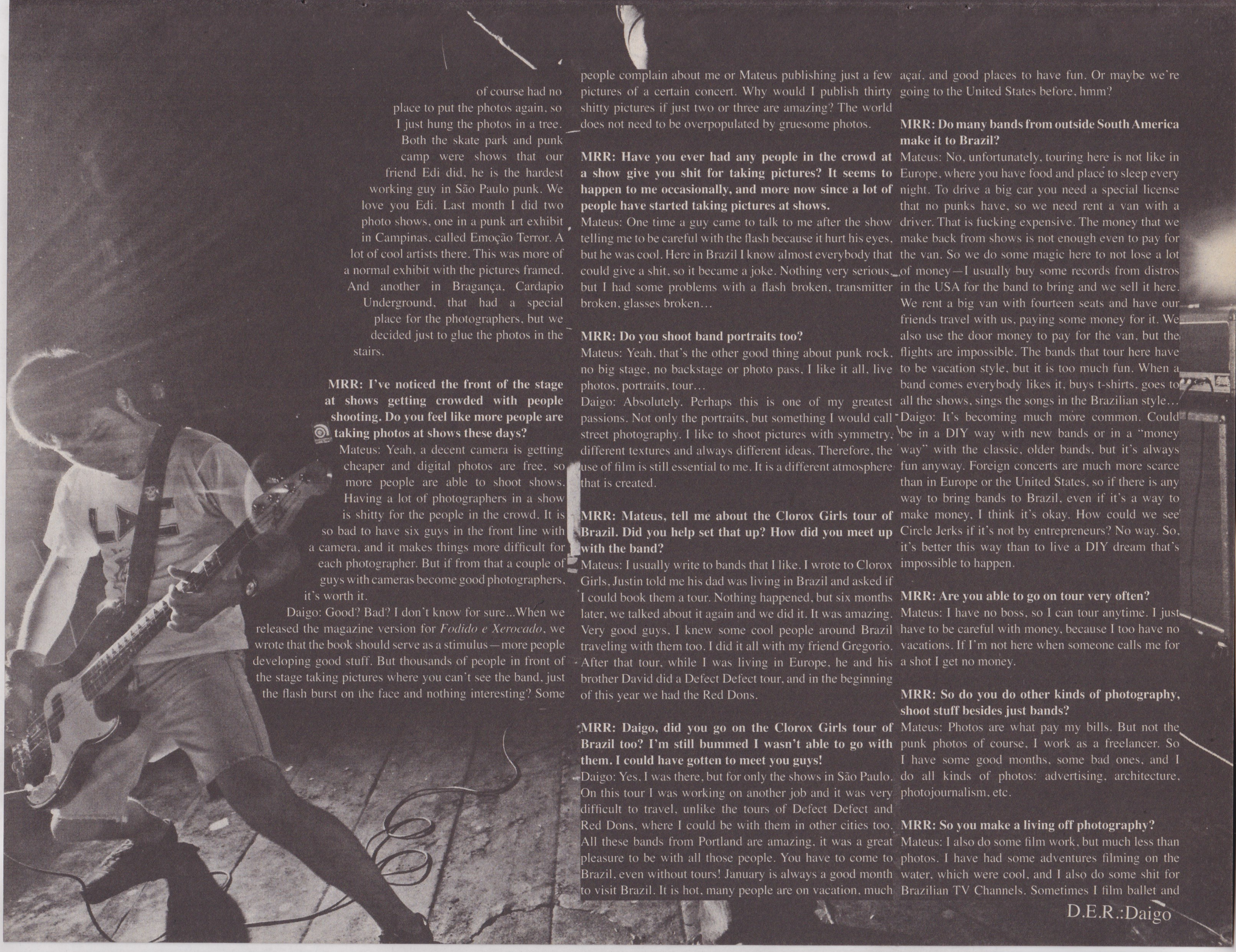
Daigo: I usually print these photos taken with film. The digital stuff, I only print if it's necessary for some exposure or something like that.

Mateus: Sometimes I print them, I have some photos on my wall. I like to give some to the bands and friends too, and for exhibits, but I don't normally make prints, just for special occasions.

MRR: Have you been in any photo shows or had any exhibits of your photos?

Mateus: Nothing too big, normally at punk shows. In Verdurada I did one a long time ago, and did one with Daigo right before I left for Europe. We did another one at a show that happened in a skate park. That one didn't have a place for the exhibit, but we were there with the photos, so we just glued them around the stage, on the amps, drums. Another cool one was in

Sweet Suburbia: Mateus



D.E.R.:Daigo

of course had no place to put the photos again, so I just hung the photos in a tree. Both the skate park and punk camp were shows that our friend Edi did, he is the hardest working guy in São Paulo punk. We love you Edi. Last month I did two photo shows, one in a punk art exhibit in Campinas, called Emoção Terror. A lot of cool artists there. This was more of a normal exhibit with the pictures framed. And another in Bragança, Cardapio Underground, that had a special place for the photographers, but we decided just to glue the photos in the stairs.

MRR: I've noticed the front of the stage at shows getting crowded with people shooting. Do you feel like more people are taking photos at shows these days?

Mateus: Yeah, a decent camera is getting cheaper and digital photos are free, so more people are able to shoot shows. Having a lot of photographers in a show is shitty for the people in the crowd. It is so bad to have six guys in the front line with a camera, and it makes things more difficult for each photographer. But if from that a couple of guys with cameras become good photographers, it's worth it.

Daigo: Good? Bad? I don't know for sure...When we released the magazine version for *Fodido e Xerocado*, we wrote that the book should serve as a stimulus—more people developing good stuff. But thousands of people in front of the stage taking pictures where you can't see the band, just the flash burst on the face and nothing interesting? Some people complain about me or Mateus publishing just a few pictures of a certain concert. Why would I publish thirty shitty pictures if just two or three are amazing? The world does not need to be overpopulated by gruesome photos.

MRR: Have you ever had any people in the crowd at a show give you shit for taking pictures? It seems to happen to me occasionally, and more now since a lot of people have started taking pictures at shows.

Mateus: One time a guy came to talk to me after the show telling me to be careful with the flash because it hurt his eyes, but he was cool. Here in Brazil I know almost everybody that could give a shit, so it became a joke. Nothing very serious, but I had some problems with a flash broken, transmitter broken, glasses broken…

MRR: Do you shoot band portraits too?

Mateus: Yeah, that's the other good thing about punk rock, no big stage, no backstage or photo pass. I like it all, live photos, portraits, tour…

Daigo: Absolutely. Perhaps this is one of my greatest passions. Not only the portraits, but something I would call street photography. I like to shoot pictures with symmetry, different textures and always different ideas. Therefore, the use of film is still essential to me. It is a different atmosphere that is created.

MRR: Mateus, tell me about the Clorox Girls tour of Brazil. Did you help set that up? How did you meet up with the band?

Mateus: I usually write to bands that I like. I wrote to Clorox Girls. Justin told me his dad was living in Brazil and asked if I could book them a tour. Nothing happened, but six months later, we talked about it again and we did it. It was amazing. Very good guys. I knew some cool people around Brazil traveling with them too. I did it all with my friend Gregorio. After that tour, while I was living in Europe, he and his brother David did a Defect Defect tour, and in the beginning of this year we had the Red Dons.

MRR: Daigo, did you go on the Clorox Girls tour of Brazil too? I'm still bummed I wasn't able to go with them. I could have gotten to meet you guys!

Daigo: Yes, I was there, but for only the shows in São Paulo. On this tour I was working on another job and it was very difficult to travel, unlike the tours of Defect Defect and Red Dons, where I could be with them in other cities too. All these bands from Portland are amazing, it was a great pleasure to be with all those people. You have to come to Brazil, even without tours! January is always a good month to visit Brazil. It is hot, many people are on vacation, much açaí, and good places to have fun. Or maybe we're going to the United States before, hmm?

MRR: Do many bands from outside South America make it to Brazil?

Mateus: No, unfortunately, touring here is not like in Europe, where you have food and place to sleep every night. To drive a big car you need a special license that no punks have, so we need rent a van with a driver. That is fucking expensive. The money that we make back from shows is not enough even to pay for the van. So we do some magic here to not lose a lot of money—I usually buy some records from distros in the USA for the band to bring and we sell it here. We rent a big van with fourteen seats and have our friends travel with us, paying some money for it. We also use the door money to pay for the van, but the flights are impossible. The bands that tour here have to be vacation style, but it is too much fun. When a band comes everybody likes it, buys t-shirts, goes to all the shows, sings the songs in the Brazilian style…

Daigo: It's becoming much more common. Could be in a DIY way with new bands or in a "money way" with the classic, older bands, but it's always fun anyway. Foreign concerts are much more scarce than in Europe or the United States, so if there is any way to bring bands to Brazil, even if it's a way to make money, I think it's okay. How could we see Circle Jerks if it's not by entrepreneurs? No way. So, it's better this way than to live a DIY dream that's impossible to happen.

MRR: Are you able to go on tour very often?

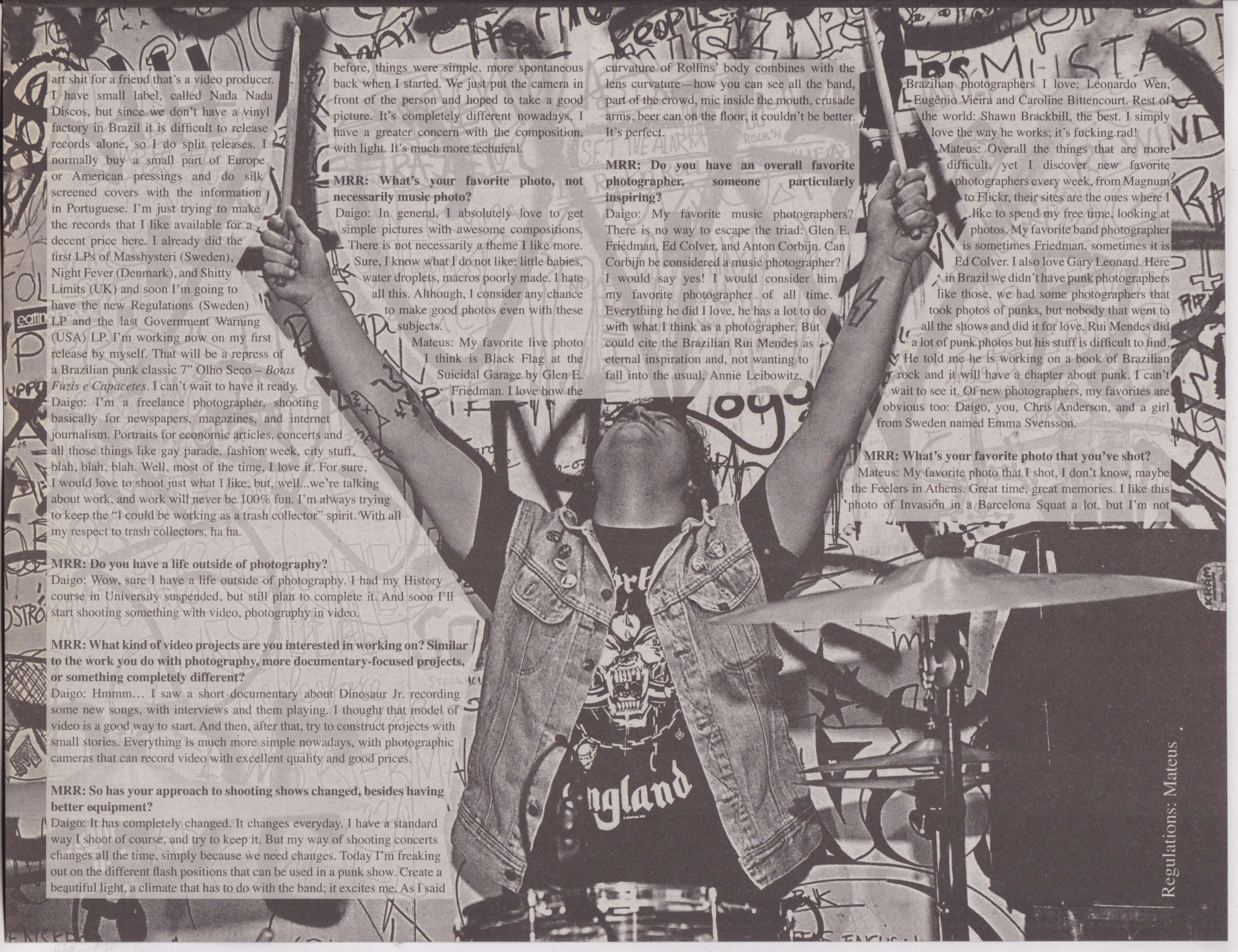
Mateus: I have no boss, so I can tour anytime. I just have to be careful with money, because I too have no vacations. If I'm not here when someone calls me for a shot I get no money.

MRR: So do you do other kinds of photography, shoot stuff besides just bands?

Mateus: Photos are what pay my bills. But not the punk photos of course, I work as a freelancer. So I have some good months, some bad ones, and I do all kinds of photos: advertising, architecture, photojournalism, etc.

MRR: So you make a living off photography?

Mateus: I also do some film work, but much less than photos. I have had some adventures filming on the water, which were cool, and I also do some shit for Brazilian TV Channels. Sometimes I film ballet and



Regulations: Mateus

art shit for a friend that's a video producer. I have small label, called Nada Nada Discos, but since we don't have a vinyl factory in Brazil it is difficult to release records alone, so I do split releases. I normally buy a small part of Europe or American pressings and do silk screened covers with the information in Portuguese. I'm just trying to make the records that I like available for a decent price here. I already did the first LPs of Masshysteri (Sweden), Night Fever (Denmark), and Shitty Limits (UK) and soon I'm going to have the new Regulations (Sweden) LP and the last Government Warning (USA) LP. I'm working now on my first release by myself. That will be a repress of a Brazilian punk classic 7" Olho Seco – *Botas Fuzis e Capacetes*. I can't wait to have it ready.

Daigo: I'm a freelance photographer, shooting basically for newspapers, magazines, and internet journalism. Portraits for economic articles, concerts and all those things like gay parade, fashion week, city stuff, blah, blah, blah. Well, most of the time, I love it. For sure, I would love to shoot just what I like, but, well...we're talking about work, and work will never be 100% fun. I'm always trying to keep the "I could be working as a trash collector" spirit. With all my respect to trash collectors, ha ha.

MRR: Do you have a life outside of photography?

Daigo: Wow, sure I have a life outside of photography. I had my History course in University suspended, but still plan to complete it. And soon I'll start shooting something with video, photography in video.

MRR: What kind of video projects are you interested in working on? Similar to the work you do with photography, more documentary-focused projects, or something completely different?

Daigo: Hmmm… I saw a short documentary about Dinosaur Jr. recording some new songs, with interviews and them playing. I thought that model of video is a good way to start. And then, after that, try to construct projects with small stories. Everything is much more simple nowadays, with photographic cameras that can record video with excellent quality and good prices.

MRR: So has your approach to shooting shows changed, besides having better equipment?

Daigo: It has completely changed. It changes everyday. I have a standard way I shoot of course, and try to keep it. But my way of shooting concerts changes all the time, simply because we need changes. Today I'm freaking out on the different flash positions that can be used in a punk show. Create a beautiful light, a climate that has to do with the band; it excites me. As I said before, things were simple, more spontaneous back when I started. We just put the camera in front of the person and hoped to take a good picture. It's completely different nowadays, I have a greater concern with the composition, with light. It's much more technical.

MRR: What's your favorite photo, not necessarily music photo?

Daigo: In general, I absolutely love to get simple pictures with awesome compositions. There is not necessarily a theme I like more. Sure, I know what I do not like: little babies, water droplets, macros poorly made. I hate all this. Although, I consider any chance to make good photos even with these subjects.

Mateus: My favorite live photo I think is Black Flag at the Suicidal Garage by Glen E. Friedman. I love how the curvature of Rollins' body combines with the lens curvature—how you can see all the band, part of the crowd, mic inside the mouth, crusade arms, beer can on the floor, it couldn't be better. It's perfect.

MRR: Do you have an overall favorite photographer, someone particularly inspiring?

Daigo: My favorite music photographers? There is no way to escape the triad: Glen E. Friedman, Ed Colver, and Anton Corbijn. Can Corbijn be considered a music photographer? I would say yes! I would consider him my favorite photographer of all time. Everything he did I love, he has a lot to do with what I think as a photographer. But could cite the Brazilian Rui Mendes as eternal inspiration and, not wanting to fall into the usual, Annie Leibowitz. Brazilian photographers I love: Leonardo Wen, Eugênio Vieira and Caroline Bittencourt. Rest of the world: Shawn Brackbill, the best. I simply love the way he works; it's fucking rad!

Mateus: Overall the things that are more difficult, yet I discover new favorite photographers every week, from Magnum to Flickr, their sites are the ones where I like to spend my free time, looking at photos. My favorite band photographer is sometimes Friedman, sometimes it is Ed Colver. I also love Gary Leonard. Here in Brazil we didn't have punk photographers like those, we had some photographers that took photos of punks, but nobody that went to all the shows and did it for love. Rui Mendes did a lot of punk photos but his stuff is difficult to find. He told me he is working on a book of Brazilian rock and it will have a chapter about punk. I can't wait to see it. Of new photographers, my favorites are obvious too: Daigo, you, Chris Anderson, and a girl from Sweden named Emma Svensson.

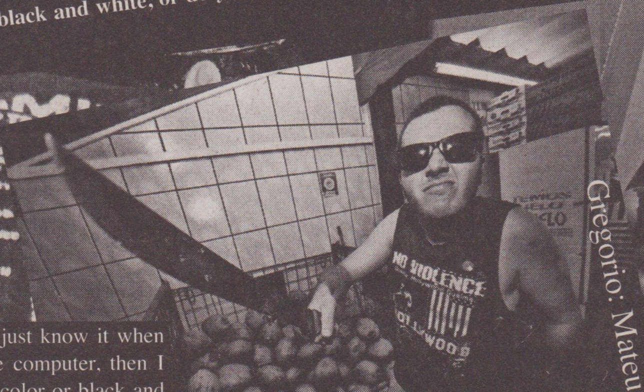
MRR: What's your favorite photo that you've shot?

Mateus: My favorite photo that I shot, I don't know, maybe the Feelers in Athens. Great time, great memories. I like this photo of Invasión in a Barcelona Squat a lot, but I'm not sure, its always changing. I like some crowd photos a lot too, and one of my friend David pretending he is playing guitar on the road while a trucker passed very fast, but this one just looks good in color I think. These favorite questions are too difficult to answer. It's like asking about my favorite band or song.

Daigo: Ha ha, my favorite band I've never photographed and must be unbelievable live is Regulations! But from those I've photographed many times...Jay Reatard, B.U.S.H., Vitamin X, Boom Boom Kid...I would consider all of these my favorite, almost a certainty of good photos any time they play.

MRR: Mateus, since you mentioned you really only shoot digital now, do you convert most of your photos to black and white, or do you keep most of them in color? How do you decide?

Boom Boom Kid: Daigo



Gregorio: Mateus

Matues: It depends, I just know it when I see the photo in the computer, then I decide if it should be color or black and white. But for shows when I use a flash, I will generally convert it to black and white.

MRR: How long have you been doing the zine and how did you two meet?

Mateus: I knew Daigo from common friends. I used to see him at shows, say hello/goodbye, but we weren't friends. When he started to take photos we started talking a little more. But we just became real friends when my camera broke and I gave it to him, because he worked for Fuji fixing cameras but told me his boss could fix my Canon. A month later he gave me back the camera that just had a small problem, but it was completely fucked up. Then he started to loan me his camera sometimes and we started the fanzine and all the shit, thanks to Daigo's old boss!

Daigo: The fanzine will be exactly three years, as of November 2006. I met Mateus at concerts and Galeria do Rock (a kind of gallery with record stores, silk screening, skate, clothing ...) five, six years ago. Suddenly, I was hanging out with the same crew. During the Clorox Girls' Brazilian tour his camera broke and he borrowed my camera for shows outside São Paulo. We were true friends after that and I asked if he wanted to do the fotozine.

Mateus: We started the zine right after Clorox Girls Brazilian tour, in 2006. I had an idea to do some kind of zine with the photos silk screened, but it was in my head and probably never would happen. So Daigo came up with the idea of the zine, and we started it. The fanzine is on number ten, and we already choose the photos of the eleventh issue. That will be a Red Dons tour special, but we haven't made it yet. I think like a band, we get a little tired of the zine, not a lot of free time, but I want keep doing it. Last month we did an exhibit that was stairs with the steps covered with our photos glued like we glue posters in the streets, I don't know the name in English, here it's *Lambe-Lambe*, (wheat paste). We think it looks cool and we are talking about doing some big prints glued on the streets. I'm excited about it.

BLACK FLAG
EVERYTHING WENT BLACK

I Shot Cyrus: Mateus

MRR: That sounds rad! I really like how the zines come in silk-screened envelopes. Nice touch. I heard that you guys made a book too. Is that a collection of photos that have been in past issues, or all new photos for the book? How did the book come about? What has the reaction been to the zine and the book?

Daigo: Polemic question...what happened was that a good friend, Thiago Dãr, lead singer of D.E.R. and owner of Cospe Fogo Gravações label, asked us if we wanted to release a book version of the fanzine. We had a fanzine for a little over six months and were completely thrilled with the idea. In the end, it was great, because nobody in Brazil had done something similar. It sold well and many people liked it. But the impression it left on us was anxiety and lack of preparation and money to do something that actually had the idea of what we wanted. The final result was positive, but it was not what we dreamed it would be. Maybe in two years...

Mateus: It's not a book, it's more like a magazine. We were on zine number three when our friend Thiago from Cospe Fogo invited us to do the magazine. It was very nice. Doing the zine is cool because Daigo and I order a pizza, drink a lot of Coke and talk a lot of shit. Doing the magazine was me, Daigo, and three other friends: Thiago, Loly, and Chapado who did the layout and other things that I don't how to explain

English, so it was a very good time. I'm not completely happy with the result. The printing quality is *sooo* bad, we did it with no experience, and trying to get it done fast because I was moving to Europe. It would have been cool to have the magazine with me there for the tour, and we are taking much better photos now. But I like it as an effort of five friends and a compilation of a couple of good photos we did.

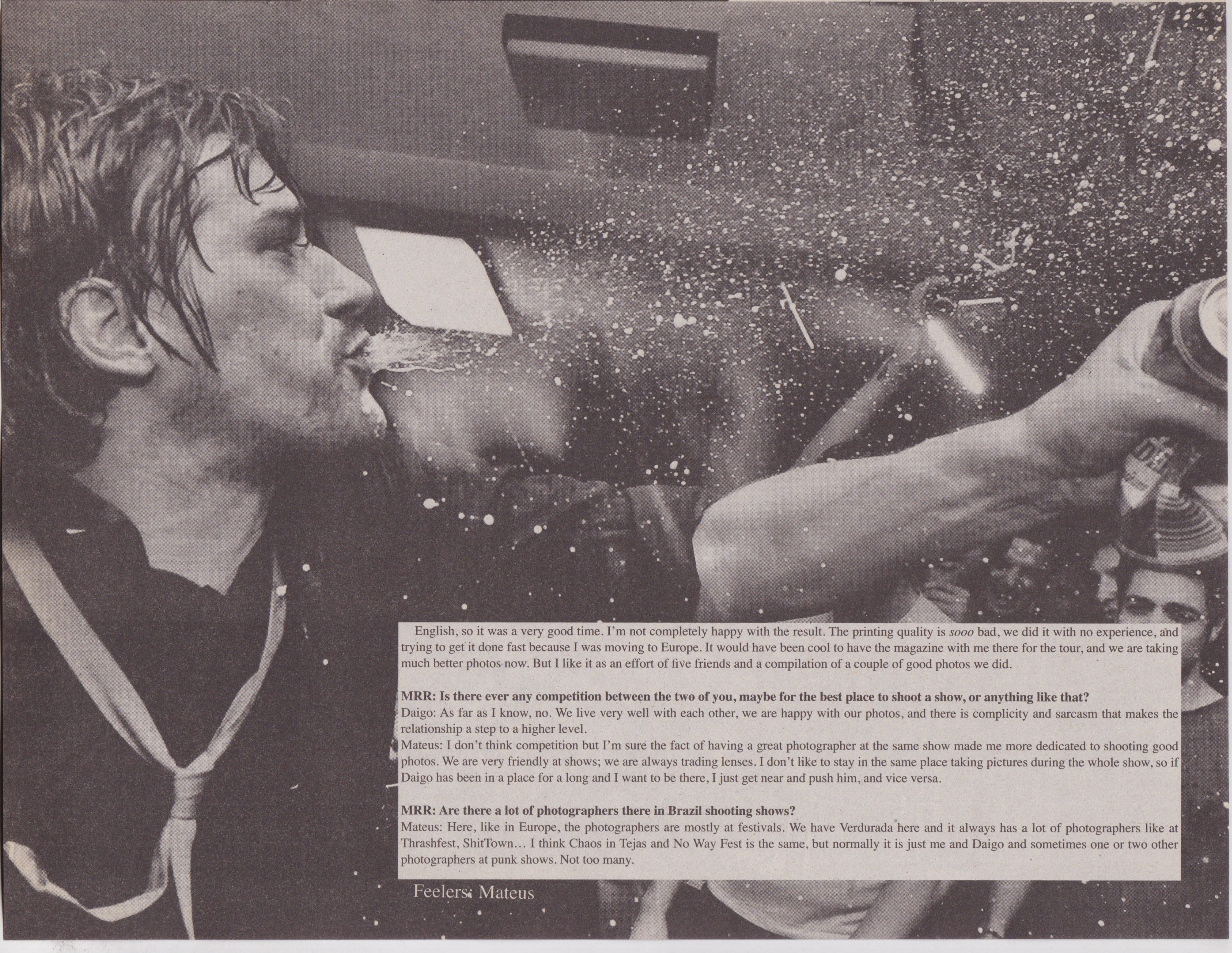
MRR: Is there ever any competition between the two of you, maybe for the best place to shoot a show, or anything like that?

Daigo: As far as I know, no. We live very well with each other, we are happy with our photos, and there is complicity and sarcasm that makes the relationship a step to a higher level.

Mateus: I don't think competition but I'm sure the fact of having a great photographer at the same show made me more dedicated to shooting good photos. We are very friendly at shows; we are always trading lenses. I don't like to stay in the same place taking pictures during the whole show, so if Daigo has been in a place for a long and I want to be there, I just get near and push him, and vice versa.

MRR: Are there a lot of photographers there in Brazil shooting shows?

Mateus: Here, like in Europe, the photographers are mostly at festivals. We have Verdurada here and it always has a lot of photographers like at Thrashfest, ShitTown… I think Chaos in Tejas and No Way Fest is the same, but normally it is just me and Daigo and sometimes one or two other photographers at punk shows. Not too many.



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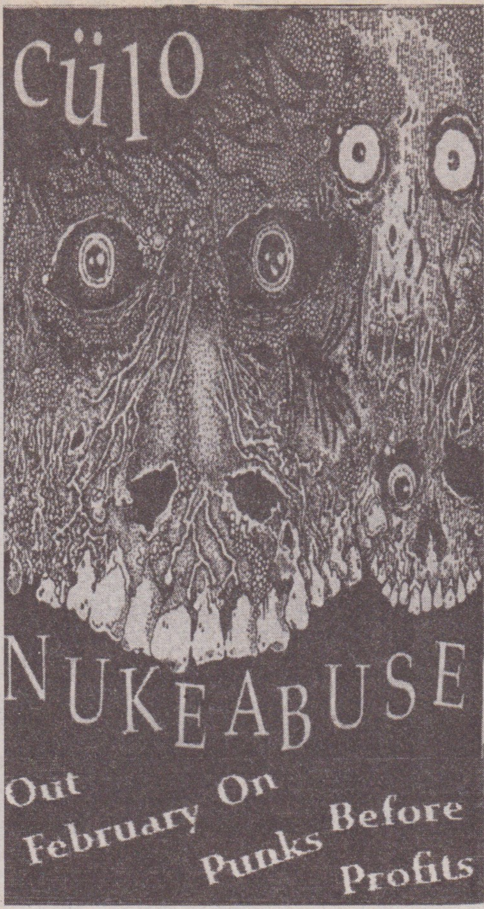
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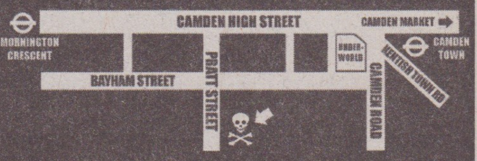
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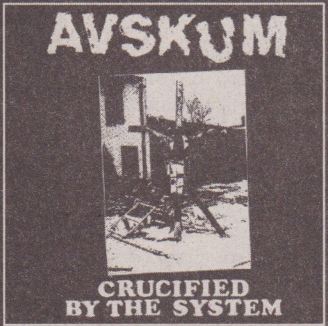
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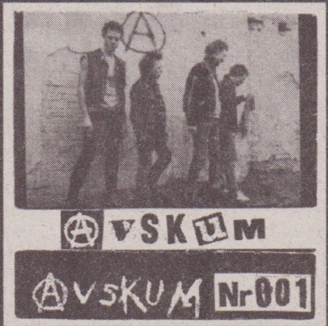
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Interview by Will Kinser

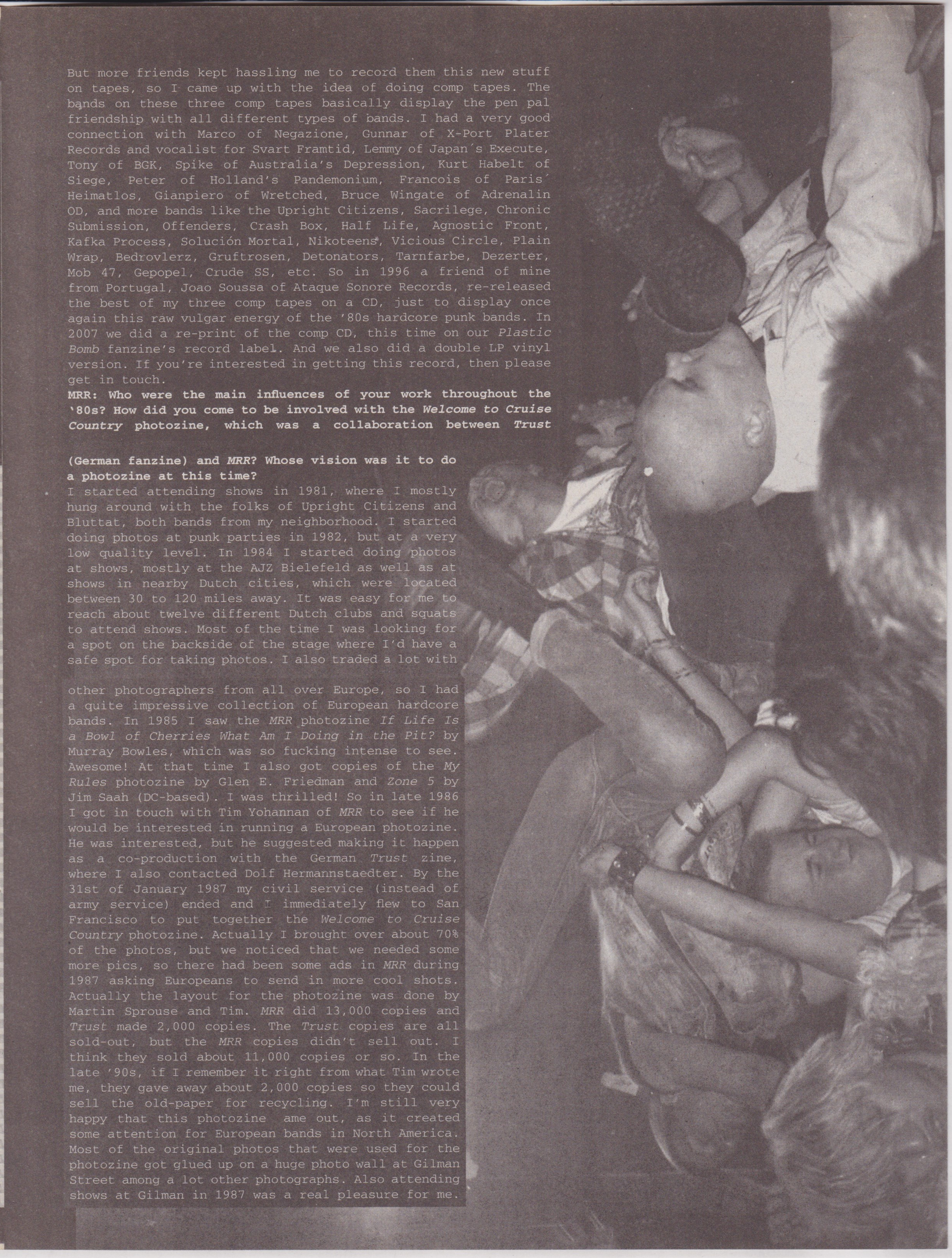
MRR: How the hell did you get interested in band photography in the first place? What brought you to the punk scene?
I was born 1965, got infected by the punk virus by the end of the '70s at a tender young age, but had my visual coming-out in 1980 at the age of 15. I was always interested in fast music, so Discharge, GBH, and the Exploited were my main interests in '81-'82. By the end of '82 I saw the Dead Kennedys here in Germany on tour. MDC were touring with them also. What a blast! Hardcore became my thing at a 100% level. Got my first *MRR* issue in 1982, and sent in my first written piece for *MRR* #8 (1983). In 1985 I was one of the most active contributing scene report writers.

MRR: What made you move towards a more international outlook on hardcore/punk? Obviously there was a lot going on in Germany at the time.
I started doing a photozine in 1983 under the name *Hoellenqual*, which translates in English to "Hell's Torture" and did five issues until 1985. The content of the photozine was mostly pics of bands, which I found in American fanzines. Back then you couldn't find American fanzines that much over here in Germany. Later on with issue four I started using some of my own photos.

MRR: What was your motivation to contribute to *MRR* rather than just an avid reader? What got you interested in shooting band photos?
I think the main reason for contributing to *MRR* was belonging to a worldwide large movement of freethinking individuals in a punk rock scene. It was so much fucking fun to get in touch with all those great blokes around the globe, exchanging letters, trading tapes and records. It was an important ritual for me, each morning going downstairs to the mailbox and picking up new packages of great stuff. Later on I was starting to meet the people that I met via *MRR*, first in Germany, then in Holland, Italy, England, Norway, then in the USA, Canada, and Australia. My connection to the folks in Australia got so intense that I got married in 1996 in Brisbane. *MRR* and the friends I made through *MRR* mean *a lot* to me. So contributing something to *MRR* was giving something back to the scene. Later on I started doing photos at shows because I really enjoyed capturing the pure, raw, and wild energy.

MRR: Was the photozine the gateway into some of the compilations you released or was that just another extension of your involvement in the scene? What were the names of the comp tapes?
Yes, between 1984 to 1985 I did three compilation tapes with international bands *Hauptkampflinie* (Mainline of Resistance), *Disorder Disorder Disorder*, and *Who'll Survive?*. I sold about 350 copies of these three comps, which was a good result back than. In 1996 I released the "best" of these three comps on a CD entitled *Network of Friends Vol. 1*.

MRR: I'm sure a lot of readers know the *Network of Friends* comp, but for those who don't please describe the idea behind this record.
Back in the early '80s you didn't have a good distribution net, at least not over here in my area. The record shops were carrying mostly the traditional '77 punk or UK 82 type of music, but not stuff from smaller hardcore punk bands. So while writing to several pen pals around the globe a lot of new records, tapes, and live recordings found their way into my flat. I started doing a small mailorder, as I always ordered ten copies of my pen pal's releases, which I actually sold to my close friends here in my area.



But more friends kept hassling me to record them this new stuff on tapes, so I came up with the idea of doing comp tapes. The bands on these three comp tapes basically display the pen pal friendship with all different types of bands. I had a very good connection with Marco of Negazione, Gunnar of X-Port Plater Records and vocalist for Svart Framtid, Lemmy of Japan´s Execute, Tony of BGK, Spike of Australia's Depression, Kurt Habelt of Siege, Peter of Holland's Pandemonium, Francois of Paris´ Heimatlos, Gianpiero of Wretched, Bruce Wingate of Adrenalin OD, and more bands like the Upright Citizens, Sacrilege, Chronic Submission, Offenders, Crash Box, Half Life, Agnostic Front, Kafka Process, Solución Mortal, Nikoteens, Vicious Circle, Plain Wrap, Bedrovlerz, Gruftrosen, Detonators, Tarnfarbe, Dezerter, Mob 47, Gepopel, Crude SS, etc. So in 1996 a friend of mine from Portugal, Joao Soussa of Ataque Sonore Records, re-released the best of my three comp tapes on a CD, just to display once again this raw vulgar energy of the '80s hardcore punk bands. In 2007 we did a re-print of the comp CD, this time on our *Plastic Bomb* fanzine's record label. And we also did a double LP vinyl version. If you're interested in getting this record, then please get in touch.

MRR: Who were the main influences of your work throughout the '80s? How did you come to be involved with the *Welcome to Cruise Country* photozine, which was a collaboration between *Trust* (German fanzine) and *MRR*? Whose vision was it to do a photozine at this time?

I started attending shows in 1981, where I mostly hung around with the folks of Upright Citizens and Bluttat, both bands from my neighborhood. I started doing photos at punk parties in 1982, but at a very low quality level. In 1984 I started doing photos at shows, mostly at the AJZ Bielefeld as well as at shows in nearby Dutch cities, which were located between 30 to 120 miles away. It was easy for me to reach about twelve different Dutch clubs and squats to attend shows. Most of the time I was looking for a spot on the backside of the stage where I'd have a safe spot for taking photos. I also traded a lot with other photographers from all over Europe, so I had a quite impressive collection of European hardcore bands. In 1985 I saw the *MRR* photozine *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries What Am I Doing in the Pit?* by Murray Bowles, which was so fucking intense to see. Awesome! At that time I also got copies of the *My Rules* photozine by Glen E. Friedman and *Zone 5* by Jim Saah (DC-based). I was thrilled! So in late 1986 I got in touch with Tim Yohannan of *MRR* to see if he would be interested in running a European photozine. He was interested, but he suggested making it happen as a co-production with the German *Trust* zine, where I also contacted Dolf Hermannstaedter. By the 31st of January 1987 my civil service (instead of army service) ended and I immediately flew to San Francisco to put together the *Welcome to Cruise Country* photozine. Actually I brought over about 70% of the photos, but we noticed that we needed some more pics, so there had been some ads in *MRR* during 1987 asking Europeans to send in more cool shots. Actually the layout for the photozine was done by Martin Sprouse and Tim. *MRR* did 13,000 copies and *Trust* made 2,000 copies. The *Trust* copies are all sold-out, but the *MRR* copies didn't sell out. I think they sold about 11,000 copies or so. In the late '90s, if I remember it right from what Tim wrote me, they gave away about 2,000 copies so they could sell the old-paper for recycling. I'm still very happy that this photozine came out, as it created some attention for European bands in North America. Most of the original photos that were used for the photozine got glued up on a huge photo wall at Gilman Street among a lot other photographs. Also attending shows at Gilman in 1987 was a real pleasure for me.

Tim's vision became reality at that time. So cool!

MRR: Do you think the European scene of the '80s had as many quality photographers as its North American counterpart?
Nope. There were more outstanding photographers in the USA than compared to Europe. There were a lot more semi-professional photographers in the American scene, I think. Glen E. Friedman, Jim Saah, Edward Colver, Murray Bowles, Justine Demetrick, Gary Robert, Rob Kulakofsky, Mike Arredondo, Dixon Coulbourn, Chris Boarts, Marie Kanger-Born. These are just a few names of really good photographers from the USA. Here in Europe there weren't so many outstanding photographers. I would only name Anne Ulrich of *Trust* fanzine and Jenny Pears from Nottingham, England as top photographers. I wouldn't say that there weren't more photographers, but there were almost no publications that were featuring photos from European photographers.

MRR: You seem to have a good knowledge of American hardcore. Does that come from just keeping up on things through your involvement in zines?
Part of my family lives in Chicago, so I spent my summers there from 1985 to 1992. Had a real good friend there, Scot King, who took me to *a lot* of great shows in the Chicago area. So I was able to catch a good portion of the American hardcore fame of the '80s. Good and bad stories. *MRR* was my bible back in the '80s—I was getting in touch with loads of people all over the world. But being in the USA during summertime was always more interesting for me. I was able to see most of the well-known bands of that era and went to most of the classic concert places in Chicago, like the Cabaret Metro, Warehouse, Exit, Cubby Bears, Igloo, Club Dreamerz, Central American Social Club, and G-Spot. I'm still sad that I didn't get to Chicago earlier to see shows at O´Banions, The Oz, or at La Mer Viper, which were the real classic halls of the early Chicago scene. I still have a very deep sympathy for Chicago and its scene.

MRR: Can you elaborate on some good or bad stories of your experiences over the years?
It doesn't make me a better person because I've seen classic bands in the early '80s. The bands that you're gonna see next weekend might be called a "classic great band" in twenty years by the future generation. Ok, let's start with some bad ones. In December 1982 the Dead Kennedys played a large hall in Recklinghausen, Germany. Large-scale riots started hours before the shows between punks and riot cops. Also a bigger group of Nazi skinheads were supposed to be showing up. About an hour before the show rumors were going that the Nazis skins did arrive. There must have been about 2,000 punks waiting around the hall, and actually there was a fight between some punks and cops about a hundred yards away. The fights were becoming more violent, so the people close to the entrance of the hall wanted to get inside. These punks were knocking and hammering against the closed entrance door to get in. Actually the people inside thought they were Nazi skins though. Some panic happened inside. Suddenly the door opens for a second, and there was a baldhead standing in front of us shooting with a gas revolver into our faces—trying to make us suspected "Nazi skins" go fuck off. It was Dave Dictor of MDC that was shooting, ha-ha! MDC was support for the Kennedys during that tour and they really rocked our slimy little hardcore hearts.

Another serious rioting story was the weekend of 3rd and 4th of August in 1984. I attended a show at the AJZ Bielefeld in Germany. That was the night before the Chaos Days in Hannover. The AJZ Bielefeld was packed like hell, about 500 punks or so. Bands that played that night were Svart Framtid from Norway, Disorder from England, and Declino and Negazione from Italy. These two Italian bands came by train accompanied by a group of about 30-35 friends from different Italian cities. This was a real wild chaotic group of people. Two Italian bands on an all-European tour. Four shows within thirty-one days. Bielefeld, Berlin, Kopenhagen, Amsterdam. It was like an invasion of the barbarians. Total chaos everywhere. The whole day riot cops were patrolling in front of the AJZ Bielefeld and soon serious fights started. But the main entrance gate got closed and nobody came in, nobody got outside. I haven't seen such a wild show ever since then. Total mayhem. Later that night we slept inside the AJZ Bielefeld and others were able to slip through the police lines. The next morning we sat outside the AJZ on the pavement. Nothing to eat, nothing to smoke or drink. There was a cigarette automat just a few yards away from the AJZ. One of the Italian guys got back inside the AJZ and came back after a while with a crowbar. He picked the lock of the cigarette automat within seconds, handed out the packs of cigarettes to all people sitting around, and took the money and went to a bakery on the opposite side of the street and got something to eat and drink for all of us. That gave us a feeling of total anarchy. Later on that day we took the train to Hannover (about 70 miles away), where the Chaos Days were happening. A gathering of about 2,500-3,000 punks from all over Europe. More bad fights with cops for almost the entire day, being chased through the city of Hannover like cattle, counter-attacks, chasing cops, and basing them. At one point I saw my fellow Italian friends, and a huge guy kicked a motorcycle cop off his

BGK

bike. That cop got so frightened that he drew his gun at the punks, but had to run for cover because we started throwing stones at him. Actually it would lead way too far to explain everything what has happened during this weekend.

I remember a GG Allin show that happened at the Warehouse in Chicago at the end of the '80s. He didn't have a band coming with him, because he knew he would be in trouble at that show. GG got up on the stage and was doing some Karaoke. He was shoving his thin microphone into his anus and licking the mic, and he took a big dump on the stage. He only did about three or four songs and the atmosphere exploded in the audience. Some skinheads came to the show planning to beat-up GG Allin. So they started a fistfight with GG and chased him around. Seemed like he expected such a scenario, as he ran backstage outside the Warehouse and jumped inside a van that had already been waiting for him.

Also an RKL show in Milano, Italy was awesome. They toured Europe in 1988 with Germany's UNWANTED YOUTH. RKL brought over several thousand LSD papers, which they hid under large-sized band stickers in their gear, ha-ha! So at the show in Milano Jason Sears, the vocalist of RKL, stood right next to the cash desk at the entrance. Everyone who paid for the show had to open their mouths and stick out their tongues...and he inserted an LSD paper! Boy. That was one of the craziest audiences ever to be seen.

MRR: What do you think about punk photography in the early '80s versus the '90s and '00s?

I kept doing photos at shows until the end of the '80s, but didn't give them away anymore to be printed. I got quite upset doing photos in 1989, because an army of people taking pictures confronted you. You had to get your place on stage or in front of the stage a long time before the show actually started. I lost my interest in taking photos due to that. Too many idiots doing bad shots. You really had to have an eye for capturing the right moment. Some people use "fish eye" lenses, which is really lame, as every photo looks interesting that way.

MRR: Being that you were also involved in gathering lots of prints for layout, are there any photographers you are amazed by that are shooting these days? Are there any more obscure photographers you care to mention that might be worth tracking down?

Of course I do have some "idols" in the photography scene. First of all, one of my favorite photographers is Mateus Mondini from Brazil. Oh my goodness...he's doing such rad photos! Unbelievably great shots. His photos are really *art*; his photos display the vulgar energy of a live concert moment like no one else's. But I also like some of the European photographers like Christoph Lampert and Patrick Baclet, whose work can be seen in their books *We Call It Punk* and *Out of Vogue*. An "old idol" of mine is still Murray Bowles, who did the *MRR* photozine *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries What Am I Doing in the Pit?* in 1985. He's such a great guy, and a real tall and *huge* guy with a beard—a man like a wall. We met in 1987 at the *MRR* house. I was so impressed by the quality of his live shots. The great action that he captured in his photos was reached by a simple procedure: tape your camera tight to your hand and get into the pit! Do photos at any position with your hand, but don't look through the lens! Starting to look through the camera makes you stand still and you'll get smacked by others in the pit. So keep going with the people in the pit and after a while you'll get used to doing photos like that. Have a look at Murray's pics and you'll know what I mean. Other photographers that I really like are Glen E. Friedman of course, also Edward Colver. Their books are also awesome. Here in Europe I really admired the photos of Jenny Peers from Nottingham, who did a lot of classic shots of the English hardcore bands during the mid '80s. I was trying to track her down for an interview, but couldn't find her. Even her old friends from Nottingham don't know where she is now. Sad because a book full of her photos would be a real killer.

MRR: What is you involvement these days as far as photojournalism? I know you work on *Plastic Bomb* zine. Is that sort of the legacy of your old endeavors or do you consider it separate from your past work?

I'm working on a book release, which will be entitled *Network of Friends*. It's basically based on my photo collection of the European hardcore bands from the '80s. Meanwhile there have been so many book releases with the topic of British and American bands, but almost none of the European mainland bands. As I've been collecting all kinds of visual stuff during the last three decades I do have a quite interesting collection, I think. Visiting friends always kept hassling me that I should put it all together and make it available for others as a book. I've been working on this book now for almost five years, sometimes more, sometimes less. I've interviewed people from about 50 different bands, record labels, and fanzines, collected hundreds of photos, and even met a German woman in New Zealand who was doing photos in Europe during the '80s. The book will be released in early 2010. I'm also trying to have some of my interviews printed in *Plastic Bomb* zine. As far as my book is concerned I won't print complete interviews with the bands, as the content of my book features about a dozen different topics, so I'll have quotes on these topics from all different people. But I think it's also interesting for *Plastic Bomb* readers to have the complete interviews. For example we recently ran an interview with Gunnar Nuven in *Plastic Bomb*. Gunnar used to be the vocalist for the great Norwegian bands SVART FRAMTID, KAFKA PROCESS, and SO MUCH HATE. Gunnar has lived in Karlsruhe, Germany for over ten years and he's recently been playing in a new band called BONE IDLES. Great new band, so to say. He also did the awesome X-Port Plater record label in the '80s, so it should be interesting for the punk community out there. I don't want to limit my documentation work to a book only, and writing for *Plastic Bomb* gives me the chance to introduce old bands to the newer generation of punks. We do have young and old punks reading our fanzine, and we print 10,000 copies of each issue, so I do know that we reach a lot of readers. But I also have to say that I'm definitely not retro-only interested. I always do interviews with current bands as well and I'm also responsible for our large demo review section, as I love to "promote" all those younger bands.

MRR: What kind of gear do you use? Do you think it matters?

Technical details of cameras are irrelevant! I never used an expensive camera until three years ago. Technique doesn't matter. I mostly used compact cameras, which were cheap, but good. Everything depends on the person who uses the camera. If you're good you can use any camera. Use your imagination before doing a shot. What kind of photo would catch your interest. If you are at a show, you have to learn to "read" the actions on stage. Most band members repeat what they are doing, so you will learn what a band member will do in the very next moment and you'll capture the exact good moment for a great photo. If you look at a photo and it tells you a story or if you are able to "see emotion," then it's a good photo.

If you want to contact Helge: hardcorehelge@plastic-bomb.de

MURRAY

Murray Bowles has been a ubiquitous presence at punk shows for 25 years. You will know him as the bearded and bespectacled man behind the camera in the middle of the dance floor, shooting pictures of the crowd, the band, and the scene around him by holding his camera over his head and pressing the shutter. In this unlikely manner Murray has documented the Bay Area punk scene like no one else. His pictures capture the spontaneous energy that makes punk so unique.

No one is ever depicted lying in the gutter covered in their own puke—or throwing punches in the pit. Murray is not a voyeur. Rather, as an insider, Murray is privy to the intimate moments of fun, freedom, and release: stolen glances, toothy grins, and uninhibited dance moves. When he isn't in the pit, Murray works as a computer programmer in Silicon Valley, and plays the viola in the Peninsula Symphony and with the country punk band the Shitkickers. Aaron Cometbus and I sat down with Murray in November 2009 over Vietnamese sandwiches and Anchor Steam.

Intro by Anna Brown

Murray: I got started as a backpacker, taking pictures of nature. I moved to the Bay Area as a student at Berkeley from 1973 to 1976. Then I began working as a computer programmer in San Jose and some of the people who worked with me were into the punk scene. Tim Tinooka from *Ripper* enlisted me to write reviews for the magazine in 1982. Some other people at my job volunteered at Target Video. Tim used to take all the pictures for *Ripper*, but one day he asked me to do it when he couldn't make it to a show. I had fun and I started bringing my camera to every show I went to. It was addictive.

MRR: How did you learn photography? Didn't you have a darkroom in your kitchen for 25 years?
My grandfather taught me the kitchen developing technique. He used to do amazing trick photography, like making us look like midgets, peering around coffee cans.

MRR: How many cameras have been destroyed at shows?
No cameras have been destroyed, but lots of flashes. They get smashed, and the batteries tend to fall out and fly all over the place.

MRR: Stage divers must know to avoid hitting you by now.
I learned some things. Like never to hang the camera strap around your neck, 'cause stage divers feet get caught in it. And how to protect my face. That's how the point and shoot method evolved—you have to avoid holding the camera up to your face.

MRR: You are always in the audience, never on the side of the stage or in the front row and so your pictures capture the audience perspective, in the middle of the action.
Yeah, I have never liked those guys who shoot metal with the ultra wide-angle lenses and a huge flash taking dozens of the same shot.

MRR: So how did your style evolve? Was it a moral or aesthetic choice?
Tim Tinooka taught me to move around a lot, to go for variety. I try to get shots of everybody. Drummers are hard because if you're in the audience lots of things get in the way. I have gotten good at shooting the singer without the microphone in their mouth.

MRR: At a certain point you switched from a manual camera with black and white film to a digital camera, in color. The pictures separate the olden times from the modern times for me. Murray BCE—before the color era.
I tried to hold off switching to digital until they made a full frame camera. I bought a digital point and shoot but they have an intolerable delay. I switched to color in 2000 when I got the point and shoot. Now I use a Nikon D300. When I started I bought the same camera as Tim Tinooka—a Canonette Rangefinder. The first shows I went to were at places like the Mab. I went with the Target Video guys to all sorts of obscure shows at strange venues. Al Flipside was very influential, too. He encouraged everyone to be more than just a witness to the scene. To do something useful. Taking pictures got me more into things. I wasn't just a record collector that went to shows anymore.

MRR: How was it seeing your work published?
My pictures moved from *Ripper* to *MRR*. I did guest DJ spots of MRR radio. And bands started contacting me for pictures. Tim Yohannon was often looking for something specific, and he would go through my

pictures. I also started printing 4x5s and selling them for 15 cents at shows—the cost of a sheet of paper divided by 4.

MRR: How did people respond? What surprised you about their reactions?
Well, it always surprises me when people want copies of crummy photos. They don't care if it's barely in focus if it's of the right people. Bands always want pictures with all the members showing, but it's really hard. It never even looks like they're all playing. I tend to take pictures of one to two people. People bought a lot of pictures of crowd shots, depending on who was there that night.

MRR: You must have learned a lot of secrets—the secret social life of the scene.
I don't know about that, but you do begin to notice who reacts in what way to other people in pictures. I sold multiple copies of certain people. Over time I moved off the stage and started focusing more on individual people and less on the stage. Stages are still kind of ideal, though. They are usually elevated, wide, and provide a natural view. But pictures of people playing pool in the back of the club, for example, can be as interesting as a band playing.

MRR: Whatever the subject is you always give the impression that you're right there, involved in the action.
Yeah, well that's the punk party line: "No boundaries between the band and the crowd." It's nice to be able to show that. At this punk house in San Jose last year there were shows where the whole scene was crowded into this tiny basement. Sometimes the bands were good; always the people were fun.

MRR: Your photos are on tons of albums, how did that happen? There's the Crimpshrine record, Fang, the Minutemen, Schlong's *Tumors* EP, Neurosis.

It just happened. The Raw Power album was put out by someone from LA who contacted me. I think I ran into Mike Watt at Al's Bar when they were screening the world premiere of *Desperate Teenage Love Dolls* and I happened to have some pictures with me. Nowadays you just post the pictures online and send a link to the band's Myspace page.

MRR: When your photos appeared on albums, people really started to know you and your work. How did *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, Then Why Am I in the Pit?* come about?

Maximum Rock and Roll published my book/zine *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, Then Why Am I in the Pit?* in 1987 or so. Glen Friedman was making a zine at the time and *Maximum* was probably influenced by that. It was Tim's idea. We edited it together, Tim, me, and some other people. There was a certain amount of negotiation that went into the selection process.

MRR: What were the criteria for inclusion?
All the shows were in the Bay Area. We tried to give equal representation to bands. Some pages were collages. I think there were 10,000 copies printed. But in *MRR's* effort to economize, they used cheap paper that turned yellow. I heard they ended up scrapping a whole bunch of them.

MRR: It was a great zine though, weren't you proud?
Yeah, I was proud.

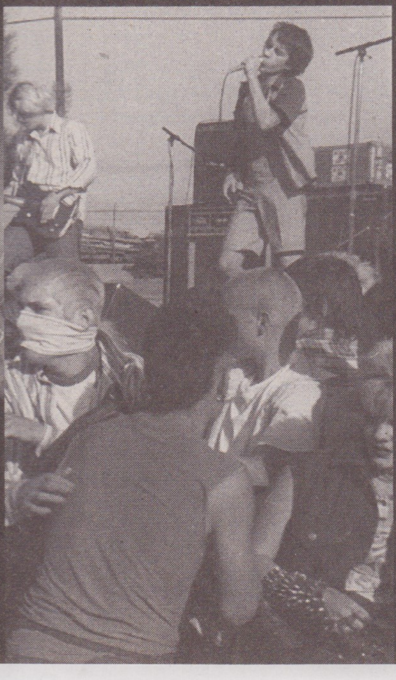
MRR: Any more plans for books?
Yeah, there are plans.

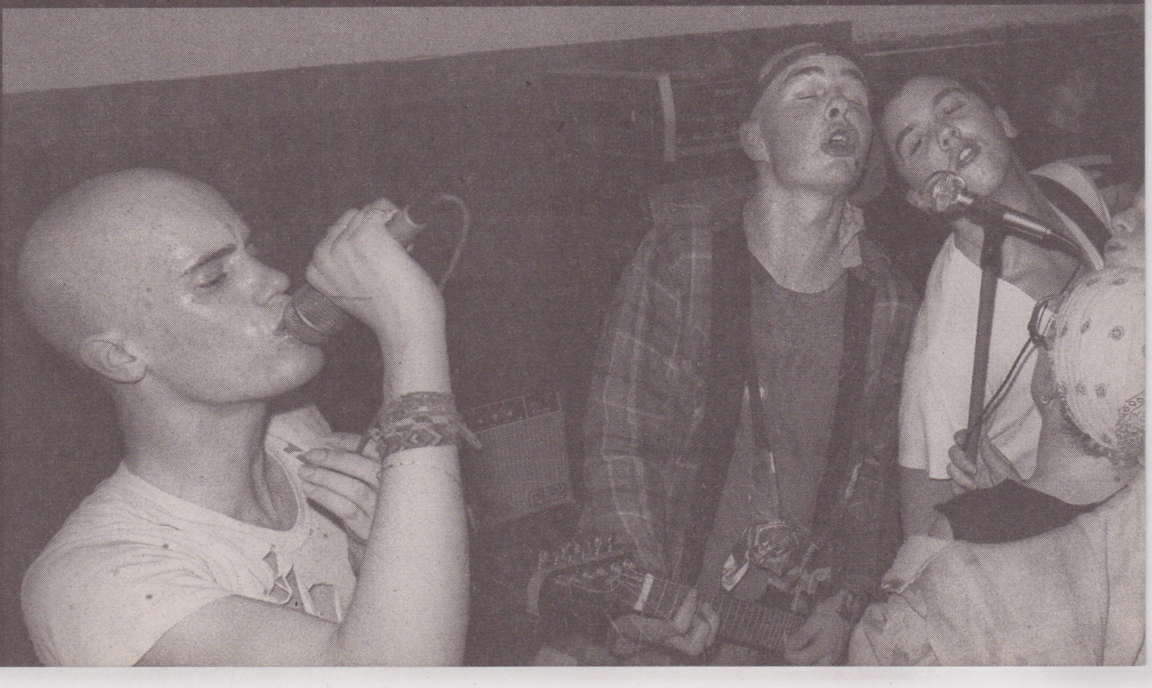
MRR: So who are your favorite subjects to shoot? Orlando comes to mind…
Yeah, Orlando is reliable. Bob Noxious, Mark Dagger, Jello.

MRR: Who was an impossible subject?
Well, Capitol Punishment was surprisingly hard. They always came out overexposed. Agent Orange was hard, so was Naked Raygun. With some bands there is just always more action in the music than on stage. Grimple was the ideal band to take pictures of.

MRR: Your pictures are characterized by a sense of playfulness and lack of pretense. There's something so charming about that.
Capturing people having fun is always fun. There was this real public perception of punk violence, moshing, and danger. It's nice to show it can be both ways. It can be fun to be violent.

BOWLES





MRR: So what are you actually taking pictures of?
The energy and interactions. The crowd as much as the band.

MRR: So shows that lack certain things aren't good…

Yeah, I don't want to take pictures of people standing around, holding cigarettes in the air. There have to be good vibes, but not mindless happiness. Emo shows are unsatisfactory.

MRR: For so many reasons…
There has to be happiness and energy.

MRR: So how does that mesh with your more recent subjects of arm wrestling competitions?
In a way arm wrestling is more underground than punk.

MRR: What about other sporting events?
When the drummer of the Reckless Rebels was on his school team I took some pictures for them. Wrestling compared to punk captures some of the same intensity. Faces and motion—the physical expression of drama.

MRR: Like photographing drummers?
Kind of like that.

MRR: Talk about transitioning from photographer to musician on stage?
Well, even before I started playing with Ding Dang, two co-workers—Randy, the Target Video guy, and Rich, a record collector—and I were in the Clots. Rich and I sang. This was like 1980. Later various people heard I played viola in the symphony. So that led to collaborations with Grinch, Brian Stern, 23 More Minutes, and others. I ended up playing fiddle in Ding Dang.

MRR: How was it going from private to public? It's nice to see background people on the stage, like Marshall going from doing sound to playing in Blatz…
I'm not prone to stage fright, but being on a stage is different than playing in an orchestra. Like, making mistakes is no big deal when you're in a huge orchestra. But I guess it's not in punk, either. I got used to being a spectacle—the photo guy playing fiddle. For a while I was the new guy in the Shitkickers, but now people know me as a musician, too. It's kind of fun to play and tour and let other people take the pictures, but I still take pictures from the stage, sometimes.

MRR: You know the names of many obscure bands. San Jose in general would have been an unknown scene if not for you.
For a longtime I was an East Bay and SF "snob." Then I started going to more South Bay shows. In any scene, good venues come and go.

MRR: You must be the only person with pictures of Los Olivados, Living Abortions, Ribzy, Mock, and Bl'ast.
Apeface…It's funny now, how even short-lived, long-defunct bands have a Facebook or Myspace page and new bands have 1980s hardcore bands in their top ten.

MRR: San Jose is much more suburban than San Francisco or the East Bay.
Yeah, and they have much less strict notions of what's cool. Maybe it's the sprawling landscape; the cliques are more spread out.

MRR: What's the deal with 8x10 glossies? How come they are never ever good?
I think it's that the band managers of the world don't realize they are so uncool. No one ever looks comfortable, just badly posed.

MRR: Do you think you were able to take such amazing candid pictures because everyone knew you and was comfortable with you?
It probably helped a lot. It's hard taking pictures where you don't know anyone. Or at a show at a teen center where everyone is really young—that's not right either. I'm not sure why people are so comfortable with me. I don't spend a lot of time looking through the viewfinder or arranging a shot.

MRR: So did taking pictures at shows change how you interacted with people?
Yeah, it kept me in the scene. It's a good way to meet people, and it gave me something to do. Now it seems pointless to go to a show without my camera, just a drink in my hand.

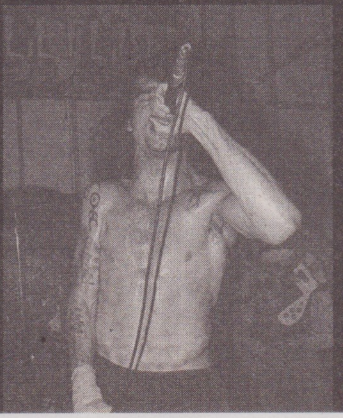
MRR: You must have amazing archives.
It's almost like my photos are more important to individual people than to the scene. People say to me all the time, "You have documented my life."

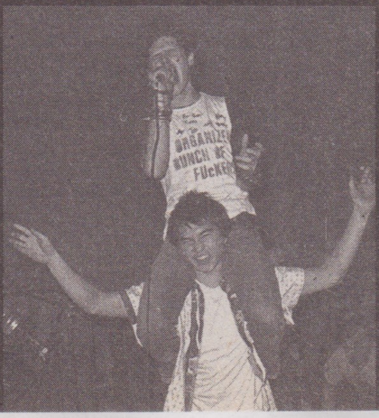
MRR: Did you ever accidentally capture something on film? Like in *Blowup*?
There's the heroic beer truck robbery at Eastern Front.

MRR: When I see Glen Friedman or Bob Gruen's work I think, "Where were you during the '90s? Did you still take pictures, but only of lousy bands no one wants to see?"
Maybe they didn't stick with the underground stuff very long.

MRR: Roberta Bayley did the same thing, Ed Colver…but you seem to have an enduring love for small crappy bands.
All bands are better before they have an audience, before they are bound by them. Once the band gets bigger, the crowd gets diluted and the music gets watered down. Also the venues get bigger, and really annoying. They require special agreements to take pictures.

MRR: What would you like to see happen to your work?
I did a show in Oakland a few years back that was fun. The show was cool after it was done, but collecting all the pictures was a hassle. The digital age has spoiled me. I recently did two photos in a show at the San Jose Metro—the theme was on dive bars. And a book is in the back of my mind. It would be easier to do new stuff, but the old stuff is more interesting to the people who can afford a coffee table book. And it would be nice to see the pictures printed on really good paper. I think it is important to document the Bay Area. Other scenes have been documented pretty well.





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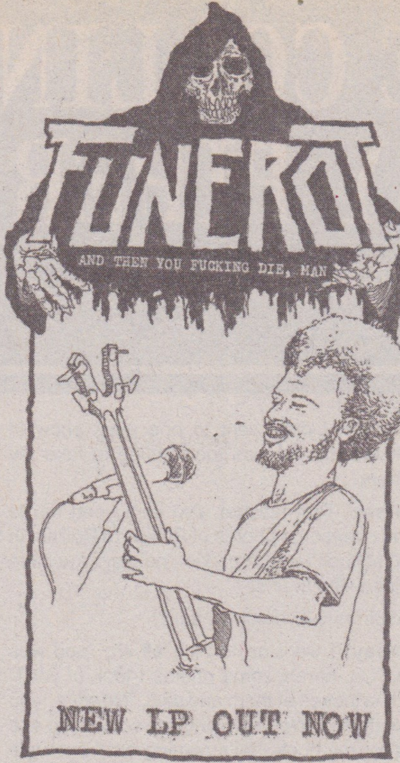
I am sick of all the little goons that cut their hair and think they're punk. A haircut don't mean shit. Just cause they have records and just wimp around all the time don't mean shit. Every time I see one I kick ass. Nobody should try and be somebody they ain't. Personally I love hardcore, it's the only way to take out your aggressions. Slamdancing is great. Everything else is too slow. New hardcore bands should keep coming out to keep punk alive. And I don't know who the hell all the assholes are that are trying to shut punk out. Authority sucks! I'm sick of it. They only understand their ways. Hardly any new bands are getting half a chance because they can't get places to play cause punks are too rowdy. I am trying to get a band together and it's hard. I just want to play for fun to say what I have to say about my problems and this fucked up society. I just want to make enough money for food, rent and gas. But that's not why I want to play. I want to keep punk alive and to make some kids get out there and thrash in the pit and have some fun. That's why you should give the young punks a chance- so they will carry out the attitude in the years to come.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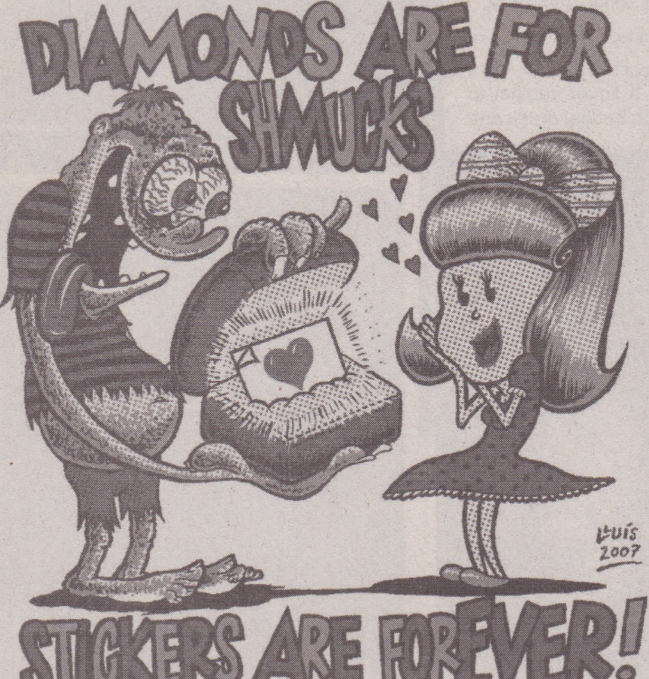

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Karoline: Chrissy, do you remember your first camera?

Chrissy: When I was younger I always used my mom's point-and-shoot. I'm not sure what kind it was. When I got my own in high school, it was a Canon AE-1. You?

Karoline: I had a Polaroid when I was eight and I was *obsessed with it.* I only got to get more film when I did well on spelling tests. A motivational tool! My first point-and-shoot was an Agfa with a pop-up flash. I don't remember what type it was. My first SLR was a Nikon 6006 in college.

Chrissy: Was it hard to adjust from instant gratification with the Polaroid to film? I can't imagine an obsessed eight-year-old being too patient.

Karoline: I would just pretend that I had film when I was out. I would even make that distinctive Polaroid noise. It wasn't hard to adjust; it was just another layer of fun to take the film in and get the prints back.

Chrissy: My mom would always give me her camera with no film in it. It was just fun to look through the viewfinder.

Karoline: I remember never wanting to give the Polaroid shots to my friends, because then I wouldn't have the print anymore. I was selfish.

Chrissy: Not selfish, just keeping your art!

Karoline: What was the first band that you photographed?

Chrissy: It was at a show at the Red Barn in Goleta. The space Kent McClard use to run. Still Life, most likely. And you?

Karoline: I'm not totally sure either. It must've been Inspector 12 (a Madison, WI, punk band) or some local bar band. I photographed some Sub Pop bands before I really started going to punk shows with my camera. I have terrible Smashing Pumpkins photos from a show in Madison where there are about twenty people.

Chrissy: So what came first, photography or punk?

Karoline: Photography. You?

Chrissy: Photography for sure. It was a high school teacher that convinced me to take my camera to a show. I was bored with the photos I was making, so he said, "Well, what do you do on the weekends?" When I answered that I went to punk shows, he said, "Why don't you take your camera with you?"

Karoline: An "Ah-ha" moment.

Chrissy: Totally.

Karoline: I only went to one punk show in high school and was too terrified to take my camera.

Chrissy: That teacher also convinced me to hand over some photos of Rollins to Rollins. In high school! I was like, "Um, no way. You have no idea who that is!"

Karoline: But you did it, right?

Chrissy: I went up to him, all shy, and was like, "Uh, here's some photos I took of you?" And he looked at them and said, "No way…you took these? We're looking for something like this for my book that's coming out." A couple of weeks later I got a letter and a "contract" to use my photo on his book. I got a hundred dollars, which now I know is a total rip-off. But it's a good story, and it was the first thing I got published. The book was a repress of *High Adventure in The Great Outdoors.*

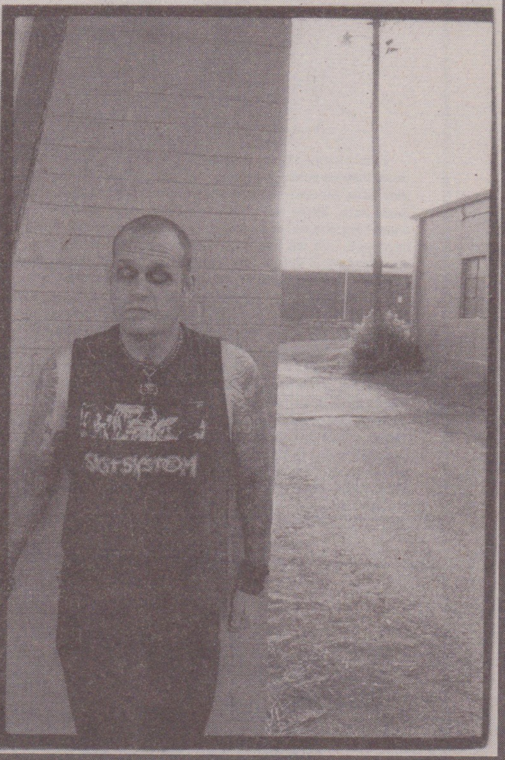
Karoline: How old were you?

Chrissy: Seventeen, I think? Maybe sixteen.

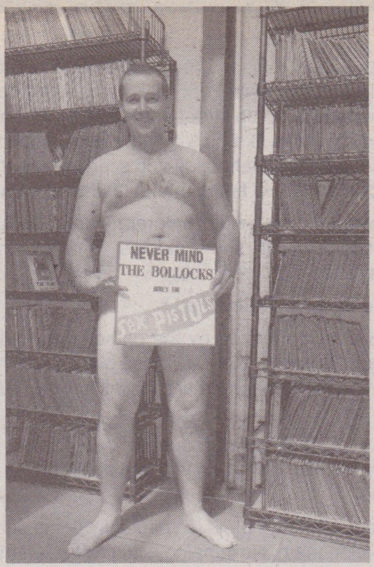
Karoline: Fantastic story! My first published work was of my friends dressed up like Madonna in the West High School yearbook.

Chrissy: Your story kills mine. Do tell.

Karoline: When your parent is out of town and it's 1985 and there's a liquor cabinet to access, what else do you do but get drunk and



Photos this page (clockwise from top right): Jack (Chrissy Piper), Devon in Singapore (Karoline Collins), Ashley (Piper)



Photos this page (clockwise from top left): Copenhagen (Piper), Clint (Piper), Thorns of Life (Collins), Jordan and Steve lifting singer from Peligro Social (Piper), on tour with Selfish and Tragedy (Piper)

dress up like Madonna and take photos of yourselves? Then you submit them to the yearbook and get made fun of.

Chrissy: Please tell me: did you play Madonna really loud and lip-sync as you were shooting?

Karoline: Of course! Like a virgin, baby! Did you plan on going to college for photography?

Chrissy: No. I had no plans on going to college, but I really was sad about not having a darkroom after high school. Did you?

Karoline: I didn't have good enough grades to get into a proper college so I could go into advertising, so my Dad suggested tech school and photography. That worked out pretty well, except that I didn't graduate, because I got the opportunity to go on tour with All You Can Eat and see some of the world. I figured taking photos in Thailand was more interesting than a degree.

Chrissy: What was that like? Did you find that people were open to having their photos taken?

Karoline: Yes and no. I was still really shy on my first tour, so I didn't have the confidence to do much street shooting—mostly just the shows and the people I was with.

Chrissy: Has that changed now that you travel all over the world taking photos?

Karoline: I'm way more comfortable shooting on the street now. I did get yelled at and almost chased in Hong Kong last year for shooting a guy cleaning out some huge juice dispenser at like two a.m. I was glad to be with eight guys at that moment.

Chrissy: That's when the trick of looking past the person really helps. It confuses them.

Karoline: Were you always into street shooting?

Chrissy: In school, all my favorite photographers were street photographers. So I thought I'd try it myself. It's still my favorite, rawest, most honest type of photography.

Karoline: Was Robert Frank your favorite right away?

Chrissy: Yes. I was hating the photography program I was in. All the people were taking photos of themselves curled up nude, and I was so uninspired. One of my teachers brought in the documentary *Fire In the East* about Robert Frank and I about had a heart attack. There were photos in there that brought tears to my eyes. Still do. It's from Robert that I learned to react while shooting street stuff. I remember when I moved to New York City, I was explaining to Robert that now that I lived there, I was intimidated to do street photography. He told me the story of one of his photos where this dude looks like he's going to kick Robert's ass. He just looked past the guy like he was looking at the houses and scenery and the guy kind of felt stupid and turned back around. It ended up being one of his favorite photos in *The Americans*.

Karoline: All the people in my photo program wanted to have their own wedding and portrait and team-sports group shots studios. Totally uninspiring. Then I discovered Diane Arbus and my mind was totally blown.

Chrissy: It's a good thing you found her!

Karoline: I am still always inspired by the photojournalism collection books that were put out in the '50s and '60s and '70s—all those black and white photos of normal people living life. Some of the photographers aren't well known, but the shots just hit you right in the guts.

Chrissy: Yeah; it's real. I still look through all my old street photography books. It's just such a different way of seeing. How do you feel about taking live photos today compared to like ten years ago?

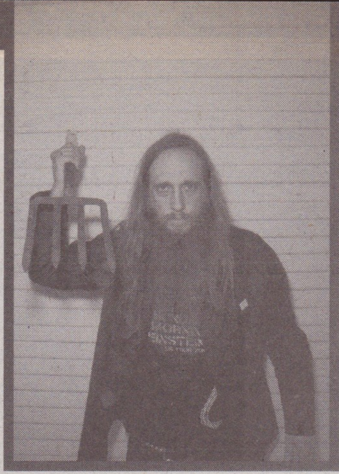
Karoline: I still love it, but if the band isn't actually doing something on stage, I'm totally uninterested in shooting them. No jumping—no photos. Or maybe two or three shots and then I'm bored and put my camera away. Unless the crowd is going apeshit. I am much more protective of my head nowadays, though. I don't like to be in the pit. I guess I'm just not hardcore enough to get front and center anymore. I also feel like my old film camera set up was superior to my current digital sitch. My Nikon N90 with a 24MM lens is the best workhorse in the whole world. When I first saw Murray Bowles at Gilman Street (I had been obsessed with his photos for years) I was all shy and went up to him and said, "What kind of camera do you use?" He showed me his N90. I saved up for a year and bought it. Murray commented on my Facebook post the other day and I was all flustered. Silly, huh?

Chrissy: But that's what makes you an even radder photographer in my eyes. You take these amazing photographs and have no attitude about it at all. I'm so tired of people who take OK photos and act like they are changing the damn world. Not to say that a single photograph couldn't bring about change somewhere, but you know what I mean.

Karoline: I agree. Especially now that *everyone* seems to have a camera. If you love it, great—just keep your ego in check and let the work/image speak for itself.

Chrissy: Exactly. I don't feel like fighting my way to the front when there're fifteen people with cameras. In the past, I would be the first to stay up front the entire show. Now, for the most part, I just watch the show. I also just

Photos this page (clockwise from top right): Toni in Bremen, Germany (Piper), Crux (Collins), Ashley and Sarah (Piper), Christy (Piper), Straight Answer (Collins)



feel like I make boring live photos now. I'd rather take portraits of the people at the shows.

Karoline: I am still a huge fan of the posed silly group portrait that nobody really wants to pose for but then loves in the end when you show it to them.

Chrissy: Much more personality! Who is your favorite person to make photos of?

Karoline: One of my favorite subjects is Devon Morf. He's so animated, I just can't stand it. Even when he's grouchy, he's animated. If I had never met Devon, I can guarantee that I wouldn't be living the life I am now. He totally changed my life.

Chrissy: Thank you, Devon. When are you going to do a book on all the tours you've been on?

Karoline: Devon and I were just talking about that. We are thinking about a standard bound zine size covering the Africa tour. And in conjunction, we'll try and wrangle a photo show and video presentation with it. When are *you* going to do another book? Do you think you will do an omnibus edition of all the *Three Records*?

Chrissy: I am hoping to make *Three Records* into a book. I think it would work so well as a coffee-table-type book. I could do the zine forever and ever, though.

Karoline: Who is *your* favorite person to photograph?

Chrissy: That's a tough one. I would have to say my friend Heather because she loves playing all these different roles and she's a total spazz. And we really like a lot of the same things, so we come up with little projects to shoot, like the Victorian Mourning Dress or what happened to the Black Dahlia.

Karoline: I remember the first time I saw your name on a photo credit, on the first Spitboy LP. You did the photo of the band, but mostly of Adrienne. I was totally floored by that shot. I took the photo of Todd on that LP, but I just remember being entranced by your image and wondering whom the photographer was. Were you living in New York then?

Chrissy: I was still living in California at that time. I think that LP is how I first saw your name, too. Where were you?

Karoline: I was in Madison, but back then if there was a band we all liked, we would go see them in Milwaukee, Chicago, and Minneapolis. Gut-rot coffee and hash browns and long drives to get just one more night of rad music.

Chrissy: Yes. I loved that about back then. People traveled all over the place when there was a good band on tour.

Karoline: I know; it was so much fun. Now we all just fly to a fest once or twice a year—still amazing times, but different.

Chrissy: Is that how you ended up as a roadie for Spitboy?

Karoline: Yeah. I had a great connection with the Spit women after four days of following them to shows, and we kept in touch over the years. The Pacific Rim tour I did with them was a blast. It's very, very different, obviously, to travel with all women than a bunch of guys/dudes/boys.

Chrissy: It's kind of empowering in a weird way. When I was on tour with Harum Scarum in Europe, people were pretty stoked to see all women get out of the van. It felt pretty great.

Karoline: What was your first punk tour?

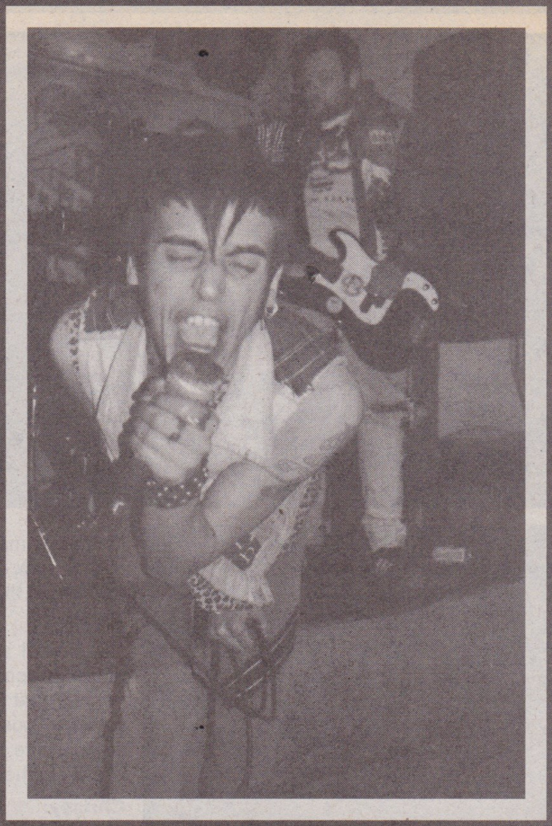
Chrissy: I'm not sure of my first actual tour. I went to Canada with the Promise Ring. Ha! But it was fun as hell.

Karoline: Oh, the Promise Ring! When Davey moved out of his parents' house, he moved into a punk house with me, so I always feel like I'm kind of his big sister. Later in life, I taught him to bartend and now he works at my accountant's office and we get to talk about my taxes. Life is so strange.

Chrissy: I love where people end up!

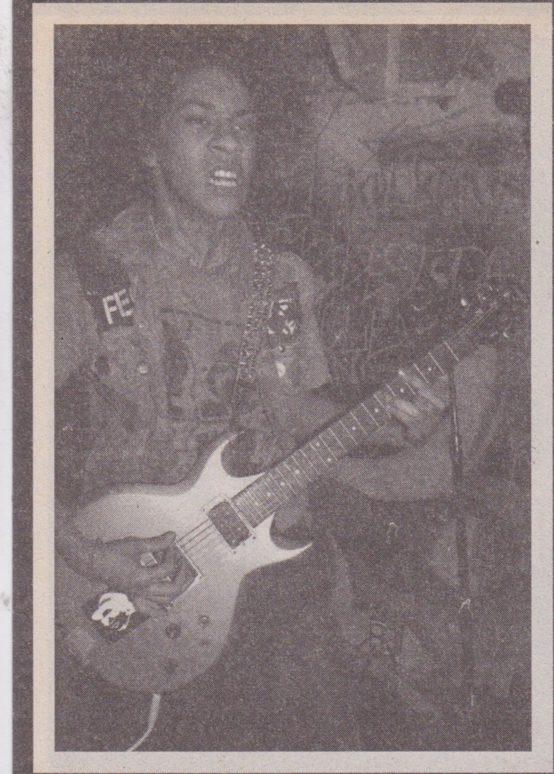
Photos this page (clockwise from top left): Animal Farm (Piper), Robert Collins (CP), Air guitar in Kuala Lumpur (Collins), Boat punx (Piper), Karoline Collins (Piper)

AGNOSTIC
FRONT



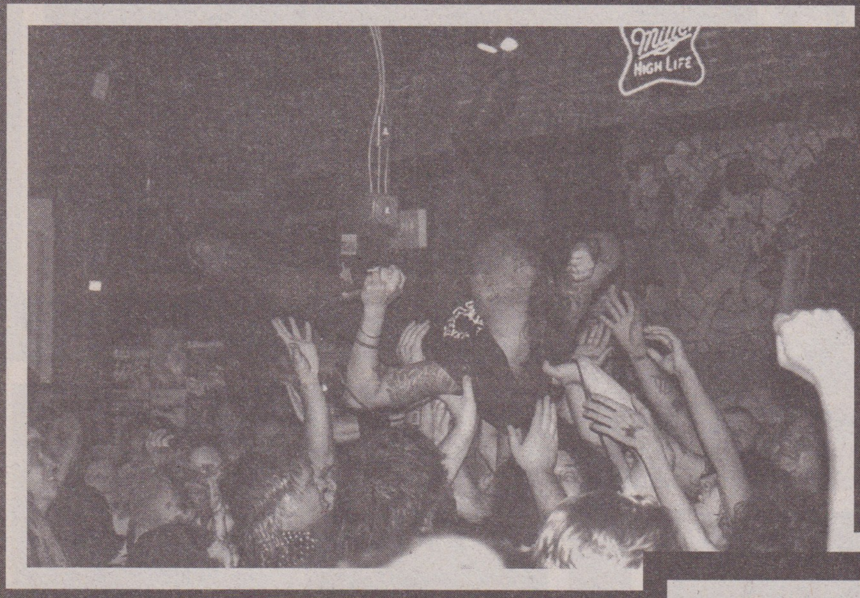
Clockwise fron top-left corner: Wasted Time by Andrea Rigano / Crimen De Estado by Fidel Gutierrez / Arctic Flowers by Paul Curran / Wolfpack by Matt Average / Gasmask Terror by David Pujol / Death Token by Jordan Carr

Clockwise from top-left corner: Condenada by Christy Thornton / Deskonocidos by Amy Kay / Gauze by Jack Barfield / Ataque Ou Fuga by Heitor Riguette Machado / Fy Fan by Hubert

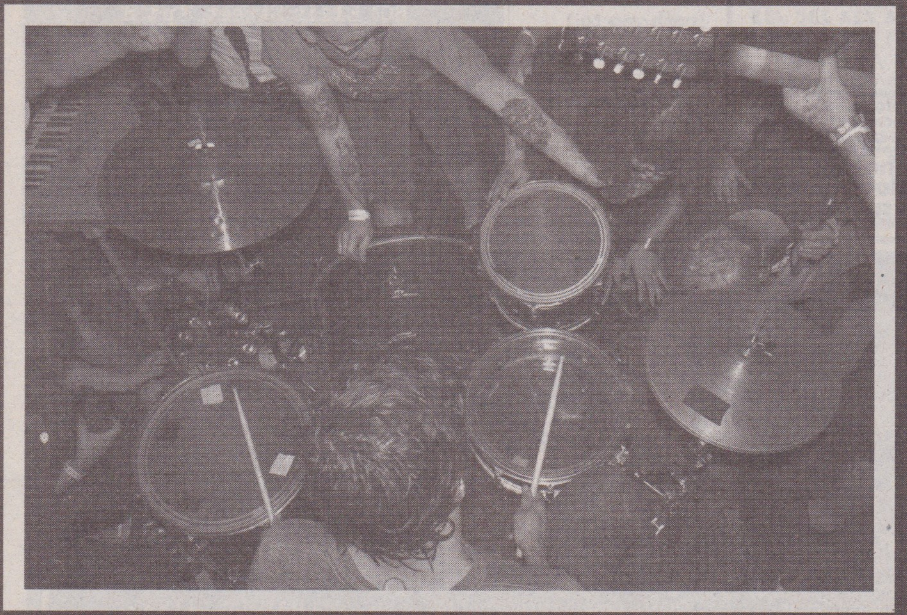


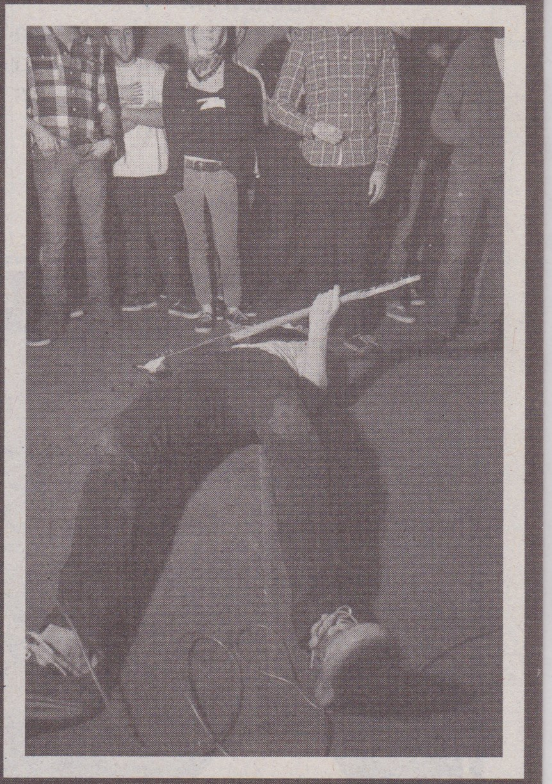
Clockwise from top-left center: Nerveskade by Andrew Underwood / Dom 65 by Wandi Rana / La Fraction by Magda / Ruidosa Inmundicia by Vincent / Finally Punk by Nathan Backous

Clockwise from top-left center: Masshysteri by Mike Champagne / D-Clone by Andrew Underwood / Lebenden Toten by Don Seki / Shitty Limits by Pete Zonked / Pisschrist by Lisa Roebuck


Miller
HIGH LIFE

Clockwise from top-left corner: Hellshock by Morgan Brigade / Dean Dirg by Florian Kehbel / Carnal Knowledge by Dave Sanders / Framtid by Paco Mus / Gilman shitworkers by Paul Curran / High Score by Benjamin Schleuter





Clockwise from top-left corner: No Bunny by Nick Isnmael / Smith Westerns by Alex Cooper / Nodzzz by Manny Mares / Eddy Current Suppression Ring by Jack Barfield / Reatards by Kandi Cook / Oh Sees by Kandi Cook

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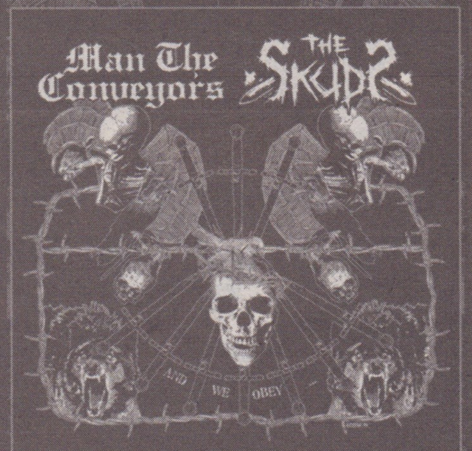

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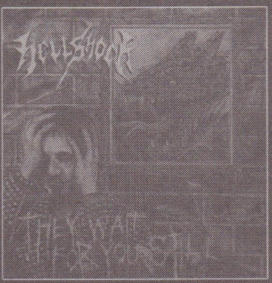
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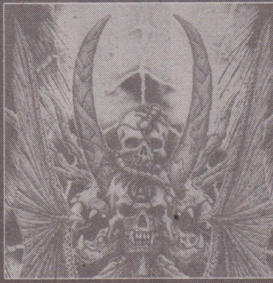

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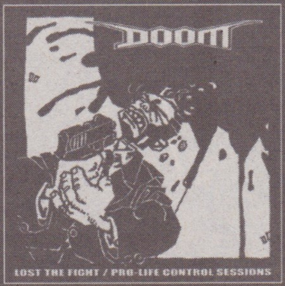
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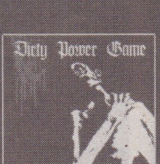

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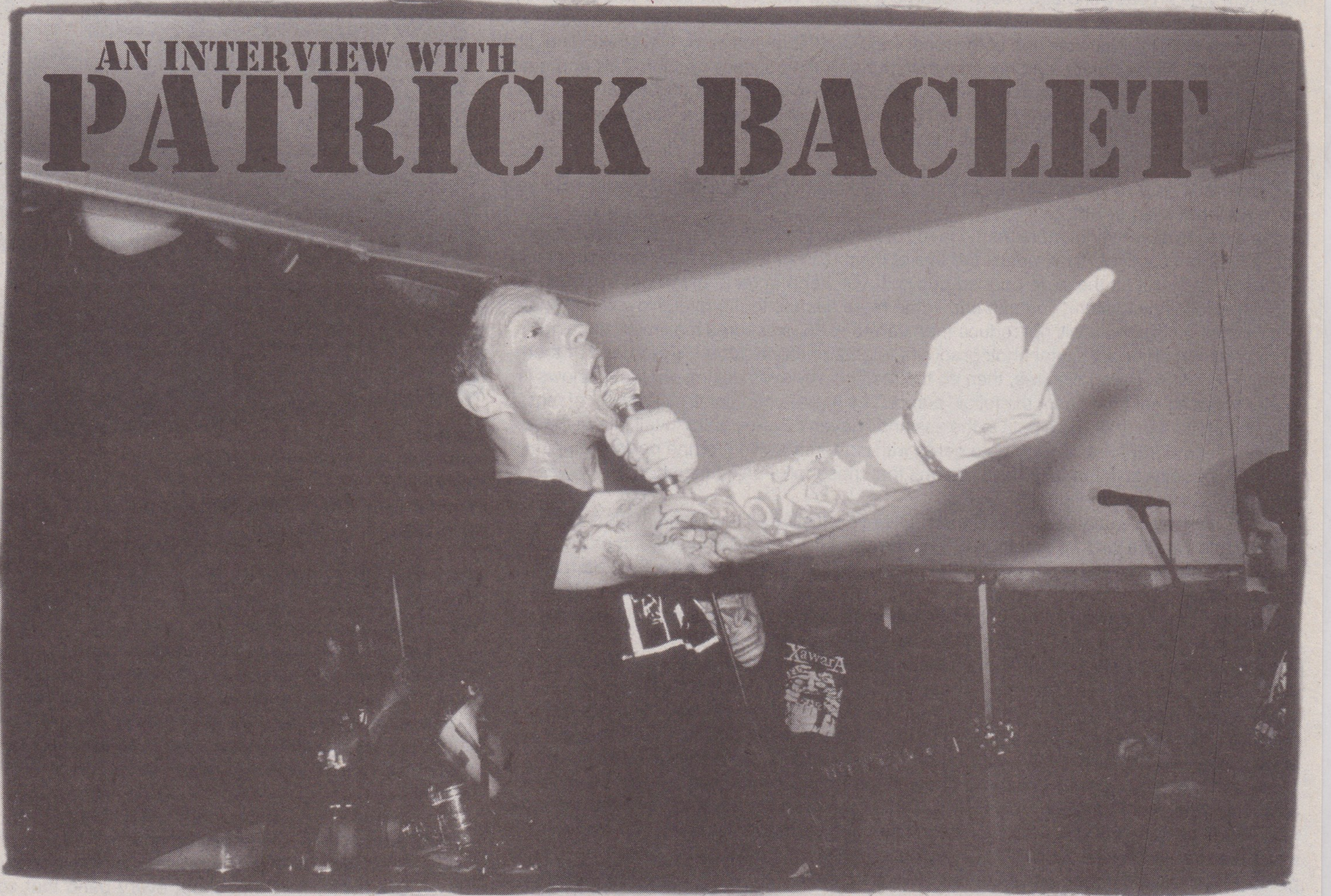
Patrick was one of the first to respond to the call for submissions for this photo issue. He's a real purist when it comes to photography. He still shoots film and doesn't get wrapped up in the bullshit of latest camera technology, concentrating on the matter at hand: shooting the show. He still spends time in the darkroom. It's his passion in the truest sense of the word and it shows. Patrick's self-published photo book Out of Vogue *is a lovingly put together collection of his photos of bands. Printed on nice, thick, glossy paper it's a monster of a punk photo book. Patrick gives the low down on his outlook on photography and shooting shows.*

Interview by Mark Murrmann

AN INTERVIEW WITH
PATRICK BACLET



BOMBENALARM

REGULATIONS

MRR: How long have you been taking pictures?
As a kid I had a small pocket camera with these shitty cassette films. The film was quite expensive and the results blurry and awful. I lost interest for a long time due to that. At age 17 I started using the darkroom at the local youth center and also bought my first SLR. I am 34 now.

MRR: Have you always taken pictures of bands, or were you interested in taking pictures of other things first?
It all started with punk rock, of course. As a teenager, I was quite impressed by the photos on the covers and lyric sheets that came along the records I bought. Like most kids who start with punk rock and hardcore, I hooked up with older punks and learned quite a lot. One of them showed me not only mandatory records, but also that you could develop photographic material on your own, keeping control of the whole process. I was instantly hooked by the idea of doing these rad black and white prints on my own! DIY became more than a slogan. The local volunteer-run darkroom was an easy find and I soon became a regular visitor. After some years, the people working there asked me if I wanted to join the team and pass my self-acquired knowledge on to the other visitors. That was one of the most important moments of my life. No kidding. I had the key to the halls of glory, and not only that, but unlimited access to chemicals and quality hardware, Kaiser magnifiers and all! Since then I spent many a night and countless days in the darkroom along with caffeine, beer, and punk rock tapes played at a volume you can only dream of when living in a shitty low rent loft. Great times.

MRR: What's you're usual set-up for shooting shows? What kind of camera do you use and what kind of film?
I have a rule to never shoot more than one roll of film per band. Most hardcore shows are not set up in bright daylight. That means the eye of the musician is set to a darker environment and each flash will hit the wide-opened pupils. If you keep in mind that most folks use an automatic focusing system, you can add some more flashes to the total. Now we all know that most photographers will not reduce themselves to 36 exposures maximum. In fact, it's more common amongst digital photographers to shoot around 100 pics per band. If there are only four folks taking pictures, then do the math. In my eyes, taking photos at shows is most always an annoyance for the fellow punks. The flashes and general behavior of most photographers can really be a pain in the ass and I haven't even started to talk about these mobile phone-ographers. I totally hate nerds with cameras waiting for the perfect jump on one spot for several minutes. It never seems that these folks enjoy the show anyway, so why even bother documenting it?

For my live shots I use my Canon system exclusively. The Canon A-1 is a sturdy and reliable camera with no autofocus. This camera is from 1978 and still unmatched in many aspects if you are a punk with no rich daddy. I only use lenses with fixed focal length: 28mm, 50mm, and sometimes 120mm. As a flash, I use a German METZ Meccablitz. This hardware is incredible; it's taken so many beatings and is still working well. I'd like to add that my standard show equipment is worth around $100. I can only smile when I see people with equipment that has a higher value than my car. You really do not need expensive equipment in order to take good pictures. Fuji Neopan 400 is a perfect black and white film. When it comes to developing, the Kodak HC-110 is the best match for the Neopan. I tried most common films and have stuck to Fuji. The grain is very fine—we are talking ISO 400—and even large prints are possible with only a small loss in quality. Some months ago I bought the Holy Grail that I've been dreaming of a long time, the Zenza Bronica ETRS. This is a 6" x 4.5" format model from the mid '70s. It cost me $300 in totally mint condition and came with quite an impressive array of extra equipment. So I reached my personal top of the hill as far as photography equipment goes. Of course I will stick to the A-1 at hardcore shows...

I-OBJECT

DEATH TOKEN

MRR: What was the first show you shot?
I am not sure. I have some undated prints that go back to 1989-1990.

MRR: Why did you start shooting shows?
I was impressed by the black and white photography and the art that was connected with it. Also the idea of doing your own prints and keeping the whole process in my hands kept me up. Photography is a form of art and craftsmanship and I found a very good way for me to stay active and create stuff. I was bored with the shitty red-eyed photos other people did and I always believed you can do stuff better than these half-assed attempts of documenting your youth.

MRR: And you're still shooting shows?
Yes. Whenever I attend a show the camera is along the way. Of course, I will not shoot every band that comes along. I did that for a very long period and now I am stuck with approximately 10,000 prints stuck in boxes all around my place.

MRR: Do you shoot band portraits or any kind of posed photos?
When I put on a show I always ask the band if they want to get some prints sent over. Most of the bands are pretty stoked to receive actual prints from the postal service and not some JPEGs through email. Most of the local bands ask me for band portraits and I am always glad to differ from the boring brick wall setting. However, many details get lost by folks who don't really know how to use their Photoshop for the printing process. It really bores me to death seeing my well-balanced prints ruined by the digital transition.

MRR: Do you do other kinds of photography/shoot other stuff?
Yes. I think it would be way too boring getting stuck to just one theme. There are so many things to discover. Currently I am working with different infrared films and filters. Night shots and using different flash techniques

are never boring. I love the woods and really have a soft spot for highly detailed fine art printing. Abandoned buildings and rusty stuff are also regular themes. I never did nude photography though.

MRR: Do you make a living off photography? If not, would you ever want to?
No. I hardly get the costs of the material. Keep in mind that I also send prints across the globe to the bands and everyone knows that postage can really be a pain in the ass. I never expected the bands to pay anything—however, every band appreciates the prints and sent something in exchange, records, shirts, whatever.

I had the idea at age 18 to become a professional photographer. After half an hour the idea got buried for good. The everyday routine of a professional photographer has nothing to do with the craftsmanship and dedication that I love in this art. The freelancers nowadays get hardly paid and working for a local newspaper is nothing to glorify. Most professionals work in advertising anyway and I would never want to work in that business. Many punks working in sales promotion and advertising take the aesthetics of punk rock and use it to create a faux identity for products we should buy. I have no respect for these people. There is a Converse shoe ad series going on right now in Germany with black and white pics of fake hardcore shows and punk related themes. The pics are even rip-offs from famous live shots by respected punk photographers. What a shame.

MRR: What is your favorite band photo that you've shot? Why?
There is always this certain thrill, when I take out the developed film from the tank. Still wet, I check the film against the light bulb for an overview. I can hardly wait to get them dried and make a first choice of the best shots. I cannot pick a favorite one, really. I always totally love at least one or two shots from each band.

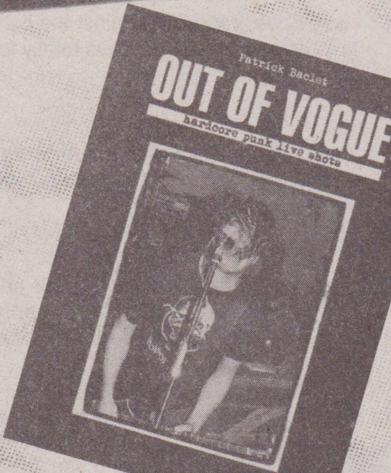
MRR: What's your favorite photo in general?
There are so many important photos! Ok, I will pick one for you! I love that photo from the 1968 Olympics with the American athletes Smith and Carlos raising their fists in gloves with just socks and no shoes receiving the medals. These men risked so much and had the guts to do what they believed was necessary. How punk is that? However, many photographers have shot this scene, so there is no name to drop.

MRR: Who is your favorite music photographer?
I do not browse through the online galleries of current photographers. I've read Slug & Lettuce since the beginning of the '90s and am totally stoked by the art of Chris Boarts. From what I have seen and read, she is very dedicated and also had her own dark room. She is able to transport the passion through her prints and I highly doubt she gets the due respect for her work. The live shots by MRR's very own Martin Sorrondeguy and Icki are also quite impressive.

MRR: Who is your favorite overall photographer?
James Nachtwey. He uses his art for an explicit political statement with great respect toward human tragedies in his photos. He is a very hard working person and I think he earned his reputation. Go and see this film War Photographer.

MRR: Do you feel there's something about shooting punk shows that's different from shooting other kinds of music, or anything else?
I think that punk never feared to show the ugly aspects that most humans desperately want to hide. Like the music, it should be raw and unfiltered. Let's see the sweat, snot, and bad clothes on the prints. The funny and abstract faces of punk drummers are definitely not the photos you pass to your date on your first meeting in order to make a good impression. I love the emotions carried through the photos. This sounds quite emo, but the outbreak of passion with the anti-cool attitude has always been an important aspect in punk rock—not here to impress anyone, or to get credit. This has changed with the years gone by, but I still believe that helped set punk apart from other youth movements.

REGULATIONS



BURIAL

MRR: I know you're still very committed to shooting film, making prints in a wet darkroom, a traditional approach to photography. Why is that?
I know of no alternative that has the same thrill, quality, and aesthetics. I am highly skeptical towards art made with the aid of a computer. Pass me a cardbox and a sheet of photographic paper and let's take some pictures! Digital photography has a different approach. Sure, it has its advantages, concerning time is money and money keeps a business rolling. I do not gain money with my work, nor are my shots meant to be seen on a computer screen. On the other hand, actual prints of digital shots look kinda shitty most of the times. Show me some prints and I can pick out the digital ones with 90% accuracy. What looks cool on most screens will lose quality as a print. Besides, the barium sulfate papers of your great-grandparents will still look good when you are long gone. The printouts done on your office printer along with the JPEGs, CDs, and hard disks will be long gone by then. The digital medium is not built to last. At least not yet.

MRR: You published a book of photos, Out of Vogue**. Can you talk a little about the process of putting the book together?**
As I mentioned before, I have tons of prints at home. Every now and then my friends and I have some beers and dig through the piles. Only a few people ever saw the prints. Flo of Heartfirst Records brought up the idea of doing a book. My friend Moersl was thrilled by the idea from the first minute and he did the hard job of converting the analog prints to digital data suitable for printing. We worked on this project for four years and Moersl always got the stuff going. He had so many good ideas for the layout and I turned him down so many times because I wanted to keep the layout simple and put the focus on the photos. However, he had a lot of patience and I am very thankful for his part in this book. Without his effort, Out of Vogue would never have seen the light of day. I also think that people should know that we do not gain any pennies out of that book. With all books sold, we may have the big fortune and luxury to go to the local vegan café and have a meal. Maybe. We tried to keep the cover price as low as possible. We wanted to publish a book with the cover price of an import 12". We succeeded and Out of Vogue is even cheaper than some US import LPs. How rad is that? Also, we put the Creative Commons copyright. That means that anyone can use the book or parts of the book for free as long as no profit is involved and the name of the author is stated. I know that the term DIY is abused many times in these years, but we tried to stick to its original meaning.

MRR: How did you edit the photos to include in the book?
Oh, we used the almighty Photoshop program, if you mean that. Moersl had to cut the first 5% and the last 5% of the graduation in order to get the photos suitable for printing. However, I do not have a clue about the Photoshop program or offset printing.

MRR: How did you do the layout?
We sat down on many Sundays and discussed every single page. If you have a close look at the book, every single double page is set up in a different way. The layout took a very long time. We also had to scan nearly all the photos twice since the data got lost and we had scanning errors on so many photos.

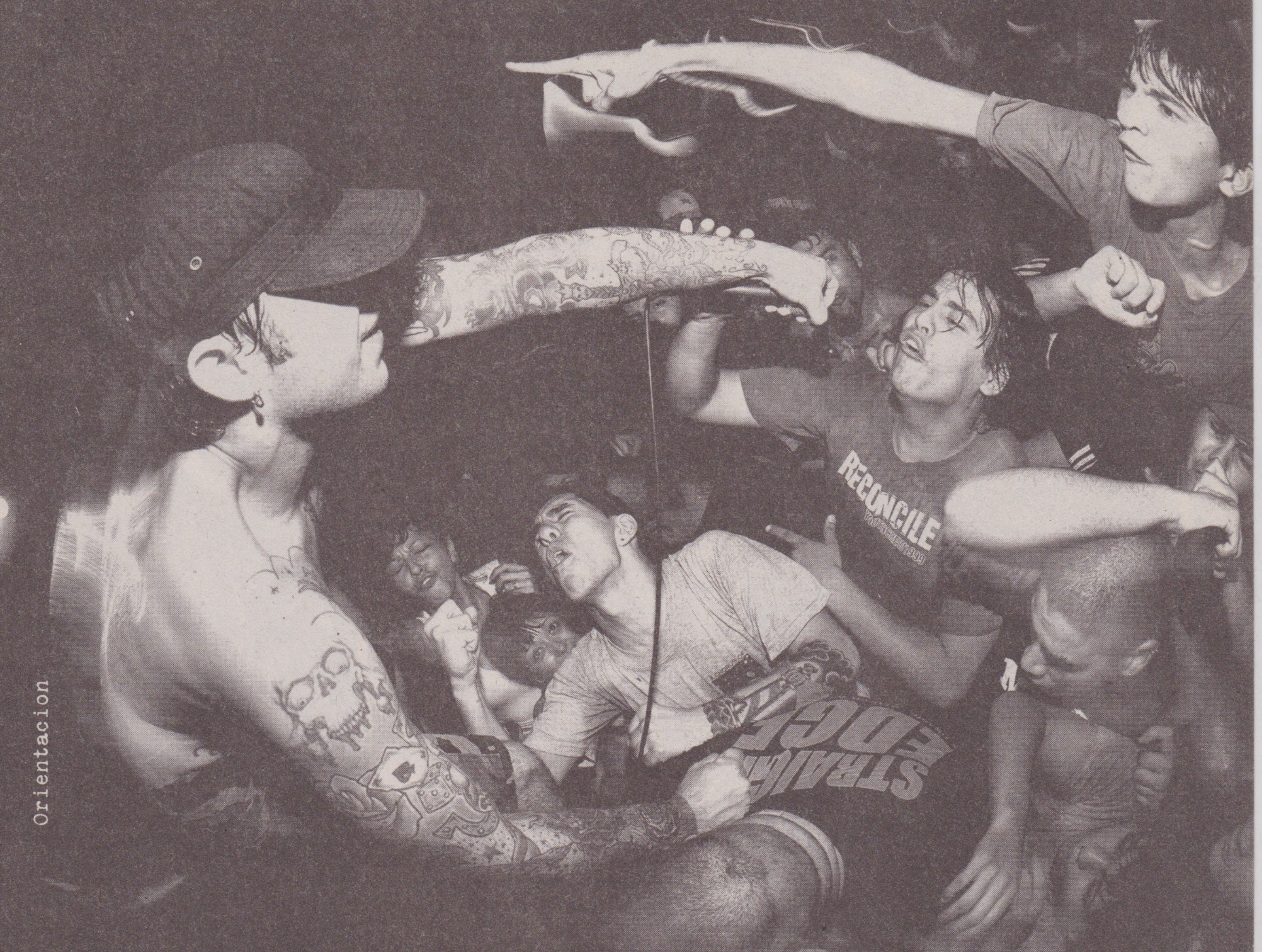
MRR: How long did it take to put the book together?
Over four years.

MRR: How many did you print?
1.000 copies. No reprint.

MRR: Are you happy with how it turned out?
Yes and no. Hard and critical workers like Moersl and me are never fully satisfied with their efforts. The quality of the book is the best we could achieve and we totally succeeded on that point. The binding is sturdy and will last forever; the cover and the overall paper is made to last. The ink will not fade in a way and the whole book can easily match any commercial product of big publishers quality wise for sure. However, I would never again print a photo over two pages. Although we tried to manage the cut in the middle, some part always gets lost unless you bend the book really flat. Also the next time I will include more info on the photos.

MRR: Any plans to do another one?
Hell, yeah! Moersl even has plans for a super limited edition of a new book in the 12" format along with an LP of the bands featured in the book. Oh, I might have had some loose talk here. Hey, it was our idea first, haha. However, I assume this project is way too expensive. In the meantime we found an even cheaper printer and the next book will have a different approach with layout and information.

GARY GO!



Orientacion

Name: Alejandro Gallardo (a.k.a. Gary Go!)
Age: 30
Country of Residence: Chile
Website: www.flickr.com/caminare

MRR: Tell us a little about your personal history and how you came to be interested in photography.
In November 2004 we were having some problems in my band and I decided to call it quits. After that I started feeling the need to take photos to capture what was happening on stage and at shows, like it was for me before. Kind of to transmit in some way what was going on, a little beyond playing, in these images. The turning point for that was the last show for Entrefuego, and it made me want to take photography more seriously. Years before, in 2001, I had the opportunity to study art in Southern Chile, for different reasons I couldn't start studying, but my desire to become a photographer grew and I took some photography workshops where I learned everything that I use today. Back then I only used analog cameras, but then in 2007 I was able to get a digital camera, which made things a little easier.

MRR: Is it difficult to be an independent photographer in Chile?
Well, to start with I don't like working with companies, but I had to do it for a while in some studios and publishing companies. Doing that kind of work doesn't interest me and it didn't do anything for me because it was all fake. I also worked for some music magazines but I didn't like that either because I don't agree with the distance they put between the musicians and the people. That's why I'm more interested in working and taking pictures inside the punk and hardcore scene; you're closer to the people, my friends are there, my people, and it's who I really am. Right now I don't live off of photography, but I go to punk and hardcore shows every week. I make money handing out fliers for a Cultural Center and helping a friend cook vegetarian food.

MRR: What are the bands that have inspired you to take your best pictures?
I think all the bands have their thing, but if I had to choose among the ones that I have really liked when it comes to taking photos of them I would say Have Heart, Bane, Point of No Return, Disputa, and La Miseria de Tu Rostro.

MRR: What do you think about the overcrowding of photography and the boom of digital cameras?
Lately I've felt conflicted with that, since I see that these days in the punk and hardcore scene image is more important than the content. They're more worried about having a good pose than giving out good messages, and that also has to do

Nouvelle Gaia

Tiempes de Honor

Disputa

Fiskales Ad Hok

with the fact that the media has influenced a lot of people, mostly those guys and girls who have recently gotten into the punk community. Lots of kids have lost the idea of documenting everything that happens in Chile, and they worry more about trying to look good in the photos, trying to appear as punk or hardcore as possible.

Personally, I prefer the manual cameras because they are unique artifacts and they leave a personal mark. It's not like that with the digital cameras that are so easy to use and create pieces that are so easily reproduced. But we have to be realistic, and having a digital camera is much cheaper than a manual one, especially for someone who lives in Chile without many resources. I don't want anyone to misinterpret what I'm saying, I like that people take photos at shows be it with digital or manual cameras. I'm not against that, but I think that something of the essence of photography is being lost. Using digital has helped me a lot with my work and getting it out to people thanks to the internet and tools like Flickr and in that way punks and kids who are linked to hardcore can know that something's going on in this side of the world and if I can help with that through my photos I'll keep doing it.

MRR: What is your dream as a photographer?

One of my dreams is to travel the world taking portraits of different punk and hardcore communities in each country. I have been to different countries, like Brazil and Argentina where I've been able to do that, but I'd like to be able to do it with all of South America and see what kind of things are going on in Bolivia, Peru...

Entrefuego

BORN/DEAD

FLESHIES

LARRY WOLFLEY

WARKRIME CROWD

STRUNG UP

Larry Wolfley is a great photographer who has been shooting bands locally here in the Bay Area for quite sometime. His work has been featured in MRR as well as gracing the outer wall of the stoar at 924 Gilman Street. He also recently took part in the There is Nothing Left photography exhibit at Sub-Mission Gallery along with some up-and-coming punk photographers. His images are gritty, sharp, and basically his work speaks for itself.

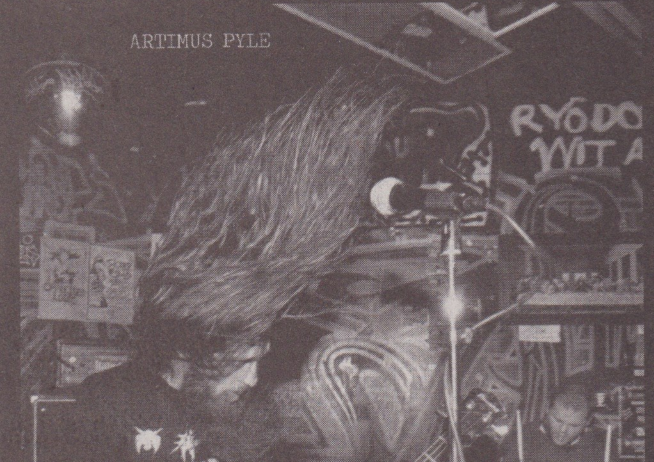
Interview by Will Kinser

MRR: What brought you to photography in the beginning? How did you become involved in the punk scene? When did you start shooting punks? Give us a simple biography.

Larry: Most of my growing up was in small towns in rural Illinois, though my very first memories were of living in downtown Chicago during the Second World War. I went to the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, then came to California to go to grad school at Berkeley, where I received my PhD in English. From '68 to '78 I taught English lit at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. After that I left the academic world, returned to Berkeley, and worked as a carpenter and contractor. I think my years of teaching kids in their late teens and early twenties gave me a feel for relating to that age group and feeling natural around them. While at Nebraska I shot a lot of slides of my friends and of events, but only for the record. I had little interest, at that time, in photography as art.

After my son was born in '89, I tried taking pictures of him, and realized I really knew nothing about photography and it came to me that I wanted to know what I didn't know. So in '91 I started a program of self-teaching. I needed a big subject to practice on, and since I lived near Telegraph Avenue, I started walking up there at the end of every day, and every chance I got, and photographing the street regulars, mostly the young. I spent a lot of time just hanging out with them. I put some of my early snapshots up in coffee houses after people started getting to know me. Soon I was involved in a self-assigned project to document the street kids I got to know around Telegraph.

In '94 a kid told me that if I wanted to know their culture I had to go to Gilman and learn how central music was to the scene. So I started going there on a regular basis. At that time Chris Sparks was head co-ordinator, and he was going with Sita Rupe. Sita wanted to use the darkroom that I had made to teach herself photography. She and I started that wall inside the front door where I still put up my 8"x10" black and white prints. (Sita has gone on to become a successful East Bay artist.)


ARTIMUS PYLE

MRR: You have been taking pictures of shows and punks for well over a decade, do you consider yourself part of the scene or just a documentarian of a hardcore lifestyle? Have any of your subjects become personal friends? Are you interested in the music?

Larry: I think what keeps me going right now is a desire to pull together all the loose ends and find closure for all the major trains of thought before health problems, or just some personal decision causes me to hang it up and retire. I mean, I have to stop doing this some time, and believe me, I think about it. After all, after the year 2000 I completely stopped shooting on the street. That body of work still exists, and I want to do a book of it but I don't want to do that kind of shooting again. Same with what I'm doing now, the shows and underground house parties, etc. Someday I'll say, "enough, I quit."

I am a part of the scene, I can't help it. I also document from an outsider's perspective. I have one foot in and one foot outside the scene. I have had to make a living, and that part of my life is very conventional. I consider almost all my subjects personal friends. At one point in my street shooting career I pretty much stopped photographing people I didn't know. I think if I still have artistic growth in front of me, it is in the area of candids of the many people I have known for years and years. But the people I know don't come to where I live very much, and I don't visit them where they live very much. This is partly a holdover from my last, recently ended, marriage. My wife thought my friends were "evil" (maybe she was right in some cases!) and got nervous as hell if any of them showed up at the door. Honestly, I wish I visited more.

I like the music, but my preference is strongly for crust and metal in all its local varieties. El Dopa had a powerful influence on me; my annual birthday shows tend toward bands that are similar. But you and I know there is a lot of bad punk music. Personally, stuff like thrash and hardcore leave me kind of cold, but I follow all that, and more, for the energy and vitality displayed. Pure energy is one of my constant themes, I think. To me, it means life, action, being alive.

MRR: Because you are a bit older than the average person attending shows have you ever been made to feel out of place? Has anyone ever gotten aggressive towards you at any show?

Larry: I haven't been put down or made to feel out of place, or made to feel in danger, for many years. It did happen a few times back in the '90s. A kid called me granddad at Gilman once. I was threatened a few times, and some of those times I just turned and walked away. I have nothing to prove. And there was a point where various friends made it known around that if anyone gave me trouble, they would have to immediately deal with people like Jerry Donahue (singer for ZBS), or Smiley; these are not guys you want to fuck with. They and many others always have my back, I think. Lately people see me at parties where everyone is 50 years younger, and if they don't know me they might give a look like WTF?, but then they try to act cool like it's nothing, especially when they see me talking to their friends. I think just because I look like I know what I'm doing I never get negative vibes anymore.

MRR: Do you ever feel that you have gone too far to get a good shot? Have you ever worried about what your subject thinks of having their photo taken?
Larry: As far as pushing the limits to get a shot, I think that if anything I've been too cautious over the years. Like one time at the Slaughterhouse, I was talking to some people in the hall, and down at the end were two teenagers on the floor having sex, and I said there is no way I am going down there to take a shot, but maybe I should have. And many times I've not been able to get myself to shoot if the person was clearly in great emotional distress. But some of my best shots are of exactly that. I'm saying, as I get older I'm thinking I should take more risks. What's the worst that can happen? However, I do always show the camera and that I'm about to shoot. If the person is negative about it, I back off and leave the area.

MRR: What do your wife and son think of your involvement shooting and attending shows?
Larry: My divorce was recently final, so what Carol thinks of it all is no longer important. But she does talk about it in the documentary about me that was done by film student Lindsey Waters. Carol once told me she thought that the pictures were my way of thumbing my nose at the world, and at her, a way of saying fuck you. She had a point. As far as Lyle goes, I think that he appreciated the fact that the non-judgmental attitude I had toward the punks also extended to him in many ways. He probably resented the time I spent on my project instead of with him, but I think he's worked through that, because he and I are getting along just great these days.

MRR: What kind of cameras and flashes have you shot with? Do you feel like equipment matters or do you think that knowledge of the art and natural ability account for most of what it takes to be a good photographer?
Larry: Early on I settled on Canon auto-focus film cameras. I have one body that always has a 24-85 zoom, and another that always has a 17-35 zoom. My prime lenses collect dust. I'm so used to these two cameras that they have become extensions of my hands and eyes. I hardly have to think about them, and that is the way it should be. Get to know your equipment, and then just use it. Equipment is just using tools; the hard thing is finding your vision and then following it to its natural conclusion. For a long time I didn't "get" the art and potential of photography, and I can see that some people never "get" it. I believe you have to look at the work of great photographers and keep an open mind. You have to understand what causes shapes and faces in a spacial field to have impact, and you have to stay aware of the great existential questions in the most mundane situations. Then you can start doing work that transcends.

MRR: Are you willing to help other would be photographers who are involved in the scene?
Larry: I always try to help people with their photography when they ask; it's the instinct of having been a teacher, I guess. But there is less still film photography and more digital and video as time goes on, and I can't help people with those.

MRR: What is the most important part of photography for you?
Larry: The most important aspect of photography for me is its potential to be like any other visual art, or art in general, including music. That is, it can open your mind, extend your range of experience, make you see things in the world and experience things in new ways. I have a certain feeling when I walk out of a good exhibit at SFMOMA that I can now see the beauty and significance of ordinary things that I passed over before. I want my pictures to make people aware of the amazing things that are going on in front of them at shows, that they might have missed, not thought of. Beauty is universal, but is also in the eye of the beholder. I think the subjects in my pictures have beauty, but of course it is beauty on my terms. Someone said I make all my subjects look like movie stars, which I would not have thought, but I see the point. A good picture transcends, it travels beyond the ordinary, but the materials are ordinary, and right there in front of us every weekend night. Further, still photography is a time machine, or more properly, a memory machine. It fixes things in time so we can contemplate and appreciate them. In doing so, we hold off time for a while. But alas, time always wins.

And finally, photography is a refuge and a satisfaction. For all the pain and heartbreak in the world, art will always be there. It is not a substitute for real connection; it is connection. There are other things we all need, but art will give us a safe harbor when we need it.

MRR: What are your current photography goals? Do you have any aspirations of becoming famous for you skills?
Larry: My current goal is to put out a few books of my major bodies of work, and I think I'm getting close to being able to do that. The last few years I've had the divorce, had my mother die and my father decline and go into a nursing home, and now I'm working on a remodel of the building that houses my darkroom, a remodel that seems to be dragging on and on. But if my health holds up, I'll put out some books of some kind even if I have to pay to have them published myself. I've often thought it would be funny to be "discovered." Like, what if tech millionaires in Silicone Valley decided it would be cool to have retro black and white pictures of punks at play on the walls of their office buildings and

WARKRIME

homes? Hilarious. But really, just doing it, and having people not only let me do it, but encourage me, has been enough so far.

MRR: Who are some of your favorite photographers? Are you interested in other punk photographers?
Larry: As for other punk photographers, I like Charles Peterson's *Screaming Life* (great pictures of Cobain) and Glen E. Friedman's *Fuck You Heroes* (classic shots of Bad Brains), but those books go back many years. Murray Bowles does great action color shots of people performing; he started before me and he's still going. These days everyone is a photographer—that is what digital has done. And with digital many people put their stuff online so you can see it the next day; that's great.

My favorite photographers: Weegee, Robert Frank, Arbus, Friedlander, Larry Clark, Larry Fink, Garry Winogrand (absolutely the greatest), Salgado, Eugene Richards…the list could go on and on. I've learned from them all, but I have to say that what matters is shooting in a way that somehow evokes the deepest cultural/human suggestiveness and implications of the subject. Technique is just something you pick up along the way to help put your understanding to work finding images that resonate. That's why Winogrand is so great. His techniques took the medium to its limits, but that effort was just a means to finding images to say things about his times that were beyond what anyone else was even thinking of saying.

I'll note that my work tends to be sharp and focused, whereas a lot of punk photography uses slow sync and blurred action effects. My artistic choice is based on the idea that if we're using the artificial effect of black and white, then we might as well see all the details. The downside is that the flash washes out all the ambient light and even stage lights that we normally are aware of, and aware of in color. So there is nothing real about what I'm doing. It's graphic, arrangements in space. If I ever go digital, maybe I'll adapt to ambient light and color motion, because digital does those better than previous technologies.

MRR: I was reading your statement about the American Idiot art show that was rejected. Can you tell us the story for the people who haven't seen it?
Larry: The American Idiot art show was the idea of an events planning group hired by the Berkeley Rep to put on an after-show party to celebrate the official opening night of the Rep's rock opera based on Green Day's album of that name. They wanted something special to spike up the party. They found out about my work, and came to me looking for images to put on display during the party. Of course I wasn't around Gilman til a little after Green Day left, but it was close enough. They just got fascinated by my work from the mid '90s and I got swept up in their enthusiasm. So images were to be projected large on the walls in two areas of the party, and some 20 framed gallery prints were to be hung on specially made backdrops. On the afternoon of that day, the band rather unexpectedly did a walk-through of the area, saw tests of my images being projected, and said no, leave all that stuff out. The story I heard was that someone in the band said that it made him feel "sad" to see those images of people he may have known back in the day at Gilman, and therefore the entire art show was dumped. I was mad at the planners because I would have expected that they would have had an agreement that something like that couldn't happen, but no, the band had final say. You can see a lot of the pictures they had selected to use on my web site.

ROTTEN FUX

MRR: Actually what struck me most about the whole story was your comment about people bad mouthing 924 Gilman Street. I think it is such a shame that we have such a great venue that can really be taken advantage of in a positive way and people continually bad mouth the place. Really, if people aren't satisfied with the place all they have to do is get off their asses and go to two meetings in order to raise new ideas and vote as a member. That being said, what is your involvement with the club?
Larry: My involvement with Gilman is simple: I'm the house photographer, and nothing else is asked. It's the best non-paying job in the world. From time to time I try to go to meetings. The last couple of times I literally fell asleep in the middle. I'm a lone wolf(ley). Committees and co-ops are not my style. Some time back I tried to get them to change that single exit door by the stage to a double out-swing exit for safety reasons; I got nowhere. Everything happens so slowly there. But part of the point of the place is having young people have the experience of running such a place. Someone older might run it more efficiently, but then it wouldn't be Gilman.

I want to add that the general feeling among the staff right now is the best it has ever been (and they will even come close to breaking even this year). Back in the '90s there was a lot of competition to be top dog, it seemed to me; I hardly dared to go in the staff room. But the selflessness and hard work of the people there now, young and old, is amazing.

MRR: Any closing comments? How can people check out your work and contact you?
Larry: I want to thank everyone who has put up with me over the years. Growing up in those tiny Illinois towns I always felt like a misfit because of my intellectuality, and for social life I may as well have been in Siberia compared to what Gilman represents. So I constantly have a vicarious second, better youth through the scene. I never felt totally like I belonged in the academic world either. So to the extent that the punk scene is an artistic movement, I feel more at home here than anywhere I've been. I'm straightedge now, and the drugs and booze in the scene sometimes leaves me conflicted; but everyone has to struggle with their demons in their own way. Again, thanks.
Check me out at www.larrywolfley.com and www.myspace.com/larrywolfley. Contact: lcwolfley@yahoo.com

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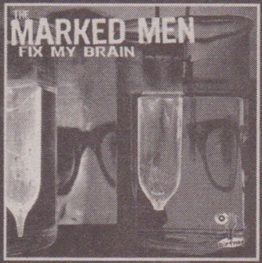
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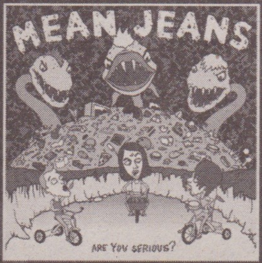
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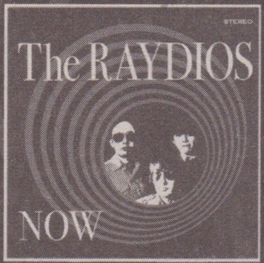
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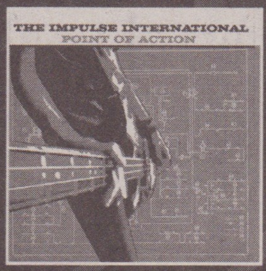
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~~T & A~~ Q & A with Canderson and Icki:

Two great photographers now in one convenient location

Both originally hail from the Midwest. Both now live in the East Bay. Both cut their photographic teeth taking pictures of skateboarding and both can currently be found in front of the stage at most garage, punk or hardcore shows around the Bay Area. You may start to wonder if they are one and the same, like Peter Parker and Spider Man or Bruce Wayne and Batman. It turns out they are more like Spider Man and Batman, or Aunt Mae and Robin or perhaps Commissioner Gordon and J.J. Jameson. I no longer know what I'm talking about. However, I do know they are two different people doing similar things in a different way—both taking killer shots of the same bands but with clearly identifiable signatures. And as much as they don't like getting interviewed, I don't like being an interviewer, but we all sat down at a kitchen table in November to provide you, dear reader, with a dichotomous key of how to tell Canderson and Icki apart in the wild should you encounter them.

Interview by Sarah Crews

MRR: How and when did you get into photography—were you photographing bands from the beginning?

Canderson: My sister was born when I was thirteen and my mom got a little point and shoot camera. I would always grab it and take pictures of my cousin doing BMX tricks. I'd take a picture of him and then hand him the camera, and I'd do a fuckin' wicked Endo, and he'd take a picture of me. I knew I liked it, but I didn't do any real photography until my senior year in high school. I was going to the AV class—it was a graphic arts class, learning how to operate presses and do graphic design, too—and a couple of my skater friends were there, "Let's do a zine!" I took a photography class and used *all* the paper in the darkroom—all of it, in one semester. And I tried to shoot bands. They were just *awful* photos. We went to shows and skated so it was like skate pictures and punk shows. It was all bullshit until several years later, in '96 when I first got a Nikon. I already had a couple skate photos published, but they were pretty crappy, then a friend sold me her Nikon F3 and I shot my first show with that. "Whoa! Oh! This is photography! This is what pictures are s'posed to look like. What have I been doing for the last ten years?!" It totally changed everything.

When I was shooting only skating, and *Horizontal Action* started, I was already really good friends with Todd, who was like "Hey man, you gotta shoot more bands and submit to our magazine." And he was the one who was like "What name do you want? I'm Todd Killings." They all had goofy porn names. "I don't want a porn name. C. Anderson." They're like "Canderson. Ok!"

Icki: I was in a graphic design class in high school and was just fucking around with photography, taking pictures of friends skateboarding, and going to shows, but they're all just garbage photos. Then when I moved to Bloomington, Indiana to go to college we decided to have shows at our house my sophomore year. I took pictures, and that's kinda how I got started. I ended up taking pictures of bands because they were all playing in my basement. I really didn't have any idea what I was doing.

MRR: What sort of formal training have you had?

Icki: I didn't really have formal training until I went to graduate school for photojournalism, but even then I probably learned as much in undergrad. I mean I'm mostly self-taught. Classes I've taken have been pretty worthless.

Canderson: I work at a lab now and the darkroom guy is 56, I think. He's been printing for big-time people, working in labs from Florida to San Francisco during the boom, printing for Annie Leibowitz and stuff. His advice to new customers that come in is, "Don't ever take a class—just take pictures! Use your meter, learn to expose and take pictures and when you get 'em back, look and see what you did wrong, what you like and what you don't like, and then do that. Just pay attention to your damn light meter! Because if you go to a class they're gonna try to teach you the zone system, you're not gonna do it right, you're gonna bring me the film and tell me to pull it two stops and it's going to ruin the film, and I'm not gonna pull your damn film two stops because it's not gonna do you any good anyway because you didn't expose it right in the first place! You buy 400 speed film, shoot it at 400!"

MRR: Past or present, who are your favorite non-music photographers or music photographers?

Canderson: My favorite music photographer is him (points at Icki). (Laughter)

Icki: I have so many. I mean, people who are currently shooting music, Chris is one of the best in the US, there's Mateus and Daigo in Brazil. Their stuff is just killer. They do that zine together, and it's just mind blowing, and then…

Canderson: I like Jason Fisher. He's in the Pacific

Timmy Vulgar vs. No Bumnny
(canderson)

The Mummies (Murrman)

Northwest.

Icki: In putting together the photo issue I've seen lots of really good photos by people just kind of coming out of the woodwork. Non-music photographers, for street photography, Gary Winogrand is one of my favorites, Robert Frank is incredible. And documentary stuff or photojournalism, I mean, there are just so many people I love—Paolo Pellegrin, I love Alex Majoli. Morton Andersen is a music photographer and his non-music photography is incredible. I could go on naming people… Trent Parke.

MRR: Both of you shoot film and digital. Are the pros and cons as simple as digital is faster and that's what is better about it, or do you like film more? Are there reasons to use film as opposed to digital photography?

Canderson: Occasionally I'll make a digital photo black and white and it looks pretty cool, but there's no digital file that's better than a black and white negative. And making a print from a black and white negative is just untouchable. I just got a new camera so I'm shooting more digital, but normally I shoot more film.

Icki: I like shooting film more. In the end, it's more a pain in the ass for me I guess because…

Canderson: You have to do it in your tub.

Icki: Yeah, I develop the negatives in the sink. I don't really have the space for a darkroom. I have all the equipment, but I just don't have the space for it. I *really* love spending time in the darkroom, but I just haven't been able to, so I just have to scan my negatives. There are times when I like shooting digital. The camera I have now has *really* good high ISO, so I can shoot without a flash, which I prefer doing, generally. I just like the look of it better and I love the look of natural lighting, whether that's stage lights or sunlight or whatever. Also, it can be annoying going to a show with a bunch of flashes popping off. I know that's annoying to other people, and so I don't necessarily want to ruin their fun by having my flash going off all the time. It's worse now when so many people have cameras and a lot of them don't know how to use them properly—you know the whole front row of a crowd is gonna be people with cameras.

Canderson: Well, half of them are cell phones.

MRR: Why shouldn't they be able to take pictures?

Canderson: They shouldn't. They should buy my pictures.

Icki: I don't think they shouldn't be able to, but I can still find it annoying as hell.

MRR: Both of you have day jobs that are photography oriented. Would you ever consider another job that isn't photography related if the price was right?

Icki: I would. I mean, in my job I'm not shooting. It's still photography related, but I'm not shooting, which is good for me because I've found with jobs that if I'm doing something I really enjoy doing and I have to do it as a job, it typically destroys what I like about it. I don't want that to happen. I used to like writing a lot and wound up having to do it as a job and now I can't write. I don't want that to happen with photography.

Canderson: I get sick of it though. I like using Photoshop at work, but sometimes when I get home I don't want to fuck with my pictures anymore. I'm already backlogged. There is stuff from before Budget Rock that's still sitting there, but by the time I get home from work, I don't wanna open up Photoshop, I don't wanna open up Lightroom.

Icki: I'm the same way. I just developed 30 rolls of negatives last weekend.

Canderson: What!? How many rolls can you develop at once?

Icki: Four.

Canderson: How long did that take you to do all 30?

Icki: A couple days.

MRR: Yeah, we can't take showers because of all the negatives hanging up.

Canderson: That's the nice thing about working in a lab. When I shoot a roll of film, if it's color, I process it myself, if it's black and white, I hand it to Joe, the old darkroom curmudgeon, he's like "Grrr… You owe me a Snickers bar for that roll." It's just dip and dunk so it's not that hard. And I wouldn't ask him to do it, I know how to load the dip and dunk, but I don't want to get in his way.

MRR: What's your favorite camera to shoot bands with?

Canderson: I like wide lenses. That's my number one thing. I guess my go-to is an 18 to 35 zoom that I just keep open at 18 and my Nikon F5 which…

Icki: The F5 is one of the best film cameras. It's a tank. For digital, the D700 I like just because of the high ISO.

Canderson: Me too! That's what I just got.

Icki: I prefer prime lenses so I usually just shoot with a 24 mm.

Canderson: Me jocking your style? Because that's what I do. I was like man, I can't get a 24, so I got a 20.

Icki: That's part of what I think is distinctively your style. It's cool how wide your shots are. Like a Canderson picture—you can notice it, at least I can.

MRR: Do you both shoot other stuff besides bands?

Canderson: Well, I live in California, so, now it's all about nature.

All: (Laughter)

Icki: Drum circles and hippies?

Canderson: I shot skateboarding forever. That was like my number one thing. I kinda lagged on the band thing for a while.

Icki: I worked as a photojournalist for a while. I covered Congress—I wanted to become a war photographer, doing overseas photojournalism stuff. I realized it was really fucking expensive and hard to break into that. Basically you have to be in the right place at the right time and you gotta send yourself over there and just do it on your own dime. You hope you sell shit and keep doing that until you get noticed or recognized.
Canderson: I almost joined the Army to do that when I was 21.
Icki: I know a number of photojournalists who've done that. Your work is owned by the Army, first of all. Anything you shoot for them is owned completely by the military and after that you can get work but it's harder. "Oh, you're a *military* photographer," which I think is unjust because some of the photography is just incredible, but you have that stigma.

In 2004 I went to Ukraine, because I was living in London and it was like, this revolution is happening I'm gonna go and try to cover it. A day after I got back to London, my laptop and backup hard drive got stolen, along with all my pictures from the Orange Revolution. I mostly shoot photojournalism stuff and street photography. I still get assignments every once in a while, usually portraits, nothing very exciting.

MRR: Do you think that's because you had your fly open in the halls of Congress?
Canderson: Well, I'm sure Ted Kennedy did too.
Icki: My zipper broke while I was shooting one day in Congress.
Canderson: Did you have any shoe throwing moments?
Icki: Covering Congress was really fun. It was hard because you're taking pictures of the same people in the same rooms every single day, but it's really cool being in some of the hearings when stuff is going down. There's a lot of stuff that you don't see or hear on the news that's just funny. You hear Congress people really getting pissed off, not like fake stirred-up pissed off, but genuinely upset. It's kinda cool to hear them take somebody to task that you know is completely bullshitting. Or just like making jokes with each other. But there were definitely some shoe throwing moments. It was cool, but it was a grind—I shot everything and then tried to sell it later.

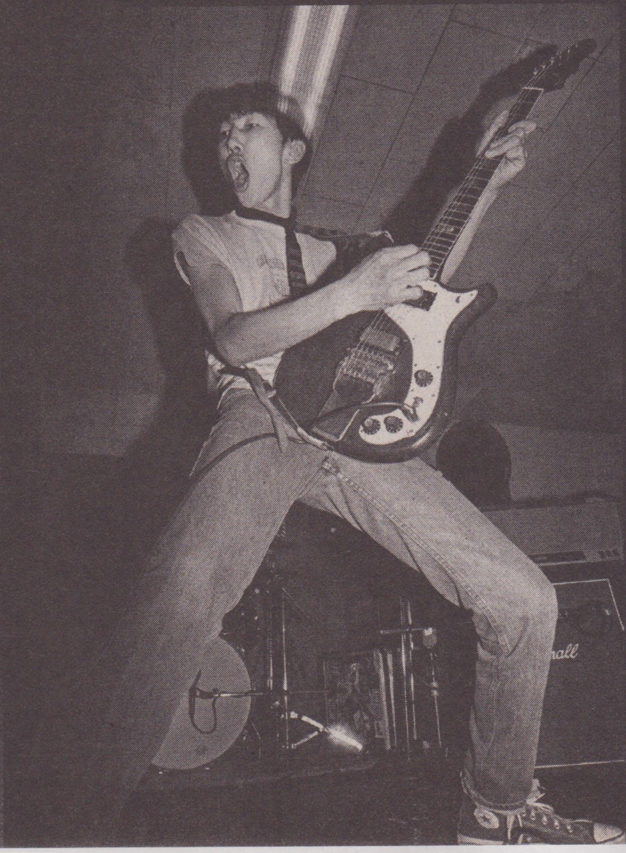
MRR: What was your favorite show you ever shot?
Canderson: Anything with Timmy Vulgar. It's kind of a given. The first time I saw the Clone Defects was at Pop's in Chicago and I just remember my jaw hitting the floor, "Whoa! Who are *these* freaks?" And they're like, "Hey we just dropped some acid and we're gonna play some rock'n'roll. AAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!" God, I just wanna quit life and just follow Tim around with a camera non-stop.
Icki: I have a few shows that really stick out. One is the Teengenerate show I saw at the Fireside Bowl. That was when I had a shitty camera and a shitty lens and barely knew how to use it, but still got one of my favorite pictures I've ever taken. I wasn't really even super into Teengenerate yet, but just from the records I could tell the show would be amazing so I drove up there from Bloomington, Indiana, and it was just mind-blowing. The Reatards when I saw them on their very first tour—they came to San Francisco. That was an incredible show, just non-stop. I couldn't stop taking pictures. And yeah, anything Timmy Vulgar's been in—at this point Human Eye. I love the music, and if you really like the music you can get into this spot where you're just shooting it—it's hard to describe.

MRR: Do you have a favorite shot that you've ever taken?
Canderson: I like my Bo Diddley shot I almost got in a fight with a couple of lesbians to get. I was like "Ungh" and they were like "Get away!" and I was like "Just one freaking song! One! Just one song! That's all I want!" They're like "Get outta here! Get outta here!"
Icki: The Teengenerate shot is a favorite. The Reatards shot was a favorite and Thee Mighty Caesars shot is a favorite—which was one of the *most* miserable shows I've ever *ever* been to. Ever. It was at the Las Vegas Shakedown and I was right up front and had spent the entire day in front of the stage so I could make sure to be in front to shoot 'em and everybody just pushed forward and the stage was right at mid-thigh. That Mighty Caesars shot, I literally took it upside down, laying on my back because it hurt so bad—the front of my legs hurt so much that I thought they were going to fall off, so I turned myself around and was being pushed backwards.
Canderson: Is that negative upside down?
Icki: What's your favorite record cover? A picture of yours that's on a record.
Canderson: King Louie from his 7". I shot that with SFX pseudo-infrared film and there were like three people at the show, because who the hell is King Louie in 1997?
Icki: Some dude that used to be in the Royal Pendletons.
Canderson: Right. Some dude. So I had a couple of slave flashes on the side and got some damn near almost studio shots with the infrared film. I love that photo. That's still one of my favorite pictures I've shot. King Louie when he was skinny. And then he showed up a couple years later…"Whoa! Who's that guy and what did he do with King Louie?"

MRR: What are your favorite shots that the other one took?
Canderson: Oh, the ones he mentioned. The one I wish I could take tonight, but I can't put it in my bag–the Teengenerate shot. And yeah, Thee Mighty Caesars picture is *so* good. I love that one. My first picture I ever had published, in *The Reader* in Chicago, was of Billy Childish.
Icki: I mean, just seeing Chris's pictures of Human Eye from Budget Rock in particular—there are just *so* many good ones.
Canderson: I ran out of film, because I was like "Click click click click—Shit! I don't have anymore film! Oh, now he pulled his octopus thing out again! Aw fuck it!" Sometimes I don't mind not being able to shoot. Teengenerate! That one you shot! I think I might've been in the back. I showed up for that one a little bit late and only caught like the very end of it and I was *way* in the back and I was just, "Get a beer and just get weird." I just went nuts and had fun.
Icki: There are a lot of times at the time when I'm just like "Fuck it" I just want to enjoy the band or where I won't even bring my camera, or I just don't want to fight my way to the front, but a lot of times when I do, like with The Mummies show, I mean, it pays off. You look at the pictures…

MRR: Have you toured with bands before? How is it different from shooting just a show?

Thee Mighty Ceasars (murrman)


Teengenerate (murrman)

Icki: Well, you're with the band constantly; I'm a lot more interested in what's happening when they're *not* playing. You see them every night, you can get the live shots whenever. You know, it's good to be there to try and capture the shows that are totally miserable and empty, and the shows that are just insane, which usually happens in the least expected places. Tiny towns that don't get bands very often usually have the best shows. But just getting *everything* about being on tour, trying to capture what that's like, which isn't that easy because a lot of it is really boring—sitting around and waiting for stuff to happen. For me when I've been on tour a lot of times I've been ten years older than most of the people in the band and I just get tired. Seriously. It's three in the morning and they're like, "Hey, we're gonna go out and party all night!" and I'm like, "Unngh! I really just want to go to sleep."

Canderson: I've been on skate tours before, which is always just insane. It's really fun and really horrible, especially when, like you said, you're ten years older than all of the skaters. The hotel gets destroyed, and you're not the *actual* team manager but you're the oldest guy there so you end up being the responsible one. I know a couple of skate photographers who will *refuse* now—they won't go on tour unless the team manager goes. The first tour I went on, I didn't get published, all my skate photos sucked because we partied all night and by the next day I was so hungover I could barely even shoot. The skaters were able to skate, but somehow I'm like…

Icki: You can't push the shutter. There are two tours I *really* regret not going on. One is the Lost Sounds tour in Europe when they broke up. I really wish I could've been there. I mean, to go to Europe on tour and with the Lost Sounds who I still like a lot, and to be there to capture the breakup of that band would have been incredible.

Canderson: And I wish I could go on tour with King Louie. But it would be the *weirdest* adventure of all time.

Icki: The pictures from that would be incredible—as long as he was comfortable with you shooting *everything*, which is a problem with being on tour. Even people that you know, sometimes even more so, are kind of weird when you're like…

Canderson: "What are you doing there?"

Icki: The shots that will actually make it memorable are when the doors start closing, when people start splintering off—you really need to be there to get those pictures if you really want to get what it's like on tour, people making out, doing drugs, being fuckin' weird…

MRR: Have you ever been chastised by a band for shooting them?

Canderson: Only Corey from Nashville Pussy because I took pictures of her vagina. Because she had a skirt on, with no undies and her bass strap broke and she just sat on the amp, totally spread, playing her bass. And I was like, "Hmm…" Click. Click. And then I handed the camera to my old roommate at the time. He went (leans in) *click*! And it was with my point and shoot camera, my T4, which was a really good camera. It takes really nice pictures, and they're really detailed.

MRR: Macro?

Canderson: No, but just a really sharp Zeiss lens, and the next time I saw them, or after the show, she's like "Heeyyyy, ya got to see the *real* Nashville Pussy!" I was like "Ha ha ha. Fun!" And I give them the pictures. Then like a year or two later I found out that she was real mad at me. Somehow they ended up on the internet. I knew that there was an internet at the time, had no idea how you got there, where you went to get on the internet—like I didn't have antennae on my head. I never even gave them to anybody. I'd given her copies of them! And apparently she and her husband were mad at me. And this was several years ago. That was probably the only bad experience, but that's fine. I'm sure she doesn't hate me now. Now she's married to Duane Peters and she's not in Nashville Pussy anymore… but I still have those photos and when the Canderson book comes out…

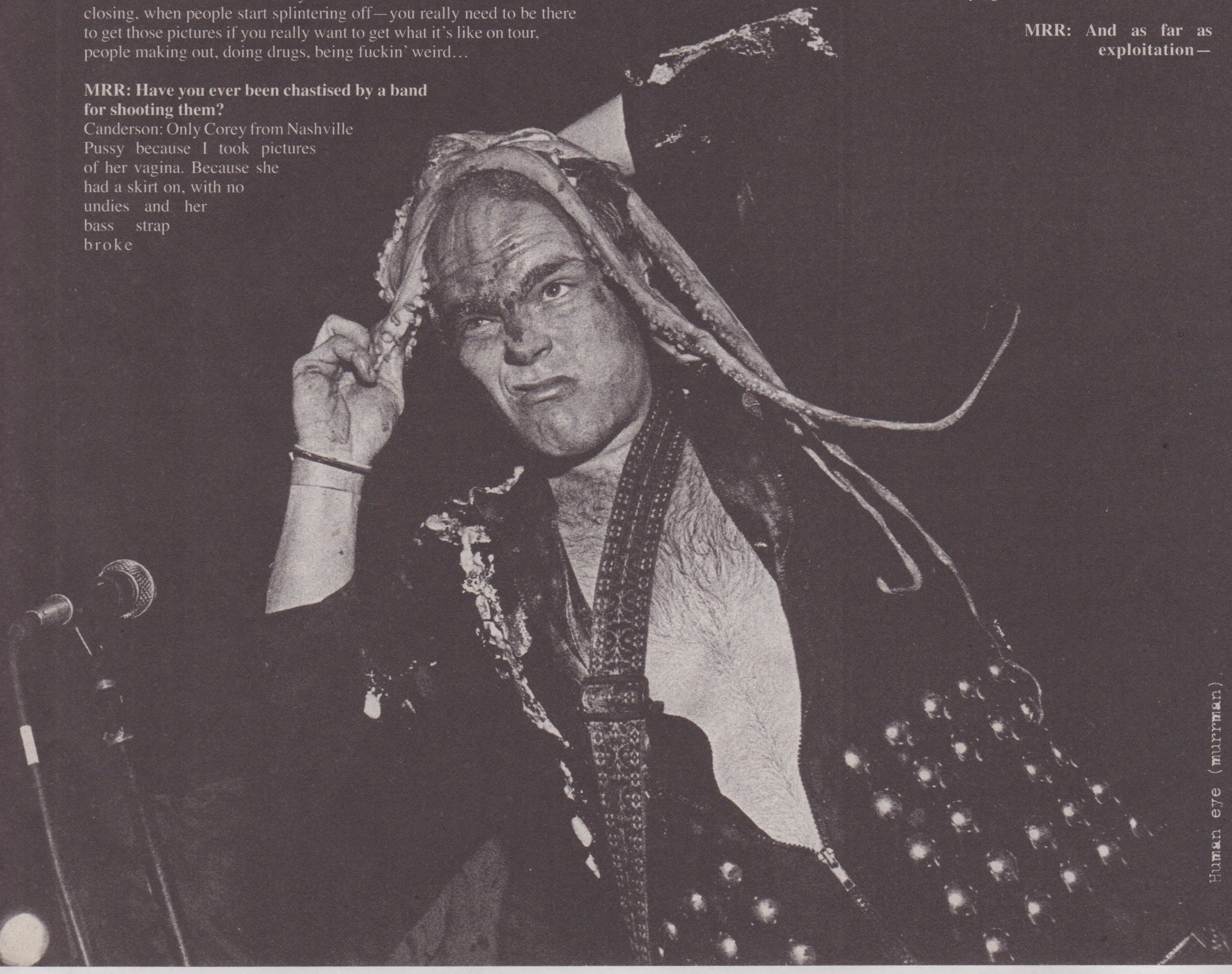
MRR: What about you?

Icki: Nobody's ever gotten mad at me. People in the audience get madder.

MRR: Sometimes they're maybe bored and drunk and want to fight, and sometimes they're yelling at you for "exploiting the band."

Icki: The shithole singer of Slippery Slopes did that during Budget Rock. He was covering my camera lens and Lily's camera lens and our faces too, so we couldn't see. I figured it was because he was annoyed that our cameras were in the way, but it turned out he thought we were exploiting the Mummies. I mean, he was *wasted* but still, I was ready to kill the dude. That's happened a couple times, but it's usually because the flash is going off, or people are just annoyed that the whole front row is photographers, which is annoying.

MRR: And as far as exploitation—



Human eye (murrman)

'cause you know you guys are exploiting bands all the time—you've both shot pictures for bands. How much do you usually charge for the exploitation?
Canderson: Pffft. Well, it depends. The promo photos I'll charge for, but live shots I try not to. I might ask if there's any way they can slip me some money. Normally it's just like, give me some music.
Icki: If they want to use them.
Canderson: The only thing that drives me crazy is, back to the Lost Sounds, love the guys to death, but *remember my name*! Guilty Pleasures, some of my best friends in the world forgot to put my name on the record.
Icki: Just give credit. I understand a lot of the bands can't afford to pay for the photos, beyond the fact that they don't value photos as something you should pay for. A credit is the minimum, and at least one copy of the record.

Functional Blackouts (canderson)

MRR: So what are your thoughts on those who documented the early punk scene in the late '70s, early '80s coming around now saying that people have been ripping them off for years, using their images without paying them, when a lot of times they couldn't be found because they weren't a part of it anymore?
Icki: I think that can go both ways. I mean, there's a legitimate claim to that. A lot of those images wound up in a lot of places; in a lot of books, like histories of punk, cashing in, and they don't get asked. Then a lot of them, I think, overvalue their photos. You know, they aren't going to get $1,000 for their photo to run on the back of some 7" or something, some re-issue or whatever. People get *insane* about that stuff. I mean, you have people like Jenny Lens who thinks that by mentioning her name you owe her $100. I can understand a photographer seeing their photo turning up all over and not being asked or even knowing of it appearing somewhere and starting to get pissed about it, but I think a lot of people become self-important.

MRR: Do you think that is going to happen to you?
Icki: I hope so.
Canderson: I'm definitely self-important.

MRR: Have you ever shot a band that was outside of the punk or rock'n'roll genre? Was it easy, hard?
Canderson: Does Bo Diddley count? I mean, he invented it. In Chicago I would shoot an occasional blues band. I'd get decent shots. I'd go to blues fest and try to get some long lens shots. And I would take photos of all the fuckin' *rad* blues guy photographers. I have these cool shots…all blues-dude photographers with every press pass they've ever had hanging from their fucking blues guy hat. Those guys are awesome. Going bald, always gotta wear a hat. That's me in about…oh, I'm already there.

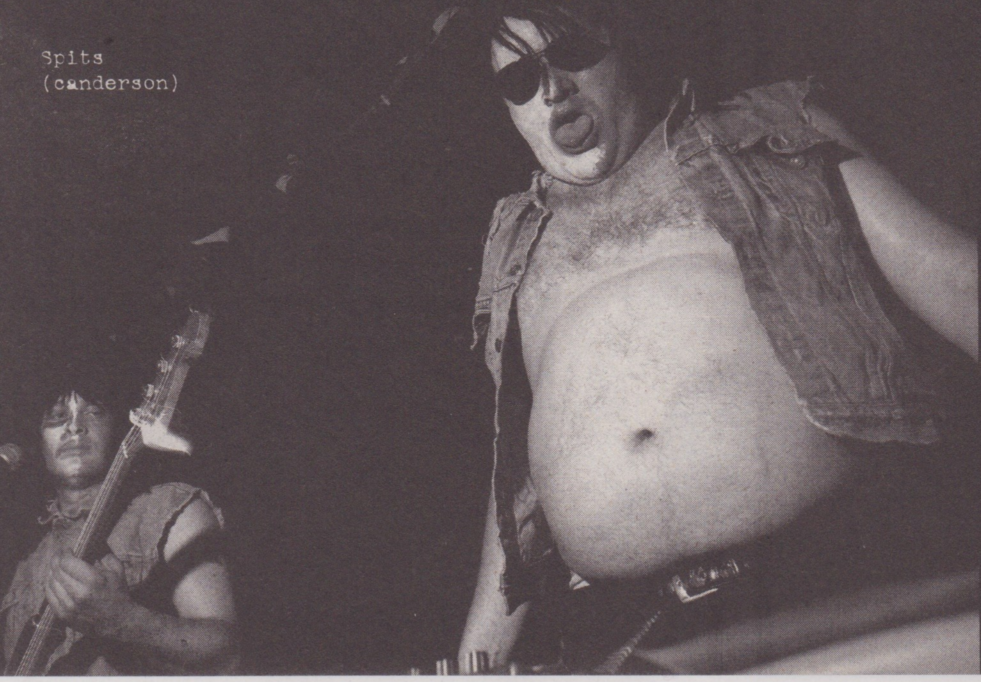
MRR: On several occasions people have come up to Icki after a show and said, "Are you Canderson?" Does anyone ever come up to you and ask if you're Icki?
Canderson: Really?!
Icki: A lot.
Canderson: (Laughing hysterically)
Icki: They're so dejected when I'm like "No." I'm gonna start saying yes! And be a real dick to them!
Canderson: "Yes. I am Icki."

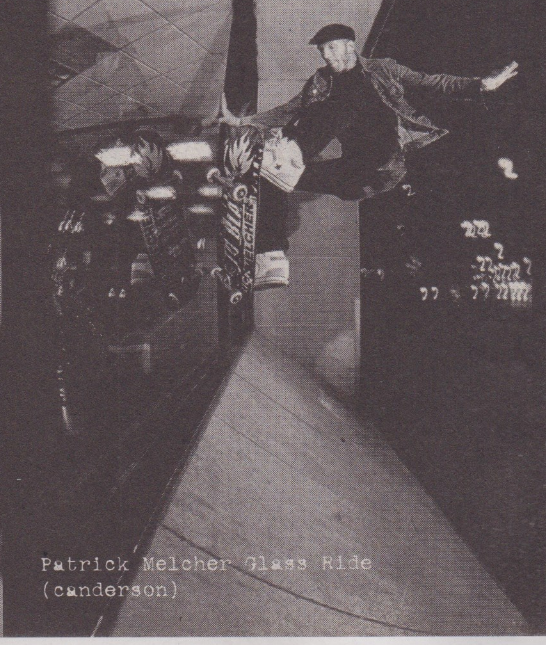
MRR: Since you're both shooting at a lot of the same shows, do you ever feel competitive, or is there admiration? Do you feel competitive with other photographers in general?
Canderson: Pffft. Not competitive. I mean, my fiancée, Lily, stands next to me half the time taking pictures. And sometimes I feel bad for living here. I was talking to Alex White the other night, "Yeah, so nobody shoots pictures here anymore." For a while this photographer in Chicago that I love, Rob Karlic, this brilliant photographer, but he's brilliantly broke constantly. Can't afford film, doesn't have a digital SLR so he's not shooting bands anymore. I went from being the photographer in Chicago, getting the good shots, and he randomly got a decent camera and off-camera flash, and within a matter of months was shooting photos better than me. "Aw, fuck! Now I gotta step up my game!" When he came around in the Chicago scene he made me shoot better. I was like "Whoa! Who's this kid? He's fucking…wow! Those photos are amazing!" It really helped me.

MRR: So, then it's more inspiring to have someone around?
Canderson: Definitely. But I feel bad about here sometimes. It's like you, Lily, me.
Icki: I feel weird when it's the three of us at a show. Sometimes I won't shoot, especially if I just bring my camera to bring it like I almost always do. "Oh, Chris and Lily are shooting it…"
Canderson: See!? The damn Mummies! I didn't shoot 'em and it's gonna haunt me 'til the end of my days! Curse those Mummies!
Icki: But that said, sometimes if I see a photographer at a show that I don't know, especially if they're gettin' all up in my space…

MRR: You start posturing?
Icki: Yeah, I puff my chest out.
Canderson: Well, usually if you don't know them and they're at the show, especially at a show of a band you like, "Where the fuck were you before?!"
Icki: I became pretty good friends with Jeremy Harris, who I met just from shooting shows around here. It's just like, the other guy shooting shows, and he ran out of film and I had more. I'd give him a roll, vice versa, you know.

MRR: Do you get burned out on going to shows or do you get burned out on shooting shows?
Icki: Both. If I'm going to a show, particularly to see a band, it's hard for me to have as much fun as when I'm shooting it. I can go to a show and kind of hang back and just more hang out and have a great time, but if I'm there and watching the band, I have way more fun if I'm shooting. I just get more into


Spits
(canderson)


Patrick Melcher Glass Ride
(canderson)

it. It's like, not participatory, but reacting to it all in a way. And that's what my photography is more about I think—reacting to the music.
Canderson: You know when there's a certain point to the beat that comes up, and you know that's when you're going to press your shutter.
Icki: Even if you've never seen the band you can just anticipate it.

MRR: You think you'll continue going to shows and shooting bands for a long time or do you see yourself getting sick of it and not doing it anymore?
Canderson: I can see myself maybe not shooting as much, but I'll still go to shows. Well—it'll be reunion shows.
Icki: Do you shoot new bands? How many new bands as opposed to…
Canderson: The Outdoorsmen!!! They were fucking like… I didn't know what to expect and I have a horrible…

MRR: I thought you were going to say rash.
Canderson: Man, I do have a rash. I don't want to talk about that, though.
Icki: *MRR* rash issue!
Canderson: Living in the Bay Area, it's almost like living in Chicago in 2003 when there were so many good bands. I'm lucky. I've gone from being where all the best bands were, and now I'm here when all these great bands are here. But, I'm almost jaded, because the same band will play three times a week here. You cannot do that in Chicago. You will get blacklisted 'til no club will let you play all month. If they see you've played twice that month they will not let you play anywhere. They don't like bands playing constantly there. And here it's like, "Oh, well, we're playing Monday in Oakland and Tuesday in Berkeley, and then Friday in San Francisco." So, then when we're looking at *The List* we're like, well, we're not gonna see them until they play with a band that comes from out of town that we really want to see… It's weird because Chicago 2003 was like, "Yes, of course I'm gonna go see the Tyrades play again tonight." But the Tyrades were so good to shoot. Oh, yeah, there we go—bands I love to shoot—the Tyrades. I have some absurd amount of Tyrades pictures. It's just ridiculous.
Icki: Do you find editing your pictures is harder with digital? Do you shoot more with digital?
Canderson: Oh, *ridiculous*! Because I got the D700 now too, so it's available light. It's like I'm filming a freakin' movie. Like ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch…just clicking away like a madman. And then you get four shots where his facial expression sort of changed, so which one of these four shots do I choose?
Icki: With the Teengenerate show, I shot like four rolls, but there is only one picture on each roll that is actually useable, but those four are all *great*, so editing was easy because most of them were crap.

MRR: What's the weirdest place you've ever come across one of your pictures?
Canderson: Depends…

MRR: On Depends?
Canderson: Yeah, in a Depends ad.
Icki: Silk screened punk Depends…for the old punks.
Canderson: Zero Boys. Duane Peters.
Icki: Duane Peters Depends ad.
Canderson: I just saw a picture in Thrasher of Duane Peters in a pool doing a frontside grind, grabbing his nose…I'm *only* 37—I can't do that. What am I doing wrong? He's done *everything* wrong! That dude's done everything wrong and he's doing frontside grinds in pools.
Icki: He's like the Keith Richards of skateboarding.

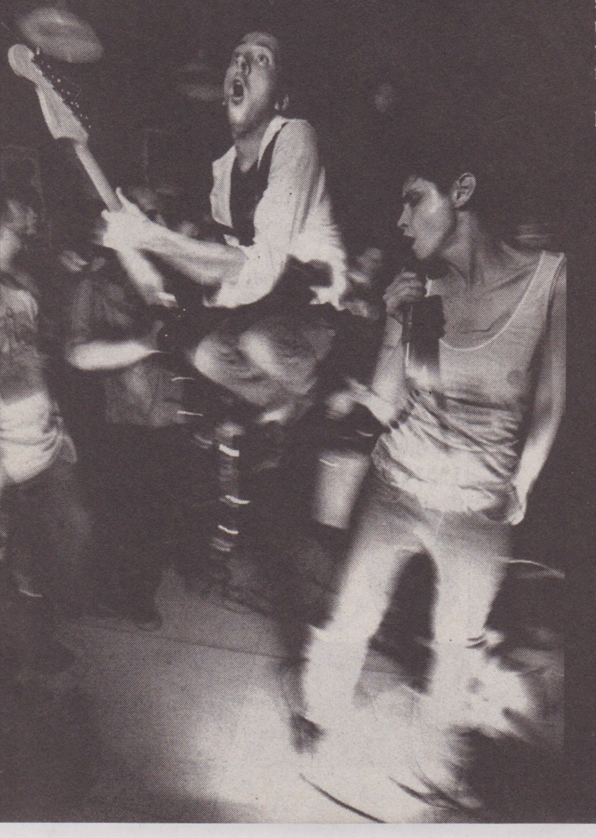
MRR: What's Keith Richards the Keith Richards of?
Icki: Rock 'n' roll. The weirdest one for me was when I was on tour with Defect Defect and the flyer for the show they played in Bloomington, Indiana was a drawing of one of my photos. And the guy had no idea I was on tour with them, and it wasn't a drawing of Defect Defect. It was a drawing of Matty Luv who was in Miami lighting a cigarette—that was the flyer, this picture I took and I happened to be there for that show and it was like "Holy shit!" That's such a weird coincidence.
Canderson: Thrasher always has people who send in drawings they do of photos, like shots they saw in Thrasher… anybody out there want to draw a photo of my band pictures, go for it.

MRR: I'll do a stick figure of Timmy.
Canderson: That'd be the best. With a stick octopus.

MRR: One more. What's your advice for people who want to get into taking pictures of bands or that want to improve upon pictures they're already taking?
Canderson: Get a decent camera—but there's a really good possibility your camera is going to get messed up. Don't expect your camera not to get beer spilled on it, don't expect your camera not to get knocked out of your hands, because it will happen. Shit will get broken. Oh, was it Robert Capa, "If your pictures aren't good enough, you aren't close enough?" If there's something you're doing wrong, you're too far away. You don't get a feel of what's going on. If you want to make a living off of it and you want to go to college, take business classes. Don't take photography classes—take pictures.
Icki: You're not going to make money taking music pictures in general. Basically, just learn to use your camera and have fun.
Canderson: I'm a friendly guy. I'm good. If you want to ask me questions, I'll give you some tips.
Icki: The first time Chris and I were in a zine together it was one that Andrew Scott did. It was printed really nice.

See more at: www.flickr.com/photos/icki/ and www.flickr.com/photos/canderson/

Lost Sounds
(canderson)



Tyrades (canderson)

Bo Diddley
(canderson)

PUNK PHOTO BOOKS

Chrissy Piper's *Unheard Music* was probably the first punk photo book I ever bought, or at least really noticed. It caught my attention because it wasn't a retrospective. This was a book of bands I had seen, bands that were still playing, and people I knew. From Chrissy's book it was on to the old timers: the once ubiquitous *Hardcore California*, *Blank Generation Revisited*, and various UK-focused punk photobooks. Here, for your photo/collector-nerdom pleasure is a bibliography of punk photobooks. I'd like to say it's complete, but that's far from the truth. I'm sure there are probably two or three-dozen more Sex Pistols and Clash books out there, rush jobs for a quick buck. And I'm sure as soon as this goes to print I'll discover even more punk photo books. So, take this as a relatively complete bibliography. If you have additions, I'd love to know about them (markmurrmann@gmail.com). A quick note on what is and isn't included in this list. I didn't include *Fucked Up and Photocopied*, because it's a book focused more on ephemera than just photos. It's a great book, but not quite right for this narrowly focused list. Also not included are more general photobooks that happen to briefly mention punk or books on bands or scenes that happen to have photos. A few of those might've slipped in though. This was originally going to also include a bibliography of photozines, but that will have to wait for another day. It's a much harder list to compile. That said, you'll notice a few photozines in this list. They're classics. Compiling this bibliography has made me want to hunt down some of these. Get in touch if you've got spare copies, particularly of the older photobooks (pre-'90) listed. Bibliography compiled by Mark Murrmann. Big thanks to Vinnie LaRussa for the image research help.

100 Nights at the Roxy
Michael Dempsy/Paul Marko
(1978 Big O)

1988: The New Wave Punk Rock Explosion
Caroline Coon
(1977/1983, Hawthorn/Omnibus)

Adult Crash
Dave Brown
(2009, Vicious Circle)

And God Created Punk
Mark P & Erica Echenberg
(1996, Virgin)

Andoaingo Gaztetxeak
Aitor Arregi
(2009, Autonomous BOF Music)

Ass Time Goes By
Morten Andersen
(2008, Hit Me)

Banned In DC
Cynthia Connolly
(1988, Sun Dog Propaganda)

Blank Generation Revisited
Stephanie Chernikowski; Roberta Bailey;
George Dubose
(1997, Schrimer Books)

Blight at the End of the Funnel
Edward Colver
(2006, Last Gasp)

CBGB & OMFUG
Hilly Kristal
(2005, Harry Abrams)

CBGB: Decades of Graffiti
Christopher D Salyers
(2006, Mark Batty)

Clash
Bob Gruen
(2004, Vision On)

Clash: Before and After
Pennie Smith
(2001, Plexus)

Clash: The New Visual Documentary
James Wells
(1983, Omnibus)

Clash Retrospective: A Visual Diary
Various photographers
(2000, Retro)

Crime, The Band
James Stark
(2009, Last Gasp)

Dead Kennedys: the Unauthorized Version
Marian Kester
(1983, Last Gasp)

Destroy: Photographic Archive of the Sex Pistols
Dennis Morris
(2002, Creation)

Faces of Punk
Peter Nebergall
(2002, Xlibris)

Flash Bang Wallop!: Pictures from the Punk Explosion
Ian Dickson
(2000, Abstract (UK)/2004, Creation Books)

Fodido E Xerocado
Mateus Modini & Diago Oliva
(2009, Cospe Fogo Gravações)

Forming: Early Days of LA Punk
Kristine McKenna & Claude Bessey
(1999, Smart Art Press)

Fuck You Heroes
Glen E. Friedman
(1994, Burning Flags)

Fuck You Too
Glen E. Friedman
(1996, Burning Flags/Consafos)

Gig
Gin Satoh
(1986, ? Japan)

Hard Core
Hiroko Matsushita
(1999, Fish Design)

Hardcore California
Peter Belsito, Bob Davis
(1983, Last Gasp)

Identity Parade
Kristofer Pasanan
(2002, Armed With Anger)

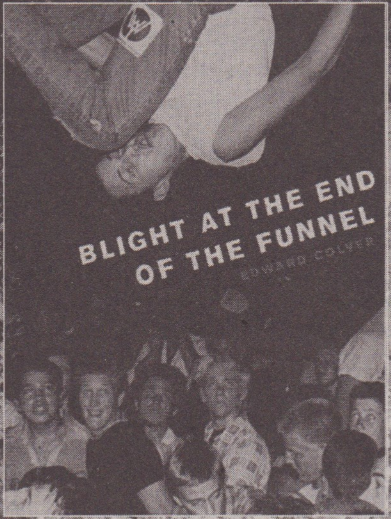
If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries, What Am I Doing In the Pit?
Murray Bowles
(1986, MRR)

Images of Punk
Dennis O'Regan
(1996, Castle)

In the Gutter
Val Hennessey
(1978, Quartet Diversions)

Inferno Punx
MCR
(2004?, MCR Japan)

Keep Your Eyes Open: The Fugazi Photographs of Glen E. Friedman

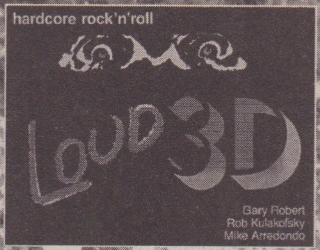


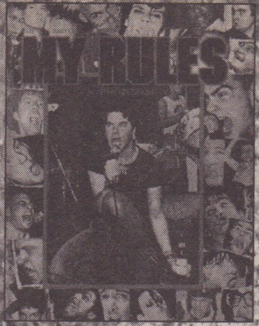
FODIDOEXEROCADO

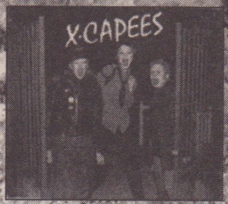
HARDCORE
CALIFORNIA
A HISTORY OF PUNK AND NEW WAVE

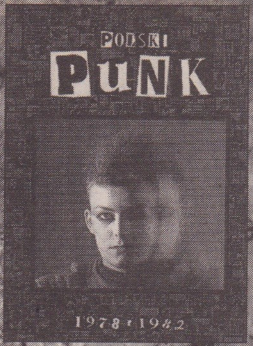
日本初のインディーズ・ドキュメント
東京ロッカーズからハナタラシまで、9年間の東京ストリートシーンをとらえた貴重な写真集である。
佐藤ジン
GIG

INFERNO PUNX









Glen E. Friedman
(2008, Burning Flags)

Legends of Punk: Photos from the Vaults
Rikki Ercoli
(2003, Manic)

Live at the Masque: Nightmare in Punk Alley
Brendan Mullen
(2008, Ginko)

Live/Loud
Mark Murrmann
(2009, Blurb)

Los Angeles: The Birth of the L.A. Punk Scene, 1977-1982
Kristine McKenna & Ann Summa
(2009, PictureBox)

Loud 3D: Hardcore Rock 'n' Roll
Gary Robert, et al
(1984, In3D)

Made in the UK: The Music of Attitude, 1977-83
Jannette Beckman
(2005, PowerHouse)

Making a Scene: New York Hardcore in Photos, Lyrics, and Commentary
Bri Hurley
(1990, Faber & Faber)

Modern English: A Trendy Slang Dictionary
Jennifer Blowdryer
(1986, Last Gasp)

My Rules
Glenn E. Friedman
(1982, Burning Flags)

New York Punk: A Photo Essay of the New York Punk Scene during the 1970's
Richard Verdi
(1978/2007, Richard Verdi)

New York Dolls
Bob Gruen
(2008, Abrams)

No Wave: 1976-1980
Thurston Moore/Byron Cooley
(2008, Abrams)

Not Another Punk Book
(aka: *PUNK Rock/style/stance/people/stars*)
Isabella Anscombe & Dike Blair
(1978, Aurum)

Photo Past: 1966-86
Ray Stevenson
(1988, Symbosis/Omnibus)

Polski Punk 1978-1982
Ania Dabrowska-Lyons
(1999, Agencja Promocyjno-Wydawnicza)

Primal Punk
Marc Ivins
(1978, Halftone Press)

Punk
Salvador Costa
(1977, Star)

Punk
Roberta Bailey
(2002, Kunst Editions/Aenigma)

Punk 365
Holly George-Warren
(2007, Abrams)

Punk '77
James Stark
(1999, Re/Search)

Punk: Definitive Record of a Revolution
Stephen Colgrove & Chris Sullivan
(2001, Da Capo)

Punk: Illustrated History of a Music Revolution
Adrian Boot & Chris Salewicz
(1996, Studio)

Punk: Seventeen Rock
Stephane Pietri & Alexis Quinlin
(1977, Regine Deforges)

Punk: The Whole Story
Mojo
(2008, Mojo/DK Adult)

Punk Houses: Interiors in Anarchy
Abby Banks
(2007, Abrams)

Punk Love
Susie J. Horgan
(2007, Universe)

Punk on Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore
Juha-Pakka Inkinen
(2009, LIKE)

Punk Pioneers: When Punk Was Fun
Jenny Lens
(2008, Universe)

Punk Rock
Virginia Boston
(1978, Penguin)

Radio Silence
Nathan Nedorostek
(2008, MTV)

Raw Power: Iggy & the Stooges 1972
Mick Rock
(2000, Creation)

Rebel Rock
Dennis Morris
(1985, Omnibus)

Regeneration
Ray Stevens
(1987, Symbosis)

Screaming Life
Charles Peterson
(1995, Harper Collins)

Sex Pistols: Chaos
Bob Gruen
(1990, Omnibus)

Sex Pistols: Day By Day
Lee Wood
(1988, Music Sales Corp.)

Sex Pistols File
Ray Stevenson
(1982, Omnibus)

Sex Pistols Retrospective: A Visual Diary
(2000, Retro)

Silent Pictures
Pat Graham
(2007, Akashic)

Siouxsie & the Banshees: Photo Book
Ray Stevenson
(1986, Omnibus)

Skinhead
Nick Knight
(1982, Omnibus)

Skins & Punks: Lost Archives 1978-85
Gavin Watson
(2008, Vice)

Stealing Time
Mark Beemer
(2002, Beemerkid)

Touch Me I'm Sick
Charles Peterson
(2003, PowerHouse)

Unemployed
Savage Support
(2001, ? Japan)

Unheard Music: 1991-1997
Chrissy Piper
(1997, PA Kane)

Vacant: Diary of the Punk Years, 1976-79
Nils & Ray Stevenson
(1999, Thames & Hudson Ltd)

We're Desperate: Punk Photography of Jim Jocoy, SF/LA 1978-80
Jim Jocoy
(2002, PowerHouse)

Weird Angle
F Stop Fitzgerald
(1982, Last Gasp)

Welcome to Cruise Country
Helge Schreiber
(1987, MRR)

White Nights
Morten Andersen
(2006, Hit Me)

X-capees: A San Francisco Punk Photo Documentary
Raye Santos
(1980, X-Capees Press)

Clockwise from top-left corner: Destino Final by Alejandra Nunez / Surrender by Lisa Roebuck / Gorilla Angreb by Christy Thornton / Government Flu by Mike Champagne / Højspænding by Hubert / Absurdo by Fidel Gutierrez

CRIMEN
DE ESTADO

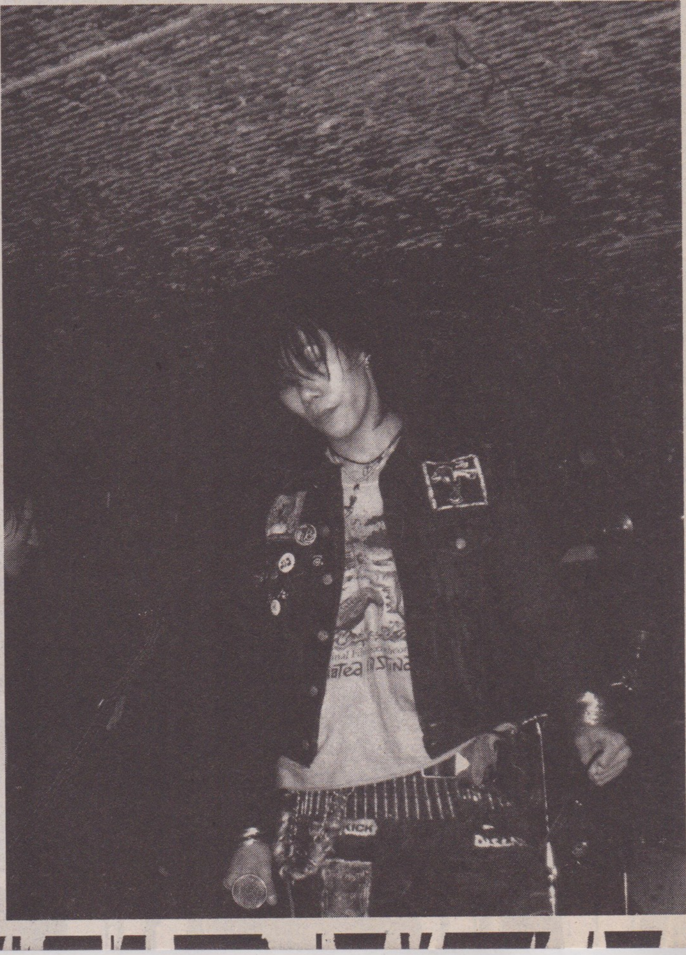
Marshall
Marshall

Clockwise from top-left corner: Scott Moore / Nerveskade / Night Fever / Warcry / D-Clone / Tuberculosis

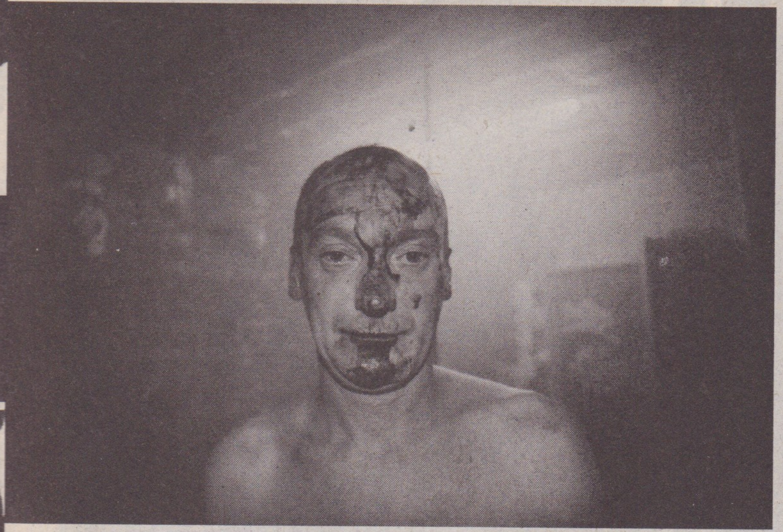
Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy

ANTI CIMEX
ANTI-CIMEX

Clockwise from top-left corner: No Rest by Magda / Mörpheme by Amy Kay / ATF by Paco Mus / crowd at The Rat by Jeff Waker / Tragedy by Andrea Rigano/ Rational Animals by MGA



Photos by Ricky Adam


Martin – Gruel vocalist

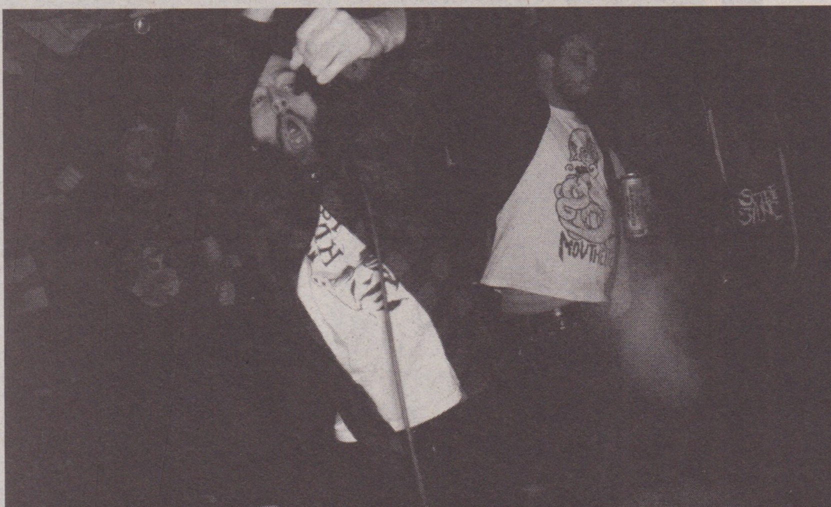
Mero – Knifed vocalist

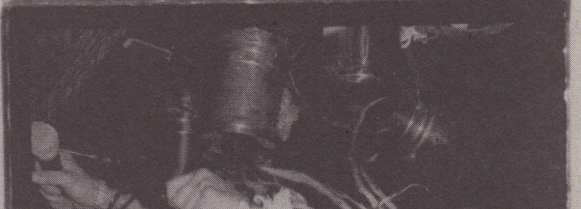
Punk at the Warzone Centre in Belfast

Limp Wrist

Surrender

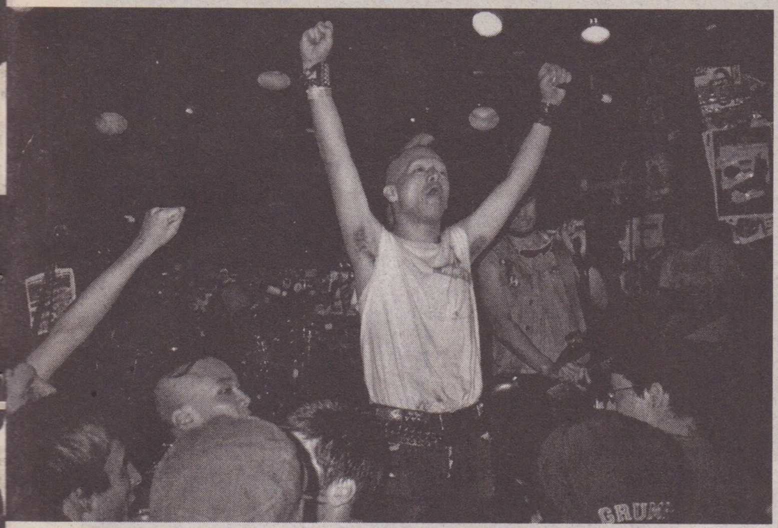
Sawn Off



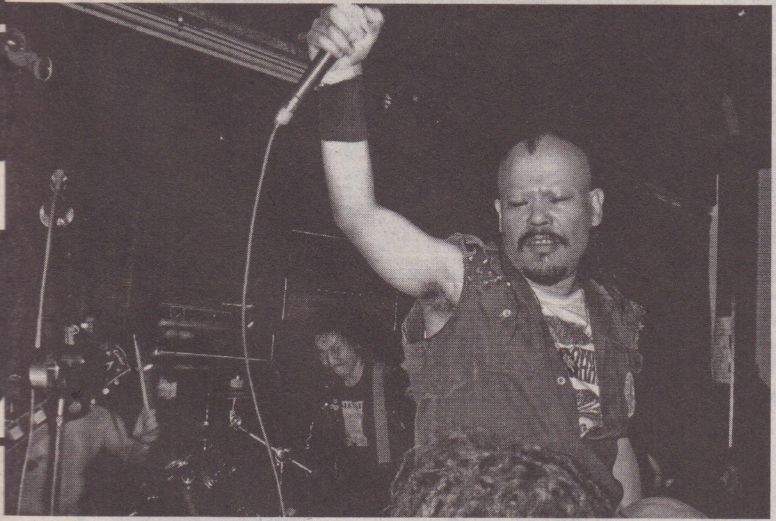


Clockwise from top-left center: Insect Warfare by Tom Medwell / Hard Skin by Jack Barfield / Boom Boom Kid by Eduardo Palma / Seasick by Shawn Zappo / Mad Men by Greg Benedetto

Photos by Chris Minicucci


Warhead

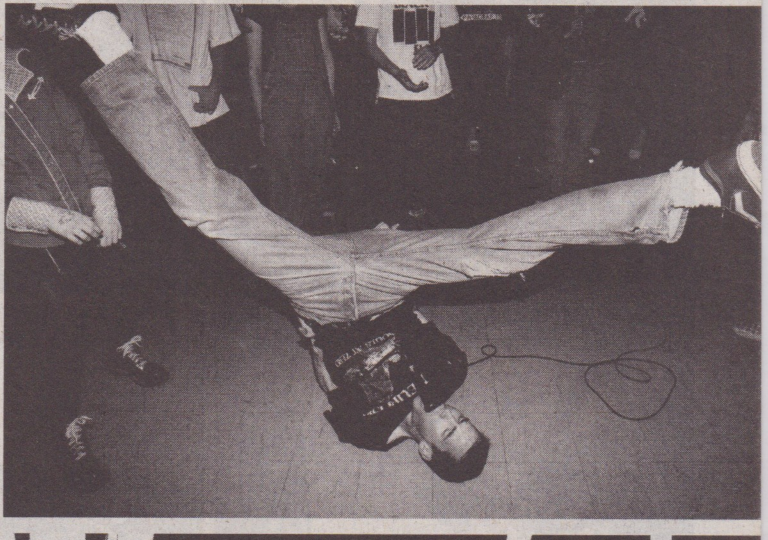
Cold Sweat



Forward

Inepsy

Poison Idea


9 Shocks Terror

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Top Ten
Goodnight Loving
Busy Signals
Eddy Current Suppression Ring
Boston Chinks
Menthols
Digital Leather
Final Solutions
Hank IV
King Louie One Man Band
Straggs
Vending Machine
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Okmoniks
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BOOKS

MY BABY RIDES THE SHORT BUS
SCHOOL BUS
9
The unabashedly human experience of raising kids with disabilities
Edited by Yantra Bertelli, Jennifer Silverman, and Sarah Talbot

My Baby Rides the Shortbus
Yantra Bertelli, Jennifer Silverman, Sarah Talbot eds.
336 pages • $20
PM Press
PO Box 23192
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

Losing sleep over not being able to put down a totally engaging book happens from time to time. But then continuing to lose sleep because what you've just read is swirling around in your head and making pictures behind your eyelids? Doesn't happen so often. However, that was exactly my experience when reading My Baby Rides the Shortbus: The Unabashedly Human Experience of Raising Kids with Disabilities.

Edited by Yantra Bertelli, Jennifer Silverman, and Sarah Talbot, this collection of voices from the fringe of the fringe tells the subjective stories of non-conformist parents raising differently-abled children. Parenting itself can be an incredibly isolating experience for many reasons, but more so when coming from what the mainstream considers counter-culture or alternative. Add to the isolation stew parenting a disabled kid and things grow exponentially more complicated.

It was out of this isolation that the three editors found each other's company on an online community bulletin board for "alternative" parents. A few years later, at the 2004 HipMama.com conference, they offered a workshop on disabilities and parenting. Feeling they'd moved from object to subject, they decided to put out a zine from which this book was eventually born.

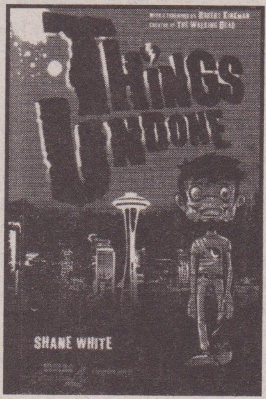
The book's contributors cover a lot of territory here, all gathered from their personal experiences. With an Introduction by Lisa Carver, its six chapter topics include diagnosis, navigating the system, advocating for their kids, being seen, heard, respected, and believed, respite, community support, and transitions, families, and last, an impressive resources section.

Conspicuously, there is an overwhelming female voice throughout the book. No matter how wide the submissions call is cast, it makes statistical sense that it's mostly female. Studies have shown that women take on higher levels of responsibility in caring for their disabled children than men. It also makes sense that most of the voices here are working-class to middle-class because those who are parenting in poverty have much less time and space to write.

The editors went out of their way to include as diverse a body of contributors as possible. Them doing so makes perfect, expected sense, right? Who else would go out of their way, extending the call for submissions twice, to include such an array of voices? Those who've been sidelined by disability, their children's and sometimes, their own! The disabled, and therefore their caregivers too, are among, if not the most, invisible and excluded segment of society.

Yet the tone throughout the book is not angry. Instead, it's full of compassion, hope and above all, love. These smart, strong, tender, scared, victorious, sleep deprived, dedicated parents, whether by birth or adoption, will make you cry with laughter, empathy and solidarity. With them, you will ride their ups and downs. You will accompany them to IEP meetings and diagnosis appointments. They will bring you into their homes and daily lives. Overall, you will appreciate the book's genuineness as a partial antidote to the mainstream's misrepresented, ridiculing and objectifying stories about disabled kids and their parents.

—Jessica Mills



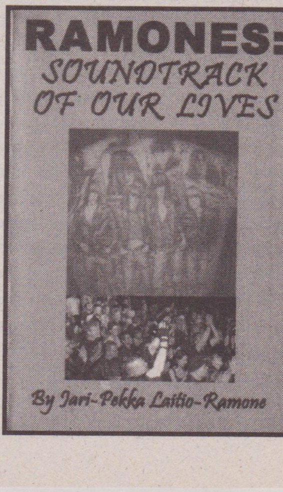
Things Undone
Shane White
88 Pages • $12.95
NBM
www.nbmpublishing.com

Things Undone is a two-toned, orange hued graphic novel that is professionally sharp, yet subtly hip. Rick Watt's is a twenty-something video game artist who runs to the American Northwest to escape a life that was eating him alive. Like a blood-thirsty mob of zombie cossacks, every parasitic moment of his past life hunts him down and starts to gnaw out his brains. A reward-less job, incompetent geek bosses and an almost ex-girlfriend, all encircle Watt's and suffocate his will to live. This is not my zombie metaphor, it is the author Shane White's zombie metaphor and it starts on the very first page of Things Undone.

In a Tarantino-esque fashion, White gives you a glimpse of the end of the script in the first scene. A disheveled half mummy in Converse is demanding a handgun from a back alley gun shop and then throws a tantrum because he will have to wait a few days before he can have the gun in his possession. Then White drags you to the beginning of his depressing tale; the first day his overbearing and neurotic girlfriend moves back in with him. As the story unfolds Rick Watt's slowly begins to physically rupture. After an argument with his girlfriend an eye ball launches from his socket and his cat bats it under the couch, a tooth gets lodged in his keyboard at his crappy job, his left ear adheres to his phone and severs from his head; you see the metaphor working here. It's mildly clever, but not serious poetry and it's probably been done before (I just can't think of an example). With all of the Zombie kitsch on display these days it's debatable if we need any more, but at least this particular Zombie analogy gives me something I either haven't seen or can't remember.

I wanted to complain about how White dragged me through Watt's afflicted relationship and how he bummed me out by making me suffer through his mind numbing job, and bantering jack-ass bosses, but then it occurred to me that I wouldn't feel right about ripping on a guy for succeeding at communicating his message. The dark cloud that navigates you through the graphic novel is subtly humorous and you have to keep that in mind if you want to avoid depression. White's illustrations and plot development are very professional and well thought out (even if I think the Zombie analogy is cliché) and he gives you a pretty sweet S&M fight towards the end that should cheer you up. In the end the story has an optimistic message but I'm not going to spoil it. Almost all of the situations should be familiar and his witty take on them is worth noting. Things Undone is the kind of graphic novel that is better the second time you read it.

—Lowell Fletcher



Ramones: Soundtrack Of Our Lives
Jari-Pekka Laitio-Ramone
224 pages • $17
North America: Interpunk.com
Outside US email: jplaitio@kauhajoki.fi
ramones.kauhajoki.fi

This is a book about the Ramones. It is also about people and music and communication and friendship and inspiration, but in the end nothing inside here means anything without its connection to the Ramones. Jari-Pekka (and his fourteen year-old website, listed above) is the be-all end-all aggregate for all things Ramones, collecting information and interviews and photos with anything even remotely related to the band.

BOOKS

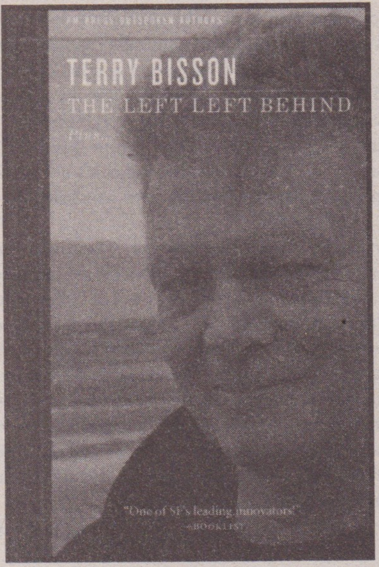
A self-described "worldwide collection of rare photos and loving tributes to our rebel angels," this, Jari's third book on the subject, is mostly populated with interviews. Tommy, Marky, Richie, and CJ (the surviving Ramones) are obviously included, but they just scratch the surface. We also get interviews and written accolades from the Sex Pistols, NOMEANSNO, Agnostic Front, Arturo Vega (artist for the Ramones, Misfits, etc.), high school friends, studio engineers, the famous Backstage Masseuse Dr. Dot, Ramones' graffiti artists, tribute bands, and on and on.

Jari keeps a fair and neutral perspective that is difficult when exploring a band with such a noteworthy in-house rivalry. In fact, Jari does an almost perfect job of keeping the tone of the book (and to a larger extent, his website) completely neutral and respectful. It is likely this effort that has awarded him some of his most exclusive insights, like Dee Dee Ramone giving Jari his personal diary just before he passed away, or an interview with Linda Cummings, the woman at the center of the Joey/Johnny love triangle (included only in this book). You can tell right away that Jari lives and breathes The Ramones that in turn helps him serve as the definitive liaison to their legacy.

The fair-weather Ramones fan or even casual rock-biography-reader can enjoy and appreciate Soundtrack... for its detail and depth, but diehards are definitely the true beneficiaries of this book. However much you know about the band (and their story is not a secret one, mind you), this guy and his resources can surely overwhelm you—my favorite aspect being the inadvertent demystifications that occur during his research. For instance, did you know that CJ Ramone's most recent CD purchase was Jack Johnson? And who can't roll their eyes at the Ramones publicity shot featuring (short-term stand-in drummer from Blondie) Clem Burke wearing a Chanel #5 t-shirt under his leather jacket without a trace of irony? This book is full of these unveilings.

I don't at all mean for this to sound like a bad thing but this book never ends. It has interview after interview after interview after interview. From page 150 through page 170, for example, you get extensive discussions (not just sound bytes) with Joey's girlfriend in Connecticut in the '80s, followed by Dez Cadena, followed by the drummer of Dee Dee's solo project, followed by various members of MOTORHEAD, the Misfits, Guns'n'Roses, the Hellacopters, and Turbonegro. The facts and stories, like the Ramones' legacy itself, keep going and going and going...

—Craigums



The Left Left Behind
Terry Bisson
121 pgs • $12
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

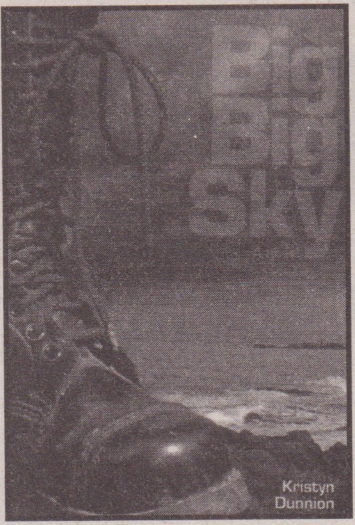
Social and political satire is a cornerstone of science fiction, a joyful counterbalance to the stark and dire world posited by many authors in the genre (though often the satire is so astute that it makes us feel depressed to consider our world in such a light). The seminal works of authors like John Brunner, Kurt Vonnegut, and the master of satirical SF, Phillip K. Dick, are a roiling mixture of inspired speculation, hilarious satire and horrifyingly real observations. Terry Bisson, perhaps best known for his amusing short story "They're Made Out of Meat," and for completing Walter Miller's sequel to his classic A Canticle for Leibowitz, has given us a selection of works that fall far short of the mark.

This volume, the first in PM Press's Outspoken Authors series, contains a short left wing play about historical figures returning from the dead, and a short left wing parody of the best-selling Left Behind series. At this juncture I'm going to have to admit that I have never read any of the Left Behind novels, and know next to nothing about them, but apparently they are set in a post-Rapture America, in which all of the Christian faithful have ascended to Heaven, leaving the rest of us to fight against the Anti-Christ. Stop me if I'm off base here, but that sounds pretty cool (not to mention suspiciously similar to other post-apocalypse books, especially Stephen King's The Stand). It is perhaps mildly disturbing that these books have sold millions of copies, but not half so disturbing as the popularity of "Girls Gone Wild," Scientology and the Insane Clown Posse, to name a few (and if you think ICP is old news, think again). Not to mention the fact that the Christian right has roundly rejected the Left Behind series as scripturally inaccurate. All of this causes me to wonder if these books really merit being parodied in the first place?

I suppose if the resultant work had been successful, it wouldn't matter. Unfortunately Bisson's work falls into the great traps of such works: The politics overshadow the story, and more fatally, it just isn't funny. On the one hand, the book fails in the same way that comic strips like "Mallard Fillmore" fail, in believing that politically sympathetic readers will react favorably no matter what. Politics can't be the only appealing thing about a work, but rather must be submerged in a world appealing in its own right. And on the other hand, the grand absurdities and scathing jibes of the above-mentioned authors are replaced with overly-broad jokes and the general feel of a high-school writing exercise. The play included in the book, "Special Relativity," suffers even more deeply from these faults, and is almost embarrassing to read.

The interview at the end makes Mr. Bisson seem a very appealing guy, and so the shortcomings of the book are that much more frustrating. To his credit (but perhaps to the detriment of those who felt this book merited publication), I don't imagine Bisson was trying very hard, so I'm sure he could have written a subtler, more engaging book if he had tried. Unfortunately, such speculation does us no good, and we are left (as it were) with a book we want to like, but don't.

—Dan Joseph



Big Big Sky
Kristyn Dunnion
244 pages • $14.95
Red Deer Press
1512, 1800-4 Street S.W.
Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2S 2S5

Sci-fi is rare in the MRR book section, perhaps because it's so hard to write original, quality sci-fi nowadays. It seems like the genre has been so thoroughly explored that the newer writers who send books to MRR start out writing in other genres, usually contemporary fiction set in the punk scene. Not so with author Kristyn Dunnion. Big Big Sky is her third published book, and her first sci-fi book.

The story follows five young female human fighters, healers and assassins who are being trained by ScanMans, an alien race who've conquered much of Earth. The five form a "pod," one of many fighting platoons who are being organized to fight an unknown enemy. There is active telepathy among all of the platoons, and there is a fair amount of physical sex and psychic pleasure that occurs between the pod members. The five protagonists are kept in a web of unawareness and propaganda (think dystopian novels like 1984) and have no conception of human males or their parents (save the omnipresent ScanMans). They are kept in fear of non-conformity by the threat of "de-plugging," which seems to be some sort of brainwashing & reprogramming process. Mass rallies, 24/7 surveillance, and constant propaganda are their constant companions.

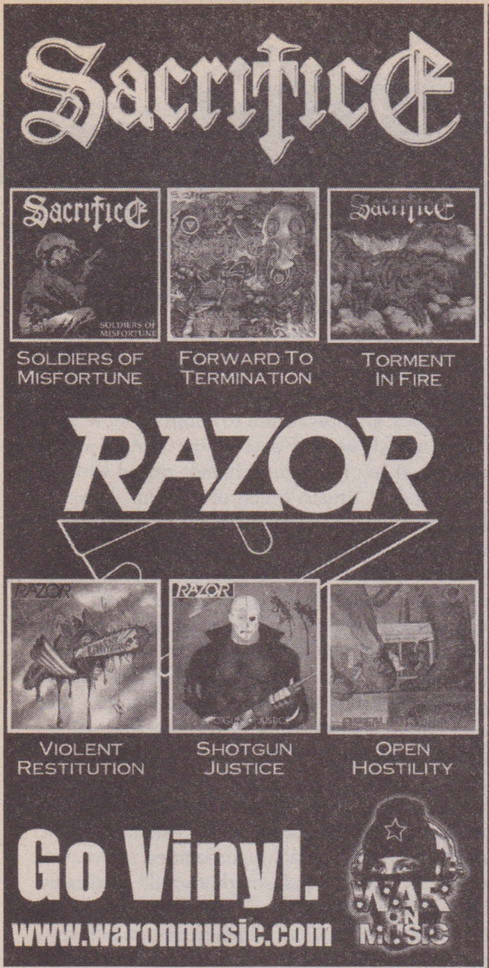
The plot progresses quickly and the five suddenly break through the combined repression of ScanMans control and their fellow pods' groupthink. Without going into plot details, their grand journey includes many psychological and physiological mini-journeys.

What really sets this book apart is its skillful use of the unique dialect of the pod members, similar to A Clockwork Orange. Unlike that book, Big Big Sky has no glossary so the definitions are up to the reader to decipher based on context. This keeps a certain amount of mystery about the pod's society, and even about the pod's physical attributes. (For instance, the telepathic abilities of the pod members include the ability to "download" massive amounts of information into each other's minds, and they refer to their insides as "wiring").

Writing in slang often trips up newer writers, let alone writing in a dialect that the writer makes up herself. Yet Dunnion never lets the language obstruct the story telling. The characters' interactions and conversation flow naturally. When one realizes that Dunnion is also constantly introducing the Big Big Sky's technology and culture to the reader, it's clear that the author is extremely talented. The plot unfolds effortlessly, even as the reader is being introduced to several new concepts every page.

The world of Big Big Sky is fascinating—I think it could be described as a fantasy/sci-fi book more than just straight sci-fi due to some of the plot elements, (no spoilers!). It's certainly complex enough that it could be expanded into a long, diverse series of books. The obvious books would cover the future exploits of the Big Big Sky characters, but there are clearly a lot of other stories (the arrival of the ScanMans and the establishment of the ScanMans' rule leap to mind) that Dunnion's fertile mind could create. Here's hoping that she takes this on!

—Jesse Luscious



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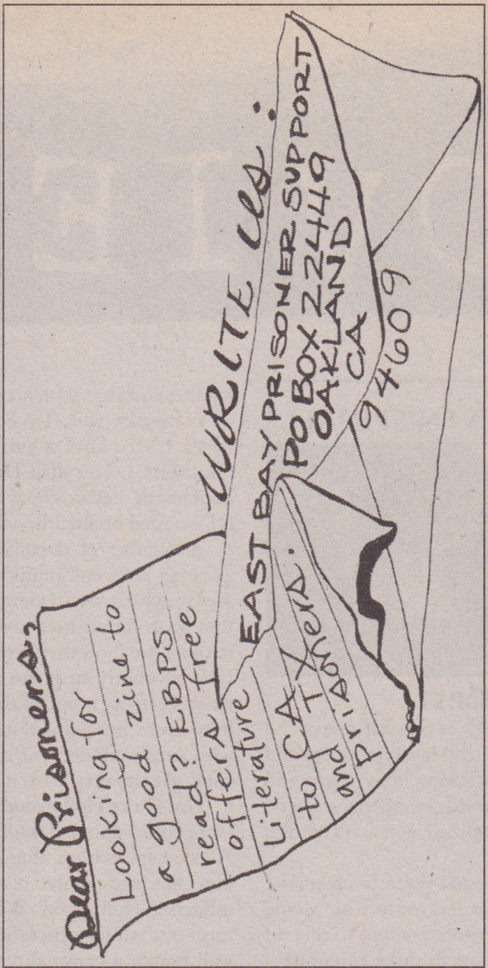

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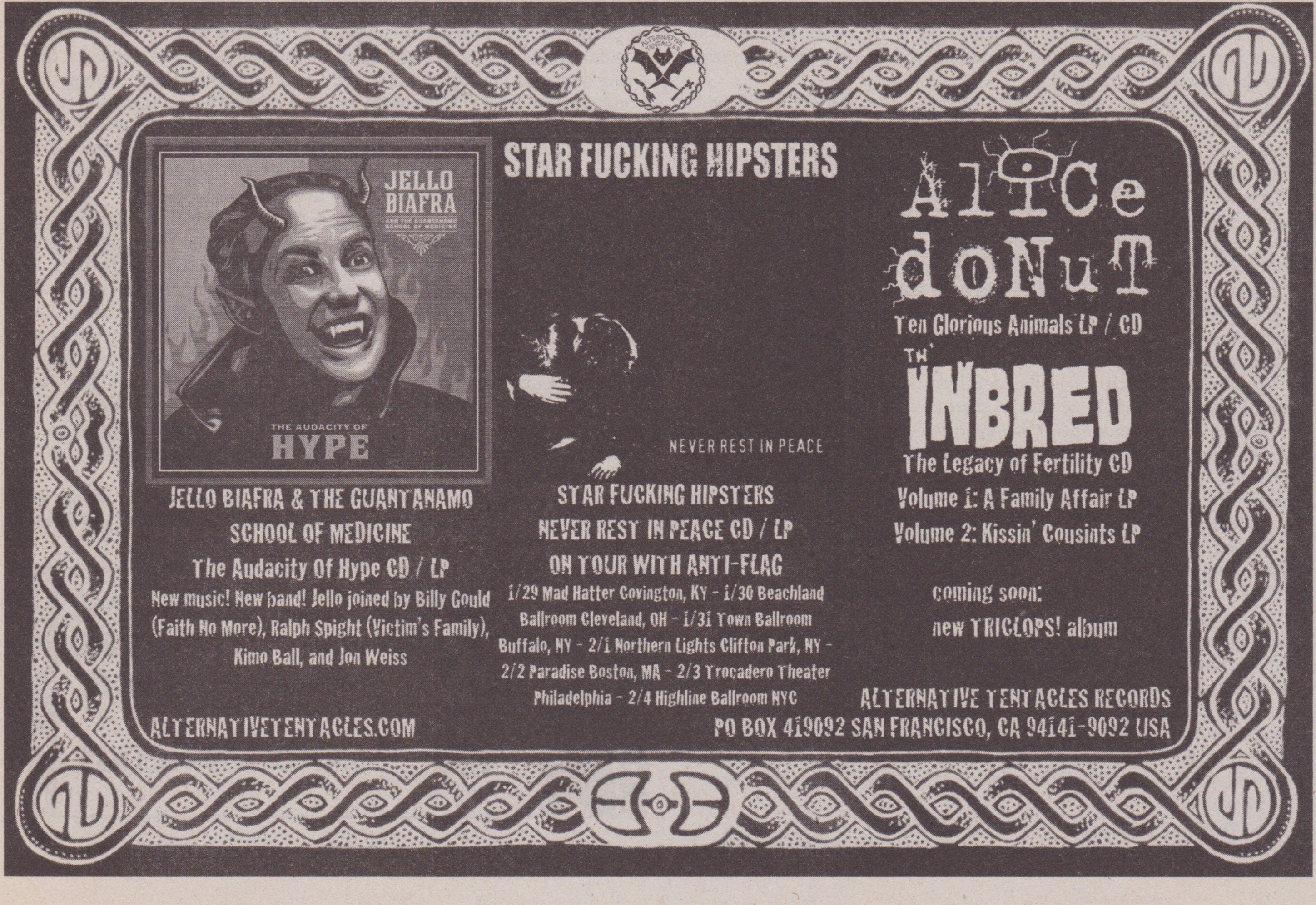

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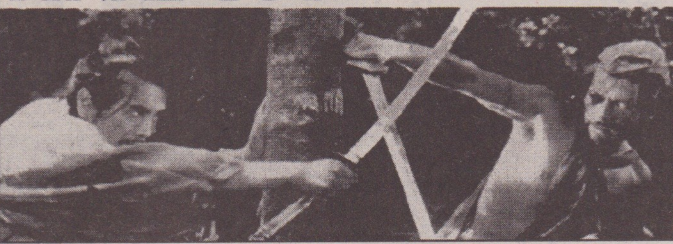
MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



THE YEAR'S BEST AND WORST

There's reason at least to consider a film like **2012** as possibly one of the worst of 2009—a geological nightmare coinciding with Mayan prophesy and the general idea of meteorological doom. With a dizzying body count and impossibly massive renderings of earthquakes, mantle displacement, volcanic instability, and even entire cities falling into pits gurgling magma, it's hard to imagine a year end list without its mention.

Fact is, this past year witnessed fewer than its usual share of cinematic disasters—if only because the total output of films is less every year. Movie making is an expensive business, and most producers are content to rely on proven formulas (like disaster films) or bankable stars in order to ensure a reasonable gross.

While there are no disaster movies per se in this year's list, you'll find more than your share of limited-scale disasters shown in the films themselves. They're no worse for it, either.

One personal favorite is Neill Blomkamp's **District 9**, filmed in Johannesburg, South Africa—the story of what happens when a craft of prawn-like aliens are forced to relocate to a barren stretch of land—and in the process become a metaphor for displaced "aliens" of all races. The special effects are evocative in a Roland Emmerich kind of way (shades of **2012** again coming to the fore), but **District 9** is more pointed and satiric. All most human see are the poverty, unfamiliarity, and odd customs of a people that some don't even regard as human. Which, of course, they're not, but that makes treating them like common pests all the more appealing. Sharto Copley puts in an appealing performance as the hapless coordinator of the evacuation project—which soon forces him to have to choose sides in the unwinnable conflict.

Zombieland, which is equally apocalyptic, tells a tale familiar to most horror fans, albeit with more than its share of visual gags and crass asides. In truth, the zombie film is one of the dreariest genres in the book, dependent on the wholesale slaughter of the soul-less undead to keep the plot afloat. The film itself feeds on a diet of cinematic trash; and while there have been other amusing zombie films through the years, few have taken such pleasure at aiming their cross-hairs at its shuffling undead. Both **District 9** and **Zombieland** are, strictly speaking, garbage, but show enough invention to make up for it.

An indie feature with a more independent voice, Kathryn Bigelow's **The Hurt Locker** is so far the best dramatic feature to emerge from the dust and ashes of the Gulf War. At first seemingly reckless with life, a bomb disposal expert (Jeremy Renner) becomes almost a kind of rock star in finding and disarming explosive devices—so much so that his fellow soldiers begin to regard him a kind of awe. It's a job that, for many, carries an implied death sentence, and that's what makes his predicament and behavior so unpredictable. Bigelow's film doesn't make any judgments on the morality of the war, but instead addresses what ordinary soldiers need, or are in need of, to survive.

Survival isn't quite the issue with **Okuribito**—or maybe it is, in a different sort of way. When a young cellist finds himself out of work, he a profession that soon attracts the unwelcome attention of relatives and the ire of his new wife (Ryoko Hirosue), and forces him to confront some hard issues. It's the kind of film could quickly become over-sentimental; however, **Okuribito** (also called **Departures**) has its share of humor tinged with an undramatic depiction of death and its rituals. Much of the film shows an understated humor, though few notable scenes are laugh-out-loud funny.

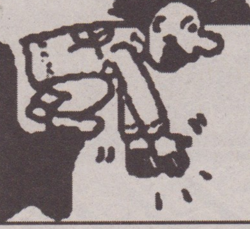
A number of documentaries this year have distinguished themselves as being both entertaining and thought provoking. **Anvil – The Story of Anvil**, which was reviewed in these pages, tells the story of a metal band that soon found itself overshadowed by a variety of newer, more popular outfits – and how they orchestrate one last push for fame. In truth, Anvil was (and is) a fairly mediocre example of an over-inflated genre, but their rags to whatever story is one of the more unglamorous portraits of rock music – told from the artist's point of view. The good news is that this documentary, along with single-minded self-promotion, helped change the fate of this veteran band. At the very least, it's a testament to the power of film.

Not Quite Hollywood: The Wild, Untold Story of Ozploitation, is even more entertaining. Filmmaker Mark Hartley assembled this valentine to the Aussie exploitation films of the '70s and beyond, incorporating interviews, film clips, and pointed commentary on a film industry that would eventually influence Hollywood. While some Aussie directors and films would gain success, their idiosyncratic style gave their mix of violence, sex, and off-the-wall humor a personality of its own. This documentary is bound to have a special appeal to hardened film fans and aficionados of trash filmmaking.

On a more serious note, **Unmistaken Child** is the striking, real-life story of monk in Nepal whose master dies. The Dalai Lama sets a goal for the young monk: to find the monk's newly reincarnated soul from among the world of possibilities. This concept has been covered before in feature films; but the search for unreincarnated souls in a documentary film would seem to be a hopeless project. What results is a frank and fascinating story of a religion, and a search that, quite incredibly, actually yields results. Director Nati Baratz gains unprecedented access to an unfamiliar world.

Robert Kenner made **Food, Inc.**, a tell-all, show-all account of the shadow-world behind food production in America, and the story he tells is unsettling. On one hand, a handful of multinationals led by the likes of Monsanto have invested in crops that leave farmers without legal recourse; on the other hand, the mistreatment of some animals has led some to rethink the way we deal with food. On a very different subject, **Crude** is the inspiring story of a group of lawyers who challenged Chevron's heavy-handed tactics in mismanaging a swathe of the Amazonian rain forest. In both cases, to varying degrees, we have examples of expository filmmaking that tries and, in small ways, actually makes a difference in the way we manage the world's resources. One can only hope that their message will find wider public appeal.

All of these films are available for rental, and the winter months are an especially good time to skip over the holiday specials for films that will shock and amaze.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

The opening scene of **(Untitled)** is of a group of people facing the camera presumably looking at a piece of art as if they were in a museum. Then a bell rings and the elevator door opens. Almost all of the people standing there get on the elevator. The one remaining person is actually looking at the art. He begins talking with the artist who proclaims that more people will see his painting than if it was at the MOMA. Possibly true, but will anyone pay attention to it?

That first scene is a great introduction to **(Untitled)**, which is mainly set in the New York art world, but also includes the avant garde music scene. The film pokes fun at each character's viewpoints and pretensions. It is easy to do. But it also supports where each is coming from. You can understand the mindset even if you at times find the sincerity hilarious.

The man looking at the painting is musician Adrian Jacobs. The artist is his brother Josh. It is hard to tell at that moment what their relationship is though if Adrian made the effort to go see Josh's painting in a hotel lobby more than likely they are closer than they would want to admit.

Later at a performance for Adrian's newest composition Josh brings his art dealer Madeleine Gray. While Adrian's parents walk out as the first notes are struck returning when the performance is over, Madeleine really enjoys what Adrian is doing. He on the other hand is annoyed with her because she wears a plastic coat that makes noise whenever she moves. Adrian is obsessed with noises. Everything makes a noise that distracts and/or inspires him. Madeleine decides he should perform his piece at her art gallery for the opening of hot artist Ray Barko latest exhibition.

When Adrian's group performs at the art gallery more of the art world archetypes and hanger-ons are introduced. People stand around discussing the importance of Barko's art, which is made up of taxidermy animals combined with household objects such as a vacuum cleaner and a chandelier. Then when the group begins to play the same people giggle and laugh probably because they haven't yet been told how important Adrian is yet. There is also the Wall Street millionaire who simply wants to find the hottest art to invest in. He doesn't seem to enjoy the exhibition, but desperately wants to purchase something. Madeleine makes him jump through hoops to buy one of Barko's pieces and then she bullies him into commissioning a musical piece by Adrian's group.

Things get more complicated in **(Untitled)** when Adrian begins an affair with Madeleine. Everything she wears makes noise and it drives him wild. Josh is also interested in Madeleine though she doesn't take him seriously as an artist. The commissions she gets from selling his paintings to hotels pay for the less commercial artists she likes to exhibit. He takes offense at this and demands his own exhibition. The humor becomes more subtle and appealing for those who are more familiar with these scenes. Though I am sure people who don't know anything about either would still get a good laugh at Madeleine's latest discovery Monroe's art installation. Adrian's performance of his commissioned piece at Monroe's opening is also brilliantly done.

(Untitled) doesn't attempt to answer the "what is art" question. The film is too smart to even try. It is obvious that what art is to me is different than what it is to you, et cetera. But that's what I like about it. Everyone in the film has his or her way and no one is judged too harshly for it. (www.untitled-themovie.com)

The big joke currently going around my house is when I accidentally said, "I don't like watching bands play live." Now that quote is reiterated to me ad nauseam simply because it was the least true thing I have ever said. Particularly since its utterance occurred after I had just spent fourteen straight days seeing live bands. It's a new record for me, but still. Of course, I like seeing bands live.

Needless to say I heard it again when I was trying to watch the **Gonerfest 4** DVD. **Gonerfest 4** DVD is a collection of bands shot while performing at the 2007 Gonerfest in Memphis, TN. I have never been to Gonerfest because it always falls on my birthday and I tend to be a brat when it comes to my birthday. It needs to be all about me. After watching this DVD though it seems like it is a really fun time. Everyone always tells me it is. I should listen to people more. Maybe I'll have to go next year.

Appearing at the 2007 Gonerfest Eddy Current Suppression Ring, the Oogas Boogas, Greg Cartwright, Jay Reatard, Lover!, Digger and The Pussycats, Busy Signals, Head, Headache City, Boston Chinks and so many more great bands. There are very few of these bands that I haven't seen, but I am still envious that I wasn't there. The bands are shot very well and the sound is excellent. Interspersed between the bands are random audience comments, some screaming and even some silly arguing over gravity. There's drinking and dancing and too much fun.

A minor complaint about **Gonerfest 4** DVD is that there is only one song from Eddy Current Suppression Ring. Maybe at the time Live From Memphis the videographers didn't know any better so only one was shot. It's really disappointing that there wasn't more of them to at least be able to stick an extra song or two in the bonus video section? That is another weird thing. Why are Top Ten, Thomas Function, The Menthols, Perfect Fits and Hipshakes relegated to this bonus videos section? The performances, sound, video all seem as good as the rest, yet they weren't worthy to make it on the main stage so to speak. Last complaint is the Donny Denim performance at the end is intercut with shots of festival attendees talking and the credits. You don't really get to see or hear him that much. But these nit-pickings are minor in comparison to what you get. Ten or twenty years from now I will be glad to have this collection of all these great bands.

One more fun thing for a Bay Area resident like myself to do while watching the **Gonerfest 4** DVD is to count how many people from here are in the audience. It seems like everyone was there. I see Tina, Dulcinea, Floyd, Debbie, Andy, Kelly. It's a new drinking game. Take a shot when you see someone from your town. There is also a CD included with the DVD containing more live performances from the bands. It is a great collection. (www.goner-records.com)

Thanks to Michael Lucas for recommending that I watch the commentaries on the **Another State Of Mind** DVD. Word is out. I love these commentaries. Especially the ones were the commentators aren't afraid to dish the dirt. Nothing is held back on **Another State Of Mind**. There are three commentaries: Mike Ness with Joe Escalante (of the Vandals), the three Youth Brigade Stern brothers: Shawn, Adam and Mark and filmmakers Adam Small and Peter Stuart. There seems to be some animosity between them that makes it all the more fun.

First up is Mike Ness of Social Distortion. He doesn't seem to know where he is never mind remember much of what was going on in the film. Escalante is there to ask questions and keep the conversation rolling. There are long bouts of silence where you wonder if Ness has nodded off. He keeps the conversation mostly about himself pointing out that he didn't help with getting the bus ready for the tour and defending his choice to fly back to LA from DC. The funniest moment is when he is talking about being in San Francisco at the photo shoot for the cover of the Circle Jerks *Wild In The Streets* LP. He is on the cover. He mentions that was the first record cover he was ever on. Then says that maybe he was on the cover of Social Distortion's record. Escalante corrects him telling him that he wasn't, the skeleton was on the cover.

The three Stern brothers' commentary is more interesting. They argue about things and make fun of each other. Someone is chewing gum the whole time. When one claims the opening scene is shot at the Olympic Auditorium, another says, "I think you're wrong. I think this is the Rollerworks in North Ridge." When all the tour participants are introducing themselves in the beginning of the film, the Sterns have anecdotes to tell about each and what they are doing now. When Mike Ness appears on screen there is silence, then a bit of giggling. They point out all the inconsistencies in the filmmaking scenes are shot in one city, but presented as another and comment on how the filmmakers missed so much of what was going on. They are still a bit embarrassed about the pool scene claiming they didn't know about that until the screening as well as the slam dancing demo and the scene at Punx House. "This is complete bullshit," Shawn states.

The directors also have some air to clear. Director Peter Stuart claims during his commentary states that Mike Ness is a "real" punk because he admits in the film to watching TV and drinking beer all day. Yet, Shawn Stern is a poseur because he took things too seriously. Stuart says Mike Ness and Sid Vicious were the real thing. Yet, in my mind Shawn Stern would be closer to a real punk. He played in a band, runs a record label, puts on shows, planned the tour. Ness wastes his days and acts like a rock star. Sid Vicious couldn't even play bass and is famous for doing heroin. "Shawn Stern would never jump on the floor," Stuart mentions. As if that is what it takes to be punk. Then Stuart inexplicably contradicts my opinion of him by stating that the Screamers were the greatest punk band in LA. It's hard to argue with that. The directors also tell a funny story about the first screening of the film in LA. The Sterns were supposed to be doing security, yet when the film has only about eight minutes left someone tackles the projector, destroying it and everyone in the audience asks for their money back.

Another State Of Mind DVD commentaries are a great way to waste your day. Just ask Mike Ness. (www.timebombrecordings.com/)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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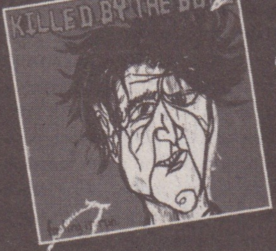

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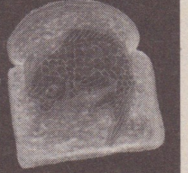

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45 ADAPTERS – "Not One More Day" EP

Decent debut outing from this NYC four-piece. The band displays some quality musicianship on the four workmanlike oi!/street-punk/rock tunes here, most notably in the occasional guitar leads and bass runs. The EP's title track is the best of the bunch sonically, with its catchy chorus and backup shouts, while the pro-working class track "Overtime" (dedicated to the Carpenters Union Local 45) has the strongest lyrics. For me, the weakest song (musically and lyrically) is the rockin' "Bridge Store." Finally, even though "Metropolitans" references the Sox's tragic defeat at the hands of the aforementioned in '86… at least they ain't Yankee's fans! (CS)
(Longshot/Contra)

THE ACCÜSED – "Curse of Martha Splatterhead" LP

Martha is back! Yeah, new album from *that* ACCÜSED. The only original member is the guitarist—Blaine now sings in TOE TAG with some of the other guys. I don't really know how I feel about this. Any other band and I'd say, "This is great… awesome riffs…stupid cover art and not so into the slick, metallic, ProTools-sounding production, but hey, that's me," but the ACCÜSED are the inventors of splattercore. They're one of the classics, one of the greatest crossover bands we've ever had, and I hold them to a different standard. Hate to be a naysayer, but while this is a cool record and it sounds like the ACCÜSED, I can't help but feel it's not. (VL)
(Southern Lord)

AGNOSTIC FRONT – "United Blood" EP

United Blood is one of the genre-defining benchmarks of American HC. Pure blood-and-guts hardcore that shaped the sound of NYHC. Fast, hard, and spiteful—there's a reason why this disc tops many collector's lists. I'm wary of using the "skinhead" term even though it's all boots and braces, because *United Blood* is nothing like what you would typically expect a skinhead band to sound like. Without this record there would be no CRO-MAGS, YOUTH OF TODAY, etc. Ten songs about fighting, discrimination, and fucking shit up. The re-ish even has Vinnie Stigma's old address on it! Mandatory history lesson right here. (TB)
(Bridge Nine)

AGNOSTIC FRONT – "Victim in Pain" LP

This record needs no introduction (but here's a short one anyway). It's chock-full of old-school NYHC anthems that pioneered the image and ethos. I don't know if I'd say it's the paragon of NYHC musically; in terms of image and attitude, however, I would (alongside *Age of Quarrel*). A reissue on Combat Core appeared some time in the mid-'80s, followed by several bootlegs—most recently one boasting the original record label, Ratcage Records. This Bridge Nine reissue has everything and more, for cheaper. The price is right! They also reissued the *United Blood* EP and both on CD format. Well worth buying if you don't already own it or you have some shitty bootleg like me. (DB)
(Bridge Nine)

AIRFIX KITS – "Flex Time" EP

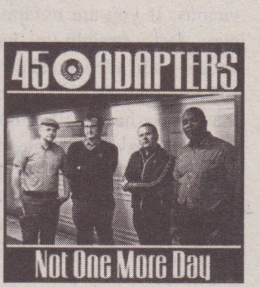
The AIRFIX KITS' song "Flex Time" on their demo was one of the best I'd heard all year. It sounds slightly different on here; they slowed the pace and it sounds altogether looser. It's not quite as great a listen as the demo version, but good. The two songs on the B-side are fantastic. AIRFIX KITS has some of the same members of GIANT HAYSTACKS, and this most resembles GIANT HAYSTACKS on the *A Rebirth of Our City* EP, a record I really liked. I really like this record, too. Not as static or angular as some of GIANT HAYSTACKS' WIRE-influence stuff—a bit poppier. Great. (P$)
(Deranged)

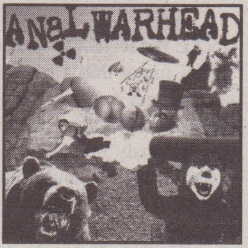
AIRFIX KITS – "Playing Both Sides/Leaving"

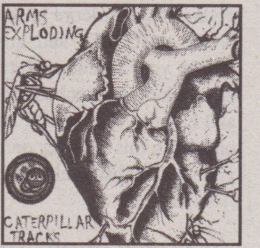
The Bay Area's AIRFIX KITS, rising from the ashes of the sadly underappreciated GIANT HAYSTACKS, has finally delivered their vinyl debut in the form of two 7" singles. This one, on the ever-reliable Dirtnap label, is the superior platter in this reporter's opinion. The pair of tunes here are reminiscent of the HAYSTACKS, though less angular and more traditional. More JAM and less GANG OF FOUR, I suppose. The A-side lodges itself in your brain with the help of an exceptionally strong, choppy main riff—one of McNaughton's best—while the flip delivers an almost surprising "na-na-na" chorus refrain. As for the lyrics… GIANT HAYSTACKS songs were often vague, and AIRFIX KITS has a similar approach. "Playing Both Sides" though, deals with stereotypical gender roles in a pretty ambiguous way: "She's playing both sides / She's messing with your mind." I dunno, interpersonal relationships are complex and difficult, not really anything that can be summed up in a couple verses of a punk song, but for the audience's sake, maybe this one could've benefited from some clarification; otherwise it risks coming off as subtly sexist… (CS)
(Dirtnap)

ALWAYS LAST – "Antidotes" CD

If Fat Wreck Chords ever opens up a Malaysian office, then ALWAYS LAST ought to be the first signing. They have managed to distill that signature "Fat sound" (i.e. BAD RELIGION filtered through the lens of NOFX, ending up like a cross between NO USE FOR A NAME, GOOD RIDDANCE, and PROPAGANDHI), sing in perfect English, and faithfully reproduce the variety of melodic pop-punk styles that early







RANDY did so well. ALWAYS LAST, of course, might scoff at the likes of Fat. The lyrics and liner notes are staunchly independent/DIY-'til-death, and the record is co-released by three different Malaysian labels (I just picked one here to list arbitrarily). Personally, methinks it's pretty excellent all around (a little off-key singing notwithstanding), though it's always a trifle odd to think of the, ahem, reach of cultural imperialism that such Western sounds (and ideas) can be reproduced wholesale. But there you go, that's internationalism for you! (RK)
(Pissart)

AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER / RELIGIOUS AS FUCK – split LP

This split piece of wax is loaded with a bunch of loud tunes that I am sure will please fans of both acts. I am really into the production of the AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER side of the record; it sounds vicious. If you are unfamiliar with this band, they play fast, straight-up hardcore with shredding vocals—add a few breakdowns and cool guitar intros and you end up with a decent hardcore record. On the flip we have RELIGIOUS AS FUCK raging in their way, having a strong drummer who does really cool extended drum parts. The band gets a bit on the blast-beat thing, which is not so interesting to me. If you need a dosage of some contemporary hardcore bands, give this a spin. (MS)
(No Idea)

AMISH ELECTRIC CHAIR – "Straight No Chaser" CD

These guys are really heavy on the ANTI-FLAG and RANCID influence. From Ohio, they voice their hatred for Jellico, Tennessee, with a chorus of "Fuck you Jellico…" which only makes me wonder, "Why?" Five decent songs from a band that would probably love to be on A-F Records. Mostly for ANTI-FLAG fanatics. (RL)
(GC)

ANAL WARHEAD – "Protect and Serve" EP

It's funny that a band with arguably one of the worst names ever winds up being my favorite record (after the SPITS, maybe) I reviewed this month. I was seriously reluctant to throw this on and saved it for last. You should have seen my left eyebrow rise in shock and disbelief as this six-song scorcher began its rather lengthy residency on my turntable. Fucking fantastic! This is totally nihilistic, don't-give-a-fuck hardcore in the same vein as the H100's or the ABUSED, and guaranteed to make a vein pop in your forehead. I can only wonder what sort of drunken, debauched moment produced this name and had the whole band agreeing that it was a good one. Still, this is pretty damn awesome hardcore that you should absolutely check out! (BG)
(Loud Punk)

ARMS EXPLODING / CATERPILLAR TRACKS – split EP

CATERPILLAR TRACKS rip off SHELLAC. ARMS EXPLODING rips off AT THE DRIVE IN. What do they have, a fucking time-travelling DeLorean? Next… (AM)
(Phratry)

ARTERIES – "Paying for the Name/Turborocket"

Yet another in the series that just keeps giving! This time Swansea, Wales is up on the block. This band mixes some of the late-'90s emo stuff with driving, discordant melodies… Think HOT SNAKES with the drive of TURBONEGRO. If they concentrated on the latter two, this record would be storming, but the whiny emo vocals just send me straight back to the mid '90s when every band was shit and emotional and I just wanted to get hammered and listen to SUBSTANDARD and SLUMGANG. Boooo. (TB)
(Art of the Underground)

ASSHOLE PARADE – "Welcome Fucking Home" EP

ASSHOLE PARADE is a rare breed—a band that breaks up and then gets back together to record new material that does not suck. In fact, the LP they put out a few years back is some of their strongest material. This 7" follows firmly in that tradition of not sucking. High quality hardcore here—fast, angry, and stoned. Recommended. (VX)
(No Idea)

ASYMMETRIC WARFARE – "Evolve" CD

Hmm…late-period NAUSEA meets grind? This tends towards metal, but there's definitely a dash of "danceable" epicrust à la KAKISTOCRACY in some songs, too. When they pick the tempo up, the tunes are pretty killer, but there's a surfeit of groovy tribal parts that cause the record to drag in spots. I'm a sucker for dual vocals though, and here they're executed well. Lyrically, ASYMMETRIC WARFARE is very sincere and committed to anarchy, and while I have my personal differences of opinion with that philosophy I appreciate that they have actual solutions to offer and even a bit of optimism in the mix. This album isn't exactly my everyday cup of tea, but I quite enjoyed it. (AU)
(self-released, no contact info)

AUDIO KOLLAPS / DESOLATION – split EP

Pressed in preparation for a joint European tour that didn't take place, this split is a tantalizing taste of what could have been. As always, the wrecking crew known as AUDIO KOLLAPS is hard to pin down with any adjective other than "brutal." The two songs on the split are fairly different, with the first having a trem-picked, almost black metal sound (anybody remember MALEFACTION? This song reminded me of them and that's a very good thing), the other falling into a slightly more straightforward hardcore sound. If this band has made a bad record, I haven't heard it. DESOLATION offers up their first new recording since the release of their awesome self-titled LP on Prank. True to their style, it's a sick blend of epic, expansive crust and galloping "Burning Spirits" hardcore with awesome leads. It sucks that the tour fell through, but on the bright side at least we got a rad split 7" out of the deal. (AU)
(Trujaca Fala)

AUTONOMIA / LOS SOBRIOS EMPUTADOS – split EP

Denver transplants LOS SOBRIOS EMPUTADOS keep up the solid work with three songs in Spanish—mid-tempo rockers with ultra gruff but melodic vocals. Honestly I don't think these songs are quite as good as the CD demo that passed though our review box a while back, but solid hardcore punk nonetheless. AUTONOMIA, from Peru, has been at this punk thing for fucking ages, and they show their experience on these three tracks. Hard-hitting, melodic Latin American punk rock… not really much more to say, because that's what AUTONOMIA fucking does, but these tracks are the best I have heard from them in ages. Perhaps a little more metallic, but the guitars suit the approach well, and when the tempo picks up for the second tune and things start to get a little sloppy…oh man, that's where shit gets fucking good! Quality North/South American split single, hook yourself up. (WN)
(Jornalero)

A/V MURDER – "Tourettes/Fight Like a Man"

The second release from this Chicago supergroup featuring Jimmy Hollywood of BASEBALL FURIES and TYRADES, Bill Roe from COCOCOMA, and two other mystery men (women?). This record is even better than their debut. Wild and frantic, loud and fast. Frenzied music with agitated guitars and controlled chaos. There is lots of screaming and it sounds like so much fun. Fantastic. (CK)
(Local Cross)

AVSKUM – "1982 Demo" EP

Almost 30 years, later AVSKUM is alive and well. This '82 demo documents the band's earliest recording and captures a burly primitivism. The vocals are gruff, and the music is raging and brings to mind the *Anarkist Attack* EP. This is an essential piece of Swedish hardcore history and sits alongside ANTI-CIMEX, SHITLICKERS, etc. as an early example of the Swedes' distinctive sound. This demo is definitely up there with AVSKUM's first EP in terms of quality. I'm pretty sure this is a limited pressing, so get it sooner rather than later. (DB)
(Prank)

AVSKUM – "Folk Som Har Sanger Kan Inte Do" EP

There are heaps of '80s Scandi bands that have reformed (or just recruited new members), but I can think of none more worth your ear-time than fucking AVSKUM. When they came back with *Spirit of Mass Destruction* I admit that I was a little underwhelmed…the record was good, but I was certainly not floored. Then came *Punkista* and I took fucking notice. I think it's one of the most underappreciated records in recent memory—every song is brilliant. But AVSKUM kept getting better, and 2008's *Uppror Underifrån*, which totally set the bar for modern Scandicore…somewhere in that five or six year period I saw them live as well, and any doubts were quickly erased. AVSKUM is absolutely the real shit. This EP is no exception…six tracks of bulldozing Swedish hardcore played and recorded to near perfection. Unashamedly political (no mellowing with age here, put these lyrics into a translator and you'll quickly see that they are as ferocious as ever) and musically relentless with the occasional (and obligatory) awkward Swedish guitar lead. Fuck man, this band just rules, and this record rules…get this. (WN)
(Prank)

BAD INDIANS – "Live from the Burial Mound" LP

Primal reverb psych-rock jams is the name of the game for New York's BAD INDIANS, who sadly decided to tack on their version of "Summertime Blues" at the end of this LP. That's the first strike, right? Second is that this LP is of pretty measly sound quality. The good? Overall, BAD INDIANS seem to have a fresher, younger, more emotive

take on a genre that currently seems so stiff and ironically rule driven, but unfortunately that also means it sounds a little rough around the edges and haphazardly presented. This is the band's second release this year, but perhaps they shouldn't fall into the recording-every-song trap too soon. Something good could be brewing underneath what these guys have here, but it's not quite come to the surface yet. (AL)
(PRTY-NGG)

BAD SPORTS – LP

While most of this LP is passable pop-garage, commendable in some respects (every song has a hook) but forgettable in others (some of those hooks don't catch too well), the song "And It Goes" is one of the best I've heard this year. That tune sums up what could be great about these guys; unfortunately, the rest of the record just isn't up to the level that "And It Goes" sets. The essentials are there—it could just do with a bit of cohesiveness. Featuring Daniel from the WAX MUSEUMS and various other efforts, and two other guys (one of whom has muscles). (BB)
(Douchemaster)

BALANCE / HÅRDA TIDER – split EP

Please my friends, *do not* be turned off by any preconceptions you might have when you look at this youth crew release…your *pre*conceptions are most certainly *mis*conceptions if you think these bands are any kind of run-of-the-mill bro-core. Yeah, there are eight clean-cut dudes looking hard in front of some graffiti on the cover (sorry Peter, but even with the dreads you look pretty), but this release *fucking slays*. BALANCE offers one original tune, and it makes me want to dust off my track shoes and practice my toe-touches, 'cause it just fucking kills… and the breakdown brings to mind a room full of jocks swinging their limbs about with complete abandon…but *it is awesome*! And if I wasn't sold, how about following that shit up with a NO SECURITY cover? Oh, hell yes. And then HÅRDA TIDER takes things even further with two originals and a fucking WARZONE cover ("Crazy But Not Insane" has never sounded this fucking brilliant—yeah, it's better than the original). Their riffs are like a fucking clinic in how to write hardcore songs. Breakdowns around every corner, mosh parts under every rock, crew vocals busting through your speakers, and you are completely surrounded by Swedish dudes youth crewing your ass until you have no choice but to join them in the pit. A white-shirt-wearing dogpile is in your very near future, my friends… get into this shit. My favorite release this month. (WN)
(Instigate / Monument / Not Enough / Hårda Skivor)

BANGERS – "Too Many Dark Knights/Excuses Be Damned"

Haven't been assigned an Art of the Underground Singles Series release for review in quite a while (if ever). Volume 44 features two songs from England's BANGERS. Pop-punk with gruff/melodic vocals and some flashy (but tasteful) guitar flourishes that reminded me of later DESCENDENTS. Solid, catchy tunes. Theirs is not a style I seek out or listen to much, but I thought this was actually pretty dang good. (CS)
(Art of the Underground)

BASSHOLES – "Archive Series Vol. 7: …And Without a Name" LP

North Carolina's BASSHOLES have been playing music since 1992 and despite liking all of their other records, I was afraid a new one in 2009 would turn me off. I immediately smiled when the needle hit the first groove of high-toned fuzz and distorted, pounding drums. Most of this album has a sound similar to that of the CRAMPS' "Human Fly," but played through broken speakers. With only a few exceptions (one of them sounding more like a tune from DON HOWLAND's *great* solo album), these songs are all loud, distorted, and catchy in a grating kind of way. This was recorded at Columbus Discount (the studio) and it sounds spectacular. (MU)
(Columbus Discount)

BIG DRILL CAR – "A Never Ending Endeavor" 2xLP

Classic Southern California melodic HC from the late '80s and early '90s. Knew the name, but couldn't remember what they sounded like or if I ever knew. (I did recognize one song and thought, "This must have been their hit," then realized it was "Celebrated Summer" recorded for a HÜSKER DÜ compilation. *Ewps*. Well, it fit in with the rest of their tracks.) Listening to this, I'm impressed! The first side of record one is newly recorded material, and the rest is from their *No Worse for the Wear* and *Nothing At All* EPs as well as various compilations and demos. I have to say I liked the older material more because I think it's more rocking, while the newer material is much slower, more singer/songwriter-esque, though there were some of the newer tracks I thought were as good as the older ones. Fans of ALL, later HÜSKER DÜ, or AFGHAN WHIGS should check it out. (VL)
(Boss Tuneage / Rookie / Does Everyone Stare)

BLACK FREIGHTER / CROWSKIN – split LP

I had not heard CROWSKIN, but knew they had at least one member of CYNESS. I was surprise when I dropped the needle and heard full-on doom metal. *Slowwwwwww*, and so slow on the first track that it reminded me a little of KHANATE. Other tracks remind me a little of GRIEF, but in CROWSKIN's case they have gruff, guttural female vocals. Good stuff even if it doesn't really stand out from the thousands of other doom bands. BLACK FREIGHTER also has doom leanings but with a CONVERGE/HIS HERO IS GONE hardcore sound. They surprised me a bit by playing heavy hardcore with metal leanings that sounded fresh. (MH)
(Vendetta)

BLACK JASPERS – LP

Two-man project with one recognizable name: KING KHAN. Heavy on the '70s tip with a nod and a wink to the NEW YORK DOLLS and the DICTATORS done with a DIY edge. The thing however—and it's a big thing—is that this record, tuneage-wise, is as memorable as a hipster with a fixed-gear bike. If you dug every forced, forgettable, "I'm on heroin" douchebag band that came out on Rip Off Records, then your no taste buds would like this. Now go suck a donkey's wenis. (SD)
(In The Red)

BOYWIFE / INVADER – split EP

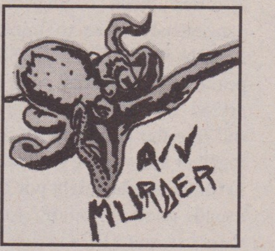
Musically, the first INVADER track reminds me of the heavy punk of the late '70s, almost like the STOOGES. It's very methodical. Their second cut is faster-paced and has a great hardcore sound. The vocals take some getting used to. At first it seems like maybe the vocalist is trying too hard, but he definitely grows on you. BOYWIFE is equally as impressive and plays a mid-tempo sort of hardcore that has a hint of poppiness to it. Both bands are definitely worth checking out. (KK)
(Date Shakes)

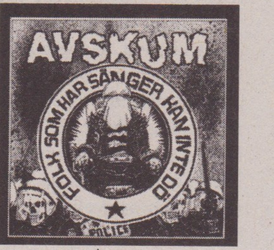
THE BRAT – "The Wolf" 45

"The Wolf" originally appeared on the *Los Angelinos* compilation; 540 Records has so graciously put this out as a one-song 7" and boy does it look as good as it sounds. Cover by Jack Barfield (sticking to the same color theme as the *Attitude* EP—nice) and inner art by Bryan Ray Turcotte. "The Wolf" sounds like a more politically charged and grittier (i.e. better) BLONDIE. This song and the band itself have a classic kind of timeless cool to them. The BRAT are very stylized and come as a force to be reckoned with; one can imagine them leading an army or a revolution. (RR)
(540, no contact info)

THE BREAKAWAYS – "Walking Out on Love: The Lost Sessions" CD

Wow! This was one of *the* best half-hours I've spent in nearly two years of doing reviews for *MRR*!! As usual, the more I

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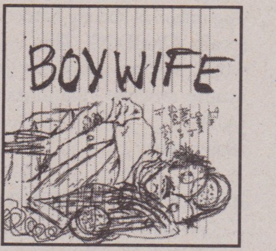
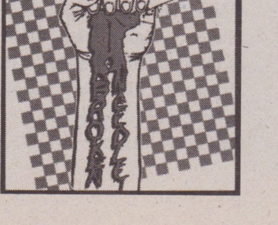




think I know a lot about music, the more I realize I don't know shit! How was I not already aware of the BREAKAWAYS? Formed by two members of the NERVES in 1978 after that band broke up, the BREAKAWAYS' brief existence yielded only a handful of live shows and a few previously unreleased recordings, which are the "lost sessions" that this CD is comprised of. These thirteen songs are exactly the infectious and catchy power-pop style that you would expect from the same people behind the NERVES, the PLIMSOULS, and the (PAUL COLLINS) BEAT, who were all leading forces of the early LA pop scene. If you are a fan of all that is good and fun about music, then you really, really need to check this out!! (ML)
(Alive)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – "Big Deal, What's He Done Lately?" CD

BRIMSTONE HOWL has been cranking out releases over the last few years, but this damn well may be the best thing I've heard 'em do yet. How to describe BRIMSTONE HOWL to the uninitiated? Well, first off, you need to imagine some extremely distorted blues oozing from amplifiers that are dangerously close to implosion (or explosion, as in JON SPENCER BLUES). Next, think of some primitive and catchy rock and roll, like say, mid-period STONES, combined with some punk 'n' roll like the NEW YORK DOLLS. Now, mix it all together and you've got yourself a potent concoction fit for a Saturday night pot-hazed booze binge. If that sounds good to you, do yourself a favor and check these cats out. (BG)
(Alive Natural Sound)

BRIVIDO / SENATA FOX – split EP

I guess this is BRIVIDO's first release. You'd never know it, as these are some well-written songs and they make the most out of their two-guitar/dual-vocal setup. The sound is hard to pin down as they bounce from melodic hardcore to very heavy, nearly crust parts with a touch of blast-beating. Nice political lyrics in Croatian, with explanations in English as well. Apparently I've been missing out on SENATA FOX as they have several releases and this is the first I've heard from them. My first impression is that the main vocalist has a real Martin (LOS CRUDOS, LIMP WRIST, etc.) thing going on. The music is speedy hardcore that also occasionally recalls CRUDOS. This is a solid split, and well worth picking up. Don't ignore it because of the bizarre artwork—the tunes are more than worth it. (AU)
(Sumoggu)

BROKE DOWN ENGINE – "Walk of Shame" EP

Old-style country-blues from Pat Meteor of DEMON'S CLAWS. It's very twangy and filled with slide guitar. Plus, Meteor even affects a Southern drawl. Is that odd for a Canadian to do? This is so very authentic sounding, you have to wonder why this is being reviewed in *MRR*. I also can't help but wonder if every band has a song called "Walk of Shame." I can think of three others that do off the top of my head, and I am sure there has to be more. After all, we've all done it, right? This may not be punk, but it is still nice. (CK)
(Goodbye Boozy)

THE BROKEDOWNS / THE COPYRIGHTS – split EP

Two tracks from each. First up: the COPYRIGHTS. Right from the start, this side give me those wondrous music shivers that still manage to make an appearance at the grand ol' age of 40. The COPYRIGHTS are hands-down the best pop-punk band on this big, messy lump of earth. A driving melody pushed to the max with pedal-to-the-metal energy, coming off as DILLINGER FOUR meets the LILLINGTONS meets some of that MARKED MEN garage pop. Gotta be two of the best fist-pumping tunes I've heard from a pop-punk band in a long, long time. Next to the starting blocks: the BROKEDOWNS and another mega dose of the music shivers—Christ, listening to this split is like taking E all over again. This band has floored me, nailed me to the scuzzy floors of *MRR*—taking 22 years off my life and giving me a reason never to doubt punk rock again. Imagine GANG OF FOUR or the FUTUREHEADS, if you will, having grown up in Florida, gator hunting, cock fighting, drinking cheap beer and even cheaper whiskey, getting fat, growing a beard, and getting prison tattoos, and you would be close to said band. Throw in some BUZZCOCKS, WIRE, NAKED RAYGUN, PANTHRA UK, rock a little classic hardcore, and crock the talent gage to the max, and you would be getting even closer to the greatness of the BROKEDOWNS. Best split EP ever invented. (SD)
(No Idea)

BROKEN JUGS – "Sorcererfull of Secrets" EP

"Music for good whiskeys" says the insert, and I'll buy that. Some rootsy stompin', some 3:00-AM-style garage folk, with a good dollop of weirdness on top, all real good and pleasingly off the wall. (DD)
(Goodbye Boozy)

BROKEN NEEDLE – "Discography" CD

Discography? Is this really everything? This CD features the demo, the Lengua Armada 12", and the EP on Schizophrenic Records. And does this mean BROKEN NEEDLE is done, or is it a just a discography of what they've done to date? Musically, the band plays a killer combination of Southern California classics UNIFORM CHOICE and BLACK FLAG. The cover folds out into a large poster. This is a great collection and necessary if you're missing any of the records or demo. (VL)
(Lengua Armada)

BURNT CROSS – "Too Many Graves" EP

I was pretty excited by the BURNT CROSS track on the *Six Ways to Fuck Shit Up* comp 7" reviewed last issue, but these songs aren't as good. The Marriott brothers (and a lady vocalist on one song) still have a decent sound—like JOY DIVISION and Crass Records—and lyrics decrying this rotten system, but nothing in these tracks demands repeated listens. Try their other material first. (JM)
(Tadpole)

CAVERNARIOS / TELEKRIMEN – split EP

Two good Mexico City bands that both draw from the garage/surf/punk well with some heaviness (slabs of bass bass, especially on the CAVERNARIOS side) and a dash of psych-ish artiness, both with good results. I'd count three of the four songs as instros, (the CAVERNARIOS' "Voodoo Rock" has some singing, but it's mixed low enough to not count— still, it adds an interesting something). Muy bien, *muy bien*! (DD)
(Sprut and Rags)

CHARLIE & THE MOONHEARTS – "Real Hot Breakers/My Love Is Gone"

Wow. It amazes me how well current bands can replicate the absolute joy of '60s garage pop. This just makes you want to jump up and down and shake your head in a frenzy so that your hair stands straight up. Don't believe me? (KK)
(Trouble in Mind)

CHESTPAIN / NAW DUDE – split EP

The name NAW DUDE skillfully walks the line between moronic and self-deprecating genius (not unlike the name PARTY GARBAGE, who are from the same city I believe). The band plays speedy hardcore with an abrasive, slightly muddled guitar tone and vocals that are drawn out and a bit buried in the mix for a cool sound. CHESTPAIN shifts gears and plays a powerviolence-influenced style, alternating between slow riffing (more dirgy pounding than sludging) and blasts of fast hardcore. The music is set against a wall of feedback with a similarly muddy and somewhat cluttered recording. With both these bands, if I (or the people around me, in my case) were exactly drunk enough at exactly the right house show, I'd probably have a blast going off, but on record it's not quite as distinctive as I'd like. (DG)
(Depleted Resource)

CIVILIZATION – "Fields of Fire" LP

Kinda doomy, kinda epic, sometimes picking up the pace, with a thick layer of despair for this ruined planet. They have some heavy swing and tortured screaming. CIVILIZATION is a two-piece, and the recording sounds amateurish and live-to-tape—a plus in my opinion when dealing with this drawn-out, falling-apart-then-lunging-forward, PG 99-influenced material. I'm not the biggest fan of this sort of thing, but I like this record pretty good. This sounds like a band you'd see playing under a bridge, going off in front of eight people. Six songs including two short ones, at 45 RPM, on pretty, marbled vinyl. (JM)
(Dead Tank)

COCOCOMA – "Ask Don't Tell / The Anchor"

Part of the Trouble in Mind 45 series, this new single from Chicago's COCOCOMA marks a turn toward the catchy and poppy. It's a bit of a departure from the manic, guttural pounding heard (and felt) on their first LP and earlier singles. The other 45s in the Trouble in Mind series share the kind of lighter, jangly rock heard on this. "Ask Don't Tell" bounces along, leading you right into a blizzard of guitar fuzz that gives a nice little punch. (IS)
(Trouble in Mind)

COCONUT COOLOUTS – "Halloween Party Songs" 45

COCONUT COOLOUTS, the ultimate party band, doing two Halloween party songs ("The Last Man That You Will Ever See" and "The Monsters Crash the Regular People's Party")? Nuff said, count me in. (DD)
(Dirtnap)

COLD SNAP – "God Speed" EP

Fuck me… I'm really inundated with a reflection of being in Beantown in the mid-to-late '90s this month. Oof. This Connecticut band reminds me of that first I HATE MYSELF 12" or *Sometimes Friends Fight*-era PIEBALD—when they were still scream-y and less falsetto AC/DC rock. The music is kinda cold and depressive, and oddly enough, with scarier vocals COLD SNAP could pass for some new kvlt black metal band. It's not though. At all. This one-sided 7" is just a heavy-ish emo record. (JU)
(self-released)

JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III – "Steal My Mind" LP

This is apparently the debut solo release from this enigmatic musician/author/poet from Texas who also plays guitar in the GOLDEN BOYS. Admittedly, I hadn't heard of him before, but he seems to be quite a prolific guy. This album is a nice eclectic collection of songs ranging from trashy to mellow to odd, including a couple of interesting covers by WARREN ZEVON and LESTER BANGS AND THE DELINQUENTS. The recordings are kinda lo-fi and subdued, and at times this reminds me of some of JOHNNY THUNDERS solo-era recordings for some reason. All in all, a strange mixed bag but interesting enough that I'm listening to it for the second time in a row! (ML)
(Certified PR)

COLT SEAVERS – "Industry List" EP

Fuck yeah, COLT SEAVERS! Six energized punk attacks from some weirdo London boys apparently ready to crush, kill, *and* destroy! This record was a welcome ripper from Boss Tunage that both brought a smile and a snarl to my face. It charges through some punk-as-shit hardcore that doesn't mess around with too much stuff other than intensity, speed, and purpose. The EP is really fun, and by the sounds of it COLT SEAVERS probably put on a fun live show. Extra points for the lyric sheet—I got "Mother," "Cherry Pie," "Every Rose Has Its Thorn," "Jump!," "Welcome to the Jungle," but I don't know the last one!? Is that bad? (RM)
(Boss Tuneage)

COMMITMENT CREW – "What Are You?" LP

Given the band name and label affiliation, I assumed that this would be yet another mediocre Euro youth crew rehash band à la EYEBALL or SOBERESPONSE. That it is not. COMMITMENT CREW might have the most generic possible band name, but they play excellent hardcore in the early-'80s Midwestern vein, with a vocalist who sounds exactly like Pete Wright of CRASS. A-fucking-plus. (VX)
(Crucial Response)

THE CRACK – "In Search of the Crack" LP

This debut LP from 1989 shows the CRACK at the top of their game. The original pressing of this record on Link Records has become scarce—this re-issue is a welcome sight! The CRACK had three top-notch singles in the early '80s and has been compared to popular mod bands such as the JOLT or the CHORDS. The CRACK were contemporaries of COCKSPARRER and the BUSINESS, played shows with these living legends, and wrote several songs that have stood the test of time. "My World," with its lilting refrain, "This is my world… Don't take it away," is an infectious song that will stick in your memory permanently. "Don't You Ever Let Me Down" is a similarly catchy little ditty. You skins, mods, and punks can rejoice as Daily Records has made it possible to enjoy this LP again! (BR)
(Daily)

CRASHED OUT / SECRET ARMY – "Over the Top" split EP

SECRET ARMY from Spain has been one of my favorite recent discoveries to come from Europe, and this new split EP with CRASHED OUT does not let me down! There are two new songs from each band on this EP and both "Dare" and "Take 'Em Down" from SECRET ARMY pick up where their recent full-length left off—up-tempo and melodic street punk similar to some of the stuff that TKO was thriving on nearly a decade ago like the REDUCERS or SWINGIN' UTTERS. And not to be outdone, CRASHED OUT completely blew me away with their contribution to this EP! For those of you that remember, CRASHED OUT literally crashed into the Oi! scene (pardon the pun) in the mid '90s with their incredible *Memories of Saturday* 7". In my humble opinion, there are few if any debuts as strong as that was, so the bar was set very high in my mind, and I always had a hard time getting into subsequent releases from CRASHED OUT. Well, "The One and Only" on this EP has finally surpassed *Memories of Saturday* and knocked me on my ass! I love this song! CRASHED OUT has taken their sound to a completely new level and any past burdens to bear of being tagged as merely an Oi! band have been shed. This song is an incredible fusion of power-pop and pub rock 'n' roll that I can only think to describe as a more aggressive sounding JOOK or something like that! "Dare to Be Different" is a great song too—more of a straight-'70s rock sound, but I honestly just want to keep listening to the first song over and over again! (ML)
(Daily)

CREDENTIALS – "Consolation Prizes" EP

It's so fucking rad when you actually find a pop-punk band with a strong political and social consciousness. In a subgenre dominated songs about ex-girlfriends and drinking beer, bands like the CREDENTIALS are a welcome breath of fresh air. The songwriting treads the same path well worn by the likes of CLEVLAND BOUND DEATH SENTACE and RIVETHEAD, or more recently, SHANG-A-LANG. And just like those bands, the lyrics are dark, genuine, and more true to the life we all actually lead rather than the one we'd like to portray. Good EP, fellas! (FS)
(self-released)

THE CREEPY CREEPS – "Fink About It!" CD

When a CD starts off with phonograph surface noise, you have some idea of the aesthetic you're in for, and that's exactly what gets delivered here. The CREEPY CREEPS have moved from a surf sound to incorporate more surfy garage, meaning more vocal numbers with a lot of surf guitar cutting through (a nice change from the fuzz-OD garage sound) in addition to the fine (and creepy) surf instros. (DD)
(Dionysus)

CRITICS – "Noise And Popularity" CD

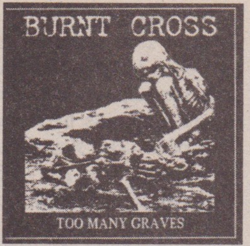
This band from Australia sounds really slick. Think current AFI and RISE AGAINST. I'm no angel when it comes to guilty pleasures, but this doesn't do much for me. I'm not hearing a breakthrough hit, which makes this stuff work on a radio-ready level. Not bad but nothing that stands out. (RL)
(Rabbit)

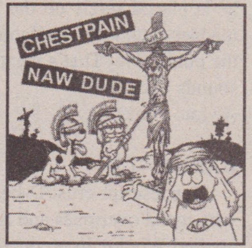
CRUJAY – "My Level" EP

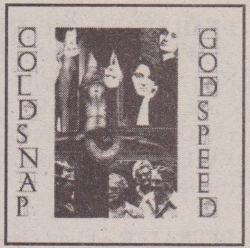
Rhythmic, distorted, pulverizing riffs propelled by melodic bass lines are the backbone of short, catchy, repetitive songs. CRUJAY almost sounds like two things at once: Heavy, dirgy AmRep noise rock and CRASS at the same time. This six-track EP is a pretty decent start. (AM)
(Let's Pretend)

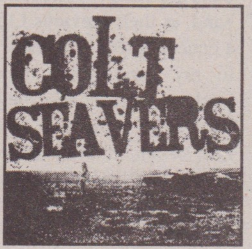
CYANIDE DESTRUCT – CD

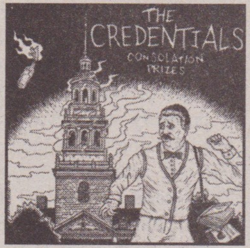
Anytown USA: A packed out warehouse full of wasted teenagers wearing freshly puked in/on leather jackets with everything from CHAOS UK to OPERATION IVY scrawled across the back and studs haphazardly placed down the sleeves.











A band on stage (stage? I meant a heap of termite infested 2x4s and 1/4" plywood covered in mold and beer) is belting out rapid-fire, fuzzed-out punk with the help of a bass player clearly raised on the meandering bass lines made famous by '90s East Bay punk. The singer shouts out the title to the next song, "Who Are The Terrorists? *We* Are The Terrorists!!" and the crowd goes apeshit. A 16-year-old dude at his first "real" punk show slips on some sweet pink Space Bag vomit and eats shit right into the guitarist, who tosses the kid back to the masses and they carefully pick his drunk ass up and see that he is placed safely on the floor by a trash can. The madness continues well into the morning hours...and the punks win. That's what CYANIDE DESTRUCT sounds like. (WN)
(Pyrate Punx)

DARGE – CD

Nondescript crust/D-beat-leaning hardcore punk with metal overtones and a recording that's like just-applied Windex in production form. Nothing else to say, really. (DG)
(MCR)

DEAD SWANS – "It's Starting" EP

More generic "modern hardcore" from the Bridge Nine camp. Two originals and two almost passable cover songs, "Fix Me" by the almighty BLACK FLAG and "When You Sleep" by MY BLOODY VALENTINE. Sick mosh parts, bro. (VX)
(Bridge Nine)

DEFEATER – "Lost Ground" 2xEP

A gatefold double-EP concept (mini-) album! And our reviewer copy was even autographed by all five band members! Wowzers. It's not even a first for this band, as their previous LP, 2008's *Travels*, was also a concept piece. This new one sounds pretty similar to my ears—heavy, mostly mid-tempo modern hardcore with darkly melodic undertones. I'm not a fan of this stuff (the vocal style in particular) and *Lost Ground* didn't change my mind about anything, but Bridge Nine fans should dig it. The album's story, while a bit affected, was actually more compelling to me than the music, and I hear they have a reputation for environmental activism, so kudos to that. (CS)
(Bridge Nine)

DESTINO FINAL – "Atrapados" CD

The folks here at *MRR* have sung rather lofty praises of this band for quite a while now. Anyone who has picked up this old rag on a consistent basis is probably well aware of DESTINO FINAL by now. But don't blow them off as another hype band; they are actually very deserving of their acclaim. They literally are one of the best hardcore bands in existence right now. They play classic '80s European hardcore with super fuzzed out guitar and high-on-the-reverb vocals. This is heavy stuff. And if you're still skeptical, just know that I, the reviewer, am one of the resident pop-punk fellows here at *MRR*. I spend most of my reviewing time listening to PINHEAD GUNPOWDER-wannabe bands. And when both I and…let's say…Justin Briggs can jump on the same bandwagon, you know the band is undeniably good. It should be mentioned this is the CD version of the LP that came out on La Vida Es Un Mus a little while back. (FS)
(H:G Fact)

DEVIL EYES – CD

As much as I love drugged-out music, I've never really been a huge fan of scorching mega distortion Japanese psych like HIGH RISE, which heavily influences some of the tunes here. But then again, there are a few fast-paced rockers on this album where the distortion and killer guitar licks sound amazing. Man, there's even a slight Gravity Records sound lost in the fuzz at times, and that makes this even more appealing. A little bit of blues, a bit of hardcore, and a bit of psych? Not a bad combo. Arghh! Just when I'm starting to like this, I hear one of the most horrible songs ever, called "Spookfish"! I don't know what to say—some of this is great, but a couple of songs are total throwaways. (BG)
(Signed by Force)

DEVOTION – "Bastard Son of Affluence Blues" LP

An interesting album if nothing else, *Bastard Son of Affluence Blues* certainly conquers the moody, introspective theme with which the sleeve art presents the listener. Having that in mind, I listened to this record over a couple particularly cold and rainy days in my room, and it worked as a nice soundtrack to my solitude. I was surprised many times over while listening to DEVOTION. It didn't drive me to a dark and depressed state, nor did it bring the mosh I was sorely hoping for. This record fell way outside of my lines of comfort, so don't be fooled like I was by the fact that Rivalry put it out or that it's Mark Palm's (of GO IT ALONE) new project—this is a fucking rock record. There's no hardcore or punk to sugarcoat this straightforward, post-2000 indie rock record. Palm has pushed his songs well past any vague resemblance to HC, and we are left with songs that—I say this with no ill intent—sound like an updated version of ALICE IN CHAINS. DEVOTION even had the confidence to introduce the cowbell to this LP and unapologetically continued on a path of mid-paced, fist-pumpin' rock ditties the whole record through. I was just as surprised. (RM)
(Rivalry)

DILUVIO – "Senzaombrello" CD

This is the constant quandary of the reviewer: how to treat a record that is neither great nor terrible. Great records, while rare, are pretty much a gimme. It's never difficult to write up a band that you love or an album that genuinely makes you feel something. On the flipside, when you really hate something the words flow like poison from your pen. The dilemma is while the record is definitely not bad, it doesn't really do much for you at all in either direction. You know that the band has probably put a lot of time and effort into music that they're proud of, that means something to them, but that doesn't make it mean something to *you*. This is one of those records. DILUVIO plays fast hardcore with some mosh parts and melodic guitar leads, and after listening to this CD all the way through I find myself entirely unmoved. Sorry. (VX)
(BittenByTheRet / Respira / Sonatine Produzioni / Zerowork / Basura DIY)

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE – "Kept in the Dark" EP

This is the second EP by this Norwegian band. I got the first a month or so ago and it made quite an impression. This one follows suit, barreling through five tracks of apocalyptic, raw D-beat assaults. The bass and drums on this recording are loud and hypnotic, and the simple leads are otherworldly. Although this is, to my ears, rooted in a more manic Swedish style (MOB 47, ASOCIAL) than that of classic Norwegian bands like BANNYLYST, SVART FRAMTID, SO MUCH HATE, the latter's influence can clearly be heard in the hypnotic DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE D-beat. *Kept in the Dark* is going down as another great single from this band. (DB)
(Dishonorable)

DISKELMÅ – "Burning Dreams" EP

Fuck me, METALLICA meets D-beat! Fucking awesome. Mostly this is rough, fast D-beat, but the guitarist is *sick* and keeps dropping these melodic lines and solos that really do recall peak-era Hammett. Normally I like my production to be a little more on the raw side, but this record sounds great when the polished leads get to shine. As an added bonus, they include a fun sing-along cover of "Kannissa Aamulla" by KOLLA KESTÄÄ, who I'd never heard of but turned out to be a pretty fucking cool '77 Finnish punk band. Killer. The last song was a bit, erm, not to my liking, but this is totally worth it for the blazing A-side and the cover. (AU)
(Kamaset Levyt)

DSB – "Useless System Abuse" LP+DVD

Last year, Japanese HC maniacs DSB had an incredible two-month tour of North America planned, but were detained and eventually denied entry into the US. This record is their response. The songs describe their attitudes regarding borders and their denied entry, and the jacket has an essay describing the events. All in all, an incredibly well packaged record. Also included is a DVD, *Warning Shot*, which is a collage of imagery and live footage set to the music of the band. Musically, it's been a while since I listened to DSB, but it's pretty close to how I remember them: great bass lines and ripping guitar riffs all played very fast and well. At times, the record was a bit more rockin' than I remember them—not much, but a little slower, more rock-oriented riffs—but the last two songs of the second side were classic DSB, and absolutely great. (Note: the record is only five songs total.) (VL)
(Vex)

EEGOS – "Hot Face/I Won't"

A single-sided, two-track 7", recalling the Rip-Off Records style. Appropriate, since the sharp, snotty music here sounds like something you could imagine being on Herr Lowery's label if it were still around. The songs evoke the higher class of '77 UK punk bands who were playing sped-up rock 'n' roll riffs and throwing in a splash of attitude. Think Chiswick in its prime. Works just as well now as it did then. A knockout record, limited to 300. (IS)
(Goodbye Boozy)

EN EL ABISMO / NATIONAL DISASTERS – "Vestigios de la Civilizacion" CD

When I put this one in the player, it said four songs, 52 minutes! "No," I thought, "there must be some mistake." But no. Both units give us a pair of 10+ minute songs each, which fit the template just about exactly. Start off slow... then a built up raging part, then an awkward transition, then a mid-tempo headbanging interlude, then another slow part,

then an awkward transition, then the quiet acoustic part... My thinking is: take the best parts and make a better three-minute song. EN EL ABISMO, *de* Juarez, Mexico, have some big pro-production as well, though it really doesn't hamper their sound. NATIONAL DISASTERS were produced by somebody not really so good at it, but otherwise the two groups sound like the same band to me. Neither is as practiced or competent as FALL OF EFRAFA, whose patch I'm not exactly sportin'. This disc does seem to be by the kids, for the kids, at least. (JM)
(Detesta)

THE ERGS / THE MEASURE [SA] – split EP
Two great bands, one pretty good record. Not a great record. A decent outing. The ERGS' poppier take on DESCENDENTS-style jams doesn't sound all that DESCENDENTS on this. The E STREET BAND organ isn't bad in-and-of-itself, but it doesn't come off all that well. I'd certainly rather listen to a lot of either bands' back catalog. The MEASURE side is the winner. Female-fronted gritty pop punk, like a faster, grittier, better DISCOUNT. Not either at their best, but not bad. (P$)
(No Idea)

ELECTRIC BUNNIES – "Through the Magical Door" LP
Internet-messageboard-style, SILVER APPLES-influenced, DIY, fuzzed-out, psychedelic garage pop. Whatever that is, ELECTRIC BUNNIES is it. See the SILVER APPLES reference in the vocals and ring-modulated drum sounds. Not so much punk, but definitely interesting nonetheless. (P$)
(Florida's Dying)

THE FIGHT – "Maldicion" LP
You'd think that when three labels collaborate on a release with a band, maybe one person would think to list the record speed somewhere. Apparently not. After spending *waaaay* too much time figuring it out (it plays at 45), I sat down to actually listen to this record. Pretty good, solid crusty hardcore with a modern sound and very earnest politics. The FIGHT hails from Poland and has their style down pat, but they don't stand out from the pack. (VX)
(Blinded / In My Heart / Phobiact)

FIST A FERRET / SLAVES TO THE GRIND – split EP
Austria's FIST THE FERRET has a unique sound. At one moment hardcore with melodic guitar, the next it's minimal grindcore, and then they have a raging modern HC sound they throw in once in a while. Overall it's heavy, fast, and tight with multiple vocalists, one screaming and one growling. Sweden's SLAVES TO THE GRIND has more of a Swedish grindcore sound, mostly in the guitar tone, but you can still here the hardcore influence. Not unlike early NASUM. Pick up this split. (MH)
(Extreme Feast)

FLESH VS. VENOM – "Family Trees" CD
This is pretty noisy and chaotic. Almost a calm cacophony with a total wall of disordered sound. FLESH VS. VENOM is from Melbourne and definitely sounds like a part of that whole Australia hazy noise fuzz. It's pretty good, but I'd rather listen to NAKED ON THE VAGUE. (MM)
(EXO)

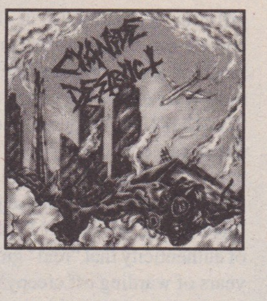
FONTANA – LP
One look at the cover had me wondering if our friendly record assigners had it out for me this month…or perhaps they had it out for FONTANA and assigned me the record knowing that I would not be kind (shit is indeed shit, after all). A review in three parts: 1) The good: FONTANA has snarling vocals, '90s AmRep worship, and quiet spacey parts with freak-out guitars. 2) The bad: if LYBIAN HIT SQUAD made a really mediocre and totally forgettable record, it would sound kinda like this, but it would be better. 3) The ugly: this is a total fucking turd, and its very existence insults my intelligence, which is moderate at best to start with, so if I'm smart enough to know that your record sucks a ball, then it must be pretty bad. Not even two balls… Your record isn't even good to get a pair of balls, FONTANA, it only gets one ball. (WN)
(X!)

FOUR LETTER WORD – "Follow as the Crow Flies" CD
Shit, this band has been around for eighteen years? I had no idea. When OFF WITH THEIR HEADS did a split with FOUR LETTER WORD a couple years ago, I thought they were a newer band. OFF WITH THEIR HEADS was nice enough to take them on tour, why not make a split EP to sell along the way? I thought I had it all figured out. Now it appears I am a jerkface for not knowing it was the other way around. Probably the best English pop punk band around, FOUR LETTER WORD's sound is heavily influenced by LEATHERFACE. Hell, they got Frankie Stubbs to produce this disc. Or shit, maybe it's the other way around and I am yet again the asshole for making such wild assumptions. Who cares, with all this new shit having come to light, it appears I need to brush up on my FOUR LETTER WORD history. (BD)
(Newest Industry / Boss Tuneage)

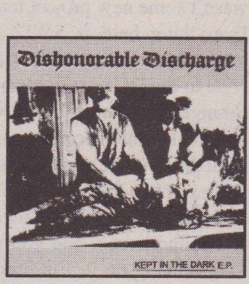
FRAMTID / PISSCHRIST – split EP
FRAMTID just might be the best band on Earth. The noise and power that they generate is earth-shaking, life-changing, chest-beating, animalistic aggression. A CRUDE SS for a new generation, and to my ears, there is not much that can top this type of raw Scandi-styled hardcore beat off. The drums are what have always made FRAMTID stand out to me more than other bands playing this style, even the ones that do it well. You can tell that Shin is just beating the fuck out of those cans, and on this record, it sounds better than ever. A truly brutish offering to the gods of thunder. The other side of this split contains another musical treasure—Oz's PISSCHRIST. To date all of their records have been real good, though I haven't really spent much time with them since I somehow don't own any, until this one—not quite sure how that happened—but that's gonna have to change ASAP. The three tunes they offer up on this split are quite incredible, and really stand their ground against the HC masters on the other side. These three distort-o-rific, holocrustic hell-beat monsters cement PISSCHRIST as one of today's great raw hardcore bands. (JU)
(HG:Fact)

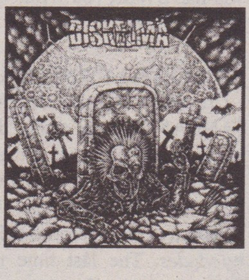
GEOFFREY OICOTT – "I Was Monty's Double" EP
I only have space in my life for one comedy Oi! band—the mighty HARD SKIN, of course. GEOFFREY OICOTT is cut from the same cloth and has a cricket theme (the name refers to legendary English cricketer Geoff Boycott), which I can get behind. The songs are no slouch, especially the reworking of PARTISANS' "17 Years of Hell" into "17 Pints of Ale," but it's a one-trick pony, so not sure if it'll stand up to repeated listens. (TB)
(Boss Tuneage)

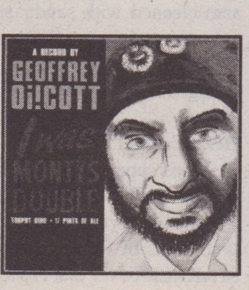
GIRLS AT DAWN – "It's the Only Time" 12"
This band has been described to me as a cut-rate VIVIAN GIRLS. Because there can only be *one* band with that sound idea, right? It seems like every bedsit in Brooklyn is crammed full of girls practicing their harmonies and SHOP ASSISTANTS guitars. While this record doesn't make we wanna run up to my room and grab my guitar, I think it's rad that this may have that effect on other girls with guitars in their rooms… "Surprise" was an epic dirge with barely-there vocals; perhaps they were going for a shoegaze thing? It sounded like a tape of someone playing something dreary and listless over and over on the floor below and was actually kind of painful to listen to. The next song, "I'm Not Sad," made me think of SLUMBER PARTY—her voice sounds awesome and it has a similar NICO-singing-



DESTINO FINAL







girl-groups quality to it. The title track is more bashed out C86/Postcard punx stylee, but it's not much of a song unfortunately. The one after is way radder, an exuberant giggle explosion attempt at the SHANGRI-LAS' sound. I don't know. It seems they either can construct a song or they totally drop the ball… It's easy to write off bands with cute girls in them as posers, "Oh they're just ripping off so and so. They're not 'for real.'" Like there's a special medal of authenticity that "real" girl bands achieve after five years of warding off creepy sound guys and so forth. I ain't got nothing against a ton of girls making these kind of sounds. Dreamy bedroom punk with layered DIY girl-group harmonies is not the worst thing that has ever happened to my ears. This isn't something I will be compelled to listen to again probably, however. The cover looks like it's gonna be some Paisley Underground throwback. Maybe it is! (LG)
(Captured Tracks)

GIVE – LP

GIVE is so strongly influenced by the immortal SWIZ that I had to do a triple check to make sure this wasn't some new project featuring former members. Everything here is SWIZ, from the rockin' mid-tempo hardcore sound to the Shawn Brown vocal style to the DC post-hardcore influence in the lyrics. Strange, but then again I love a lot of current bands that totally imitate certain early-'80s hardcore groups right down to the graphics on the lyric sheet (and yes, this even has the visual aesthetic of a SWIZ album with the insert). I'm not always one for originality—if a sound is cool and you want to play that sound, then fucking do it. I'm down. This album is strong for what it is, and I've already listened to it three times. Did I mention SWIZ? Let's put this bluntly: if you like SWIZ, you'll like GIVE. (BG)
(Moon Flower)

GRIM FANDANGO / KILL WHITEY – split CD

A split CD from two Australian bands. GRIM FANDANGO is a total "dude band"—dude band being a sub-genre of the pop-punk genre. This is music that's hard to describe. It's not macho, and it's not even necessarily male-themed, but for whatever reason it is is unquestionably written and preformed by *dudes*. The last time my buddy Matt was in town, we had a drawn-out conversation about what constituted a "dude band," but we couldn't really find any kind of cut-and-dry characteristics to describe it. It's just a feeling, a vibe. These guys got that vibe. They play that middle ground between punk and indie, like the kind of stuff Salinas Records puts out. DINOSAUR JR-influenced punk. Is it punk? (FS)
(Rabbit)

THE GUV'NORS – "The Pint of No Return" LP

Oi-infused rock from Denmark. Gotta say I was quite enjoying the riffage (AC/DC, ROSE TATTOO) until the vocalist that sounds like a cat having its arse cleaned with sandpaper jumped in and turded everything right up. What more can a poor boy say? (SD)
(Longshot)

HOME BLITZ – "Out of Phase" CD

More super catchy punk-pop garage tunes from HOME BLITZ. Infectious, lo-fi, and too damn cute. But then everything gets wild and noisy for a bit. It is just lots of fun. There is also a very nice COCK SPARRER cover that HOME BLITZ really manages to make their own. Wonderful. (CK)
(Richie)

HOUSE BOAT – "The Delaware Octopus" CD

This is only my second review for an It's Alive Records band, but I'm definitely noticing a pattern. The singer sounds exactly like BEN WEASEL and the lyrics are what I imagine the GET UP KIDS would write at age twelve. The music is standard pop, reinvented only enough for you to know which QUEERS or DESCENDENTS song they're pretending not to cover. I shudder to think of the scene that has spawned such a band and has encouraged it to take itself seriously enough to release an actual album. (HD)
(It's Alive!)

INSURANCE RISK – "Violence in Our Minds" LP

I had no clue INSURANCE RISK was still around. I liked the *No Pity* 7" from years ago. INSURANCE RISK is heavily influenced by the Boston Crew, and the SSD-meets-DYS aesthetic is still pretty spot-on in terms of the vocals and guitar sound. This record is way more generic, with the songs themselves mostly sounding like NEGATIVE FX, ANTIDOTE, and post-'80s youth crew, rather than the band at least trying to inject (ha!) something of their own. I feel like I could just as easily put on any record by the aforementioned bands, but if this sounds like your thing, then run wild. As a side note, the band pic on the back cover almost looks like a parody of early youth crew fashion (I'm sure duder's NYU hoodie is not from Norway University in this case) and is absolutely ridiculous. (DG)
(Crucial Response)

INVASIÓN – "Discografia Completa" CD

So happy to review this, as INVASIÓN and their follow-up band DESTINO FINAL released three of my favorite records of the past decade. What we have here is a compilation of their two LPs on one easy disc, complete with fancy Obi strip. As time passes there are less bands bringing out truly original records, and while INVASIÓN has been informed by records of the past, they really bring something unique to their sound. Take one part Italian hardcore and one part Japanese hardcore (like WARHEAD) and stick it through a DISCHARGE filter. Chaotic with the vocals drenched in reverb, it has a crazed urgency and dark quality that makes these two records stand head and shoulders above most modern hardcore today. I would urge you to pick this up along with DESTINO FINAL's LP, which takes this sound to the next level. Amazing. (TB)
(H:G Fact)

IRON CHIC – "Shitty Rambo" EP

Poppy-sounding rock that toes the line somewhere between emo and modern power pop, but not emo as in white belts and eyeliner with an asymmetric haircut to boot. More along the lines of emo before it was a genre, similar to JAWBREAKER, not necessarily with their lyrics, but more with the overall feel. Less personal, more observational lyrics. If that's your thing, go for it. (BD)
(Dead Broke)

JACUZZI BOYS – "No Seasons" LP

This is a cool one and is different than most of the stuff that finds its way into my review bin here at *MRR*. It's poppy, for sure, but not in the sort of classic pop-punk or power-pop way. This is poppy in a rock 'n' roll, challenging pop way. It's jangly and easy to listen to. And it's got a sort of quirkiness that seems to come from Florida. These guys remind me of the GUN CLUB, the DREAM SYNDICATE, SWELL MAPS, and O-LEVEL all rolled into one. (KK)
(Florida's Dying)

EL JESUS DE MAGICO – "Klip Aught" EP

It looked cool. It initially sounded cool, but the vocals are too buried in the mix. I checked to see if my headphones were properly plugged in because it didn't sound right. This sounds like half-interesting garage rock with some psychedelic effects on the vocals. More vox. (P$)
(Columbus Discount)

LE KID AND LES MARINELLIS – "T'es Pas d'Ici/Camille"

Where the fuck did this come from? This is the kind of garage punk/power-pop hybrid (great songs, great sound, great performance) that many have striven for. If there were any justice in the world (I suspect there isn't), this would be a hit, at least in French-speaking lands. (DD)
(Telephone Explosion)

KING FRIDAY – "Married Alive" CD

This album is a real argument for necessity of 7"s, or perhaps the efficacy of downloads. The album's title track is a bloody blinder of a song—a driving, melodic bona-fide power-pop classic. Reminds me a lot of the finest moments of CLOWNS FOR PROGRESS. Shimmering guitars, whiny yet full vocals, running leads...quite superb. The rest of the album isn't bad, but is a mish-mash of, well, sort of not so good stuff. You can tell it's the same band, but doesn't quite cut it. Well worth the price of admission for the anthemic title track. Absolutely. (RK)
(Fast Crowd)

KNIFE THE SYMPHONY – "Dead Tongues" CD

You know, the cutting-edge hipster music blog *Pitchfork* recently gave the reissue of JAWBOX's last album a rave review, so the time is possibly right for early-'90s style post-hardcore. KNIFE THE SYMPHONY has a little SQUIRREL BAIT, a little DRIVE LIKE JEHU, and yes, a little JAWBOX. In other words, all the best touch points for this kind of music without sounding like a rip-off of any one in particular. Some of the melodic intros get a bit meandering for my tastes and the songs are a tad long (one hits over seven minutes!), but the loud, faster parts are ripping. Definitely worth checking out if any of that sounds appealing. (AM)
(Phatry)

THE KRUNCHIES – "Ugly Inside" EP

Frantic chaos on the fringe of collapsing at just about any second, but still managing to hold on to the rails from start to the glorious finish. JERRY'S KIDS without the crew cuts, MINOR THREAT without the edge, SHITTY LIMITS minus those pasty English faces, HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE damasked, the TYRADES minus the wrinkles. This is hardcore without leaving out any of the punk, the best type of hardcore in my opinion. And just when you thought hardcore was getting predictable and boring again along came… (SD)
(SouthKore)

LASER GEYSER – "Throat Miners/Scorpio Rising"

The super fancy die-cut sleeve and layout had me expecting some GSL-style art/noise punk like the LOCUST. Way off mark—this is super tight post-punk with a huge helping of pop. Thick recording with sharp, angular guitar attacks and more hooks than a fisherman's tackle box. It's the FUTUREHEADS, SOMETHING FIERCE, WIRE, and the BUZZCOCKS all wrapped together. It's lean, with no wasted space, no time for self-indulgence, just how all good punk should be. Fantastic stuff indeed! (TB)

(self-released)

LOVE SONGS – "Another Guaranteed 40 Minute Music Set" LP

Holy smokes! After nearly a decade of being a band, LOVE SONGS has finally laid down a few choice tracks for a debut vinyl LP! If fervent anticipation hasn't forced you to stop reading this review and rush to your computer to order a copy, let me convince you to do so. This LP rules! This rules hard, *but* in order to truly get down with these tunes, you must be open to having a good dose of humor in your punk rock, 'cause this shit is Goofy with a capital G. But they also totally and undeniably rock super hard. LOVE SONGS is like a combination of *Enjoy*-era DESCENDENTS, VAN HALEN, and HICKEY. If that doesn't give you a clear visual then go to your record collection, and count how many WEIRD AL records you have (45s count for double). If your count is more than zero, you will love this, guaranteed. If you buy this and you're not absolutely convinced this rocks, I'll buy you a beer. You can find me in the LOVE SONGS pit. (FS)

(Little Deputy)

MAGNETIX – "Rib Out" EP

Having put out records for almost the entire decade, the MAGNETIX are one of those magical groups from Bordeaux, France that just does everything right. Three songs altogether—one sung in English, one in French, and one other, a surf-tinged instrumental—combine to make this release sound too cool. With an amazing live show and the records to match, it's hard not to fawn over this duo, and as such these three songs sound perfect combining balls-out nonchalant fun with way-hipper-than-you-could-be attitude that doesn't get exhausting or tiresome. (AL)

(Slovenly)

MALINHEADS –"Probegepogt Aus Spandau" EP

Fuck, this record should have been reissued forever ago along with the whole Pogar catalogue. This is the first MALINHEADS EP and it originally came out in '83, and it completely rules! Nasty, noisy hardcore punk that'll trail through your brain long after your first listen. Great quality on this official reissue, so if you have missed out the first time around, now is your chance. Get it! (MS)

(Thoughtcrime)

MAN THE CONVEYORS / THE SKUDS – split LP

I'm happy to see some new MAN THE CONVEYORS material, because their straightforward crusty punk always reminds me of the mid-'90s heyday of Connecticut crust. In that respect, their side of this split doesn't disappoint. If you were ever into REVOLT, BRUTALLY FAMILIAR, or DECEIVED, you are guaranteed to enjoy MAN THE CONVEYORS. Great lyrics as well, even if "Collapsing" reads a little bit like a *National Geographic* voiceover set to brutal punk. This is my first time hearing the SKUDS despite their fairly extensive discography, and it's definitely an interesting listen. Something about the relatively undistorted guitar tone and the song structures make their songs quite unique sounding. It's funny, one second I was thinking, "This sounds like DISTRAUGHT," and a few seconds later, it's "This sounds like FILTH." I'm very curious to see them live now. (AU)

(Microphonic Meltdown)

MARKED MEN / THIS IS MY FIST – split EP

Chills down the spine, folks. THIS IS MY FIST can write a fucking song. Holy hell. Two quick ones. First is a more mid-tempo track, which is where I think the band reigns supreme. Second is quicker, but still maintaining the melodic edge. Again: holy hell. What a voice, what hooks, what a great side of a record. MARKED MEN is also two short songs and exactly what you'd expect: *fucking brilliant*. The chorus in "Whip Myself" is so catchy and amazing. Unfortunately, I believe this is the final recordings for these two greats. Thanks, kids! (VL)

(No Idea)

MARK SPARKLES – "Rage Blackouts" EP

This recording is status-quo high-energy pop punk with growly male vocals that are, of course, really pissed off at women. "How could someone so beautiful treat someone that way?" I don't know, maybe it's because she's surrounded by assholes that write shitty lyrics that essentialize her and, well, embitter her to the world at large. This band rules if you hate women and love getting drunk with your deadbeat friends. (HD)

(Abandon Hope)

MAYFLOWER – "Lighter Fluid" EP

This upstate NY pop-punk band keeps it brief and not unintelligent. Utilizes dissonance and feedback to authenticate the recording. Reminds me of FALLOPIAN JUNGLE and BROADWAY except it's all dudes who take themselves much more seriously than the babes of the bands I'm comparing them to. (HD)

(self-released)

THE MEAN JEANS – "Are You Serious" LP

This is either proof that the RAMONES still exist or that their influence will always live (I lean towards the second possibility). There is nothing new about this, but it is so well done that it is worth looking for. It's mid- to faster-paced, it's catchy, and it's sort of mindless. Excellent. (KK)

(Dirtnap)

MESRINE – "Going to the Morgue" LP

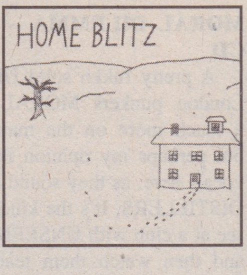
Originally released in 2001, this limited repressing features new (and cooler) artwork and the same super fuzzy, sick-sounding garage grind recording that solicits disgust just as much as the DAHMER-esque lyrics do. Long after the inception of the genre, this LP manages to preserve its novelty by staying deeply rooted in the old school of grind, where noise and punk-inspired sloppiness are preferable ingredients. It will appeal to fans of the genre who prefer the obscure, punk-laden production and sound of classic grindcore in the vein of early CARCASS and IMPETIGO. Awesome record. (DB)

(Sonic Deadline)

METH MOUNTAIN – "Monotony" EP

I looked at this band name and cover art and thought I was in for some ironic mustache rock, but instead got something a little harder to put a finger on… They have a sound that for some reason reminds me of the EASTER MONKEYS—it's sorta surf-y but more in that SCIENTISTS swamp-doom manner than any clean-teethed California specimen. There's also a definite late-period BLACK FLAG influence, in the guitar mostly, which is also reverb soaked. Then the vocals made me think of the FLYS' *Get Wise*. This is an interesting 7", in that I think METH MOUNTAIN are a hardcore band, but they are not straightforward or easy to figure out. It's not mysterious-guy hardcore at all; if you are thinking CULT RITUAL are the apex of non-linear HC this would probably not be your jam. This is a cool record by a band that writes compelling songs demanding repeated listens. They are also named after an *Intervention* episode. Reality TV. Jeez. (LG)

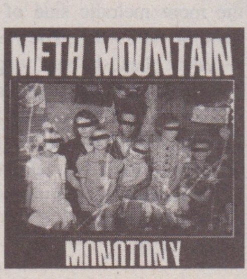
(Lunch Box)



HOUSE BOAT
The Delaware Octopus

IRON CHIC
SHITTY RAMBO E.P.

MALINHEADS
Probe-gepogt Aus SPANDAU



MORAL DILEMMA – "Agree to Disagree" CD

A pretty fukkn solid UK punk rawk disc from London punkers MORAL DILEMMA. They sit a touch more on the mainstream side musically, but perhaps my opinion is skewed by the female vocals here, as they sound exactly like Brody from DISTILLERS. It's the kind of band that you could see at a club with UNSEEN, RESTARTS, or MDC, and then watch them tear up a warehouse with BORN//DEAD the next night, and I bet they would feel totally at home at both shows. (WN)

(Pumpkin)

MÖRPHEME – "Ounou No Rensa" EP

To be honest, this is probably the hardest review I've ever had to write for *MRR*. MÖRPHEME was far and away my favorite local band. They were forced to call it quits because their vocalist had to return to Japan, so this is their legacy record. Now the burden is on me to explain just how important this EP is. While they embraced the overdriven distortion of Kyushu noise-core, they had an edge of violence and spite that was much more in line with the KAAOS/TERVEET KÄDET school of Finnish hardcore, which made them stand out from the pack of new noise-worshipping bands. It's sad that most of the people reading this won't ever have seen MÖRPHEME live in all their chair-throwing 100% committed glory, but this is a fantastic recording that represents their live sound faithfully. The vocals drip with venom and reverb, the guitar cuts like a rusty knife, and the whole vibe is as vicious and desperate as the live experience (much credit to Greg at Earhammer for getting such a great recording!). If ever there was a must-buy, this is it. Just do me a favor and throw something across the room while you're listing to it. Thanks MÖRPHEME, I miss you guys. (AU)

(Prank)

MOUTHBREATHER – "Lila" 10"

This record is more interesting than entertaining for me. I am so freaked out because I can't find the reference I want to apply to them. It's driving me nuts and is becoming a source of some serious and building anxiety. The vocals are uniquely enunciated and packed full of long words with enough syllables to rival Mike Muir's "Institutionalized" rant. It is a good release by a band with a full and determined sound—at first I heard a lot of SNAPCASE but after a short plunge into the dark corners of my record collection, I found that not to be quite the case… This is an Adagio830 release, a label that is really hit or miss with me. This is more of a hit, but it did take some convincing. Across the board these five songs are mid-paced and melodic to a degree, driving and agitating (in the aggressive music way not the totally annoying way), and well written with a pronounced bass line behind a cutting guitar sound. Not unlike the more melodic side of '90s hardcore (but not quite SNAPCASE). The elements come together for a decent, head-bobbin' experience and although I have listened to this record repeatedly for many days now, if I wasn't reviewing it this would most likely have stayed on the shelf. If interested, or if you're down with the label, take a chance because it's not a bad record and definitely fits somewhere in your collection. (RM)

(Adagio830)

MOZAK / ROTTEN CHARLES MANSON – split CD

Fuck yeah, Slovenia vs. Malaysia! MOZAK puts up some pretty fucking brutal grind/hardcore, like PHOBIA meets DISRUPT with some wailing rock solos thrown in for good measure. "Bullshit Religion" is one of the best anti-religion songs I've ever heard, seriously! Killer shit. ROTTEN CHARLES MANSON has a cool grind sound, with a few D-beats in the mix. They remind me a little bit of the Indonesian band EXTREME DECAY, or possibly a much-slower UNHOLY GRAVE. Great recordings from both bands, and I definitely wanted more when the record was done. Cool split, and definitely worth your time if you like a bit of punk in your grind or vice-versa. Track it down. (AU)

(Pissart)

THE MUCKRUCKERS / THE OBSESSORS – split EP

There is already so much anthemic bar punk, I don't see why these poor saps need to get theirs reviewed. Yes, punk rock ruined my life too; I don't need a RANCID rip-off band to make me remember that. The MUCKRUCKERS offer little more than a mid-tempo regurgitation of trite "punk" adages. The OBSESSORS, however, make more of an effort in the direction of originality. They've got some keyboards, chanting vocals, and lyrics about a humorous dystopia (not to mention a danceable rhythm rather than a meandering too-drunk-to-stand-up nursery rhyme), which reminds me of DEVO in a way that is not annoying at all. (HD)

(Braindart)

NECRO HIPPIES – LP

The music and artwork here look and sound "authentic" as all shit, and I seriously thought NECRO HIPPIES were some lost early-'80s band until I looked at the recording date. This is music for another Saturday night spent drunk and alone in the basement of your shitty brownstone as it pours buckets outside: semi-snotty, thin-sounding vocals that remind me of a more inept Otto from REGULATIONS, screaming and slurring over mostly mid-paced thick, dreary riffs, and stompy drums. This is also one of those bands that are able to come up with the simplest of riffs that still make you clench your fists. Put this record's opener on your next mixtape. (DG)

(Raw Sugar)

NOFX – "Cokie the Clown" CD

After decades of existence, NOFX certainly doesn't sound fresh anymore, but don't tell that to all the clone bands. I've enjoyed them at times over the years and this five-song EP is decent. Certainly better than the "Teagan" or "Franco" songs I've heard on the radio. Highlighted by a sad-looking Fat Mike as a clown on the cover, this includes a good title track and the acoustic version "My Orphan Year," which is about Mike losing both his parents in the same year. Fans won't be disappointed, and there are a lot of them. (RL)

(Fat Wreck)

THE ORBITS – "Make the Rules/Phenomenal World"

More reissued power-pop from the Sing Sing production line… They're sniffing around closer to home this time (well, this country at least: Milwaukee, specifically). It's pretty by-the-numbers late-'70s sugary-sweet pop with a slight edge. To me they sound like the singer from RUDI fronting the JAM. Great stuff, but I think I might be reaching saturation on this genre. I'm going to consult my broker and buy some stock in Sing Sing though. (AM)

(Sing Sing)

PANGEA – "Never Not Know Nothing" EP

Sounds like a more upbeat DEFIANCE, OHIO with keyboards, or a more punk MATT AND KIM. Not bad. If it sounds like your thing you'd be remiss not to get up on it. When I was standing about the water cooler I heard there may be a GOD = GENOCIDE connection. I could be wrong. (P$)

(Stress Domain)

PARTYLINE – "Bad for the Baby" EP

PARTYLINE are Alison Wolfe's band—she wuz in BRATMOBILE, dudes. The A-side is a dreamy, impossibly catchy number that somehow reminds me of the FRUMPIES' more melancholic side. It's so good; it sounds like a forgotten PANDORAS ballad or something. I mean, it's not a syrupy sad song, but it has that melancholic thing that both of those aforementioned bands summon up somehow. The B-side is standard PARTYLINE fare—bratty vocals over rockin' guitar—and I don't know if it's just the recording or something, but the sound is just not as good. The guitars are like those keychain toys where you hit a button and a "rock" riff emerges. It's weird cuz "Bad for the Baby" sounds so awesome and I felt a little deflated by the B-side somehow because of that. However, I think at this point in time if you don't understand the genius of Alison Wolfe you never will—her vocals and lyrics are insane and hilarious, and I was kinda bummed that there wasn't a lyric sheet for that reason… (LG)

(Moonflower)

POINTED STICKS – "Three Lefts Make a Right" LP

Damn! This is a new album from this absolutely legendary Canadian punk band! Not just a new re-issue of all the classic songs, but thirteen brand new songs! Admittedly, I was a little nervous to even listen to this… Their *Perfect Youth* LP released in 1980 on Quintessence Records was quintessentially perfect, so for a band with the cult status that they have attained to release a new album nearly 30 years later is a bit of a risk. I know they had recently released a new 7" a couple of years ago that wasn't half bad, but what if this new full-length sucks? Then all their amazing releases to date will be blemished with a disastrous and failed "comeback" attempt. I'm happy to say that for the most part, this doesn't suck. Unlike the *Perfect Youth* LP that was power-pop perfection from start to finish, there are some tracks on this new LP that just don't do this amazing band justice. Overall, these new songs lack the youthful energy and excitement from the '80s, but the catchy pop-sensibilities that spawned hits like "Real Thing" and "Part of the Noise" are still burning strong and shine through on new songs like "She's Not Alone Anymore," "By Your Side" and "Anytime." Personally I would have preferred to see the best songs on this LP released as a couple of 7"s, but I give the POINTED STICKS full credit for actively writing and recording new music instead of just being a "reunion" band. And extra credit to them

for the dedication in the liner notes to Dimwit—RIP. (ML)
(Northern Electric)

POLAR BEAR CLUB – "Chasing Hamburg" LP

Fuck me… I fully expected a GET UP KIDS sound on this one. While that is not what I got, I could definitely see this band sharing the stage with them at some show that Rama Mayo would have booked at the Middle East Upstairs in '98 or so. Think the late-'90s era of labels like No Idea (mostly just HOT WATER MUSIC), Initial, Doghouse, and Big Wheel Recreation, and you've got POLAR BEAR CLUB. It's post-hardcore indie rock with dueling guitar harmonies à la PIEBALD/IRON MAIDEN and occasionally breaks into something decidedly "heavier." Not terrible for the style, but no longer my style. (JU)
(Bridge Nine)

POLAR BEAR CLUB – "The Redder, the Better" 12"

OK, so have you ever seen one of those MTV reality shows where it's a group of dumb rich bimbos with fancy cars and fake tans and all they do is shop, talk gossip, and eat in nice restaurants? POLAR BEAR CLUB is the type of background music that's on those shows. Saccharine, whiny yet "tough" emotive vocals, disgusting guitar tone (not in the good way), and overall sound that's so polished it's nauseating. Coming off like the trying to "make it" type of band who purchases all of their gear at Guitar Center, has a new van, all the right tattoos, clothes, hair, etc., and is "playing the circuit" soon to be appearing on late-night TV. To be fair, I even put on the LP that is also being reviewed in this issue and I could only make it through the first side before wanting to break the platter in half. It's as if Sysco made shitty screamo and pop-punk records as well as plastic food. "It's called 'Fake Bands.' 1-2-3-4…" (RR)
(Bridge Nine)

POP. 1280 – "Bedbugs/Times Square"

This is pretty great. POP. 1280 (named after the Jim Thompson book) is a new band from NYC and their debut record is a two song self-released single. Imagine a SCRATCH ACID or BIRTHDAY PARTY 45 RPM single played at 33 RPM and that's sorta what's going on here—and that's a good thing as far as I'm concerned. One song is about bedbugs and the other is about Times Square—both simple and to the point with the subject being the point as there is no real message. The songs are catchy and I'm looking forward to future records. (MU)
(self-released)

PREDATOR – "Honest Man" EP

Rob's House just keeps coming up with these new bands, these new records that absolutely kill. The PREDATOR EP adds a heap of fuel to their "Where the hell did this band come from? Give me more!!!" reputation. It's unlike anything (new) I've heard in a while, which is so fucking refreshing. Cut-throat simple songs that recall some of the creepier, cooler late-'70s punk, maybe a little like a stripped-down LA PESTE? That's a flawed comparison, but work with it. Members of FRANTIC and BEAT BEAT BEAT, but this sounds nothing like either of those bands. Limited to 700. They have an LP on the way. I can't fucking wait! (IS)
(Rob's House)

PRIMITIVE HANDS – "Burn Your Dreams" EP

Great Quebecois six-oh rock and roll—one part VU, one part 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS, another four young dumbs in a garage, and a bit of *Blonde on Blonde* by way of MOUSE AND THE TRAPS (with a better voice). The A-side is phenomenal; a real hit song in this time of no-song no-hit shit records, referencing various hooks and hits of the past but not dwelling on them. (BB)
(Goodbye Boozy)

PISTOL WHIP – "Terminal" CD+DVD

Another KBD unearthing, and a pretty good one at that. Their only 7", "Heart Throb/Untouchables" from 1977, is in a REAL KIDS vein, while the ten later demo tracks show them striving for more hard rock/punk rock, with what seems a pronounced DEAD BOYS influence and the addition of STRANGLERS-esque keyboards through out. The demo tracks sound surprisingly good and are all fully fleshed-out songs, unlike too many compilations of one-or-two-single '70s bands. There are a couple of narrated introductions on the CD, which is odd since there's a DVD of photos, posters, interviews, etc., included, and they would have seemed a little less intrusive on that disc. (DD)
(Smog Veil)

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "Gotta Get Away from You/Problems"

Mr. Kelly Halliburton of PIERCED ARROWS fame has a new band called P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. The outfit features a number of Portland rock and roll luminaries. You have Bradly Frye on vocals, Scott Williams on guitar, Dean Johnson on drums, Matty K. on guitar, and Kelly on bass. This two-song monophonic blast was mastered by none other than Sir Frederick Cole and appears on Mr. Cole's illustrious DEAD MOON-saturated Tombstone Records. The music presented by the P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. is punk rock played with abandon. This wild shit is 100% fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants rock'n'roll. The crazed singing and frantic guitar playing could be likened to *Raw Power*-era STOOGES material! Side B offers the P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. theme song entitled—yes, just as you may have surmised… "Problems." This fine guitar rant is a proper introduction to what is now one of the most exciting bands to appear on the Portland, Oregon horizon of late. Side A of the energetic Tombstone single #85 is a love song. More accurately, this is a song of failed love called "Gotta Get Away from You." The vocals are strong as fuck! The guitars flail! The bass and drums pound on you! This is powerful rock'n'roll crafted by veteran punks! For your copy of P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. contact Mr. Halliburton at: kellymotxo@hotmail.com. (BR)
(Tombstone)

PROLES – "One Small Step!" EP

Oh yeah! Best record of the month! Not kidding, this record rules! Politically and socially minded DIY punk done just right. Fast, catchy, snotty, sloppy…it's all there. The lyrics are really fucking cool. They're well thought-out, clever, and can be funny (when they want to be). They're like a more articulate BLATZ. Or a snottier RVIVR. Or a dirtier JAMMY DODGERS. When I daydream about what I wish punk rock was more like, this what I'm thinking about. (FS)
(Free to a Good Home)

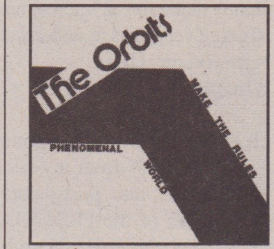
THE QUICK – "Mondo Deco" LP

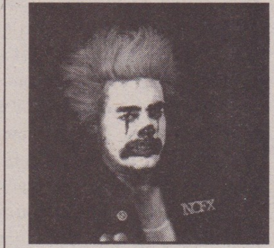
The QUICK. You know, this review could easily (if unfairly) read "SPARKS with more guitar and less funny," and be done at that, but I'm no monster. You see, the QUICK do sound a hell of a lot like SPARKS, but what the hell is wrong with that? SPARKS were a great group, and if five LA Teens (a breed of human unto itself) want to mine that mutant sound, so be it. I'll accept it. I'll love it. Perhaps I'm being unfair—in most songs, such as "Anybody" (a personal favorite of mine), the QUICK high-step into territory of their own, a sort of Coca-Cola'd up spazzrock mixed with real-teen sentiment that gets my palms sweaty. The QUICK formed in 1975, were kaput by '79, leaving this LP and a handful of singles as wax testament to what could happen when you wanna use that falsetto, and I mean really *use* it. This should've never gone out of print, and I want to personally thank The Blank Dog for reissuing this shake-jerk of a record. Buy it, then take a long, long look in the mirror. (BB)
(Radio Heartbeat)

RACEBANNON – "IV: Acid or Blood" LP

Wow. I remembered RACEBANNON as a band in the screamo/post-rock vein, releasing splits with bands like SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA and ZANN. Either they've substantially

THE MUCKRUCKERS
OBSESSORS





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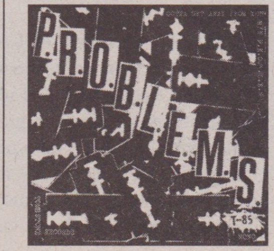


changed their sound or my memory is failing me, because this is some sort of awful technical nu-metal/metalcore hybrid, like the bastard child of EIGHTEEN VISIONS and SLIPKNOT. Ugh. (VX)
(Tizona)

RANGE AND THE DIRTY HOSPITAL – "Positive Shaman Syndrome" CD

What a fecking strange one this is. This Japanese band features Iizawa from BASTARD and JUDGEMENT on bass, Doi from FORWARD on drums, and some other dudes that were in some other shit that I'm too retarded to think of right now. Speaking of retarded... None of that ex-members-of- shit matters here, I just felt like saying it, cause this record is goddamned *wwwweird*. Imagine a BOREDOMS side-project trying to make an ORDER tribute record, and you'd be near the oddness of this one. Maybe more in line with mid-period ABURADAKO? Like their third LP, the blue one with the tree on it. It's just fucking odd. Quirky jingle-jangle, a trumpet, tons of energy, lots of rock'n'roll, female back-up singers, and covers of the DAMNED and "Rock and Roll, Hoochie Koo" make for an interesting listen for sure that I'm finding very hard to understand. I'll give it a while to grow on me. (JU)
(HG:Fact)

RANK XEROX – "Basement Furniture" EP

The first 7" from my favorite local band inserts the "punk" into post-punk. Watching them play, one thinks of the PROLETARIAT, or maybe even ZOUNDS, filtered through three humans with both hardcore and art-punk discs in their record collections. This has a stark, gloomy, moody feel, like Southern California beach towns with decaying '50s promise when the sun goes down and the kids and dogs run the streets... It's really impressive how evocative this band is, from their aesthetic to their sound—they have this total-ness of intention that is very appealing. The bass and drums are throbbing, like PiL-era JAH WOBBLE with more of a frantic disjointedness, and the fractured guitar splutter is rhythmic, but as soon as you are thinking 99 Records, it spits in your eye. The liner notes are great, and I cannot say enough about the general radness of this band and 7". (LG)
(Mongo Bongo)

RATIONAL ANIMALS – "Distorted Temptation" EP

Five tracks of hard, layered, and dirty punk that steps away from being another predictable record. RATIONAL ANIMALS seem to be a step ahead of you the whole listen through. I like what this band is doing—great layered guitar work and the pace is perfect, making the lyrics audible. I think of the PROLETARIAT or something in that vein when listening to this 7". Cool shit. (MS)
(Feral Kid)

RATTUS – "Invades the USA" EP

RATTUS invades the USA with these five live-in-the-studio tracks, recorded in 2004 at WFMU radio in New Jersey. On their main studio releases, the band typically throws up a noisy wall of noise more notable for kick-ass energy than tightness—and this limited edition (of 1000) disc is loose and pungent. The mid-tempo "Taalta Tulaan Kuolema" seems to have the most distinctive sound of the songs, while "Will Evil Win" comes across as a throwaway. The good news is that the production values are decent, and the record does a good job of capturing the band's live fury. (SS)
(Psycho Wolf / Motorchest / Cutthroat / Death Exclamations)

THE READ – "Party Lines/Yr Garbage"

Buzz in the background. It's kind of like emo-ish hardcore that's mathy with disco drums. Like CHROMATICS without all the amazing stuff. If SHOPLIFTING decided to be normal dudes with their career goal to be on the cover of *Alternative Press* and to date girls who live at Hot Topic. The weirdest part is the cover art and attached information makes them seem like a vegan potluck band. But the music just screams corporate alternative radio hit. (MM)
(Phratry)

RED MASS – CD

This CD starts off sounding almost exactly like a BBQ/MARK SULTAN record. Not really surprising since RED MASS is mostly Choyce who played with Sultan in LES SEXAREENOS. Choyce was also in CPC GANGBANGS so that's where the noise comes in. In RED MASS he plays with tons of different musicians. The music is all over the place. It starts with two melodic ballads then progresses into spazzed-out new wave and on to some party songs. Choyce's vocals end up sounding almost exactly like DAVID LEE ROTH on the last song "I'm on Fire." Wild, weird and wacky. Wow. (CK)
(Semprini)

REVEREND ELVIS AND THE UNDEAD SYNCOPATORS – "Punk" LP

I am very curious about the Europeans fascination with American-style preachers and gospel music. How, why, where, when? It seems like there is a fairly big scene of this type of thing, or maybe it's just because I get all the records to review. Whatever it is, it's weird. REVEREND ELVIS AND THE UNDEAD SYNCOPATORS bang out tunes with a religious furor like they were sitting on the porch somewhere in Louisiana in the early 20th century. Yet, you know they really aren't because something sounds a bit off and it's not just the accents or the electric guitars. I do find it very assumptive that they called the record *Punk* though. Good one. (CK)
(Suzy Q)

REVERSE – "Glance Sideways: The Complete Reverse" CD

Yet another '90s English pop-punk band gets the reissue treatment (this time not on Boss Tuneage, surprisingly) and it's REVERSE from Stoke. To my detriment I'd never paid attention to this band before, although I do have some records they're on. Top-notch melodic punk that the UK was particularly good at during this time period. Influenced by SNUFF and VENUS BEADS among others and sharing bills with the likes of CHINA DRUM, J CHURCH, and LEATHERFACE. You get the idea. Very much on the poppier end of the spectrum—think SENSELESS THINGS, BROCCOLI, or VISIONS OF CHANGE. Great stuff and worth checking out for the unreleased recordings the band did with Frankie Stubbs at the controls. (AM)
(Damaged Goods)

RIB CAGES – "Right On or Wrong" EP

One-trick pony, two-man garage. Here's some unsolicited advice: Spend less time on the record art, spend more time writing coherent songs. (BB)
(Lemon Session)

RIISTETYT – "Kuolonhymneja" LP

This is nearly RIISTETYT's tenth LP, comprised of a style that's become familiar: mid-speed HC interspaced with slowed-down mosh breaks. It's unmelodic to the extreme, dependent on repeating guitar riffs; it can also seem repetitious, especially on slower tracks like "Silma Silmasta." The record's lumbering sound has exceptional force, but gets bogged down in its rather ordinary song structures. Not as vital as the band's classic output. (SS)
(self-released)

ROCK THE LIGHT – "Let's Do Something We'll Both Regret" CD

Dude. The insert says, "This is music that makes your ears bleed and your penis hard." Horrid. (MM)
(self-released)

ROT IN HELL – "Hallways of the Always" CD

Dooood! Are you kidding me!?! ROT IN HELL is fucking *insane*!! Total Clevo worship, with an INTEGRITY cover, Dwid guest vox, chaotic metal leads laid over the thick chuggachugchug of some pissed tunes of destruction and evil and chaos. If RINGWORM is the soundtrack to your wet dreams, give ROT IN HELL a few spins on your stereo and tell me these guys aren't the second coming! This CD collects all of the bands releases (an EP and some splits) as well as few new tunes thrown on for good measure. This band kicks all sortsa ass—track it down or any of their previous releases if brutal hardcore is your kinda thing. (RM)
(Grot)

ROUGH KIDS – "Why So Serious?" EP

This EP was released by the band on their own "Rough Records" label, which is a clever parody of the seminal UK punk label Raw Records—complete with a direct reproduction of the logo and a tag-line of "It's not Raw, it's Rough." And overall this flattering imitation works well for the ROUGH KIDS, because these four kids from LA do a damn good job of emulating that angsty '80s UK punk that was the defining sound of Raw Records, even down to the aesthetics of the cover art and packaging! With a sound and style similar to bands on the aforementioned label such as the USERS and the UNWANTED, the ROUGH KIDS play catchy, punked-up rock'n'roll. "Can't Stand You" on the B-side is fucking awesome! Definitely check out the ROUGH KIDS and this record out if you like '77-style/KBD punk rock... (ML)
(Rough)

RPM'S – "I Don't Wanna Be Young/Loved by You"

Another winner from the vaults that Sing Sing has seen fit to faithfully reissue. Classic American power-pop from Milwaukee that could fit snugly on the *Backseat Love* or *Powerpearls* comps. This shit has more in common with some of the punchier UK power-pop than the wimpy US goods. In fact, this sounds a lot like other Midwesterners

the SHIVVERS. This label is one where it's worth getting everything, and this two-tracker is no exception. (TB)
(Sing Sing)

RUINER – "Hell Is Empty" LP

I got to see RUINER a few times when I lived in Baltimore, and I remember them falling into the unusual category of "bands I want to like but can't quite." They had an energy and passion that brought to mind the few other modern hardcore groups I like—MODERN LIFE IS WAR, GO IT ALONE, and THE DAMAGE DONE, to name a few—but there was something a bit too generic about their sound that kept me from really getting into them. This LP is the first I've heard of them since, and it's definitely an ambitious work that's truly diverse and eclectic for the genre. It has enough modern hardcore signifiers and stock riffs to be familiar and accessible to, say, the average B9 fan, but is also creative enough with songwriting and each instrument making their mark to offer something to those who want a bit more, though there's nothing quite definitive enough about it for it to be a classic. The lyrics are on the introspective side, as the singer reflects on his humble, beaten-down life and the people he's crossed over the years in the city that he calls home with its good and bad. The packaging is heavy with Baltimore imagery, which suits the music well in this case, and though I'm not sure how much I'll pull this out in the future, I listen to it and imagine myself walking through downtown, up Howard to Falls Road to my old house in Hampden at 1:00 AM as I think about life. I can see it meaning a great deal to people with more of a connection to Baltimore. (DG)
(Bridge Nine)

SEDATIVES – "Human Beings/Sedatives"

This is a solid single here. The A-Side is a fast and powerful, slightly poppy, garage jam. Vaguely comparable to DEFECT DEFECT or TYRADES. Awesome! The B-Side is a quick one. Still fast, but more fuzzed out and heavy on the organ. This shit is dark, gloomy, raw, and super catchy. Only criticism is that it's only two songs cause these tunes leaves you wanting more. (FS)
(Taken by Surprise)

TY SEGALL – "My Sunshine/Fuzzy Call"

Two tracks of warm, fuzzy lo-fi garage that reminds me of the early KINKS mixed with some of that Medway/BILLY CHILDISH eccentric madness. It ain't breaking down the walls, pushing the boundaries, or daring to go where no man has gone before, but it more importantly has the hooks, drive, energy and the fun that makes a great record. Bonus points for the ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN cover, "Do It Clean." (SD)
(Trouble in Mind)

SHANNON AND THE CLAMS – "I Wanna Go Home" LP

OOhhhh, some classic Oaktown *Girls in the Garage* sounds that've come to pour sugar in your gas tank! SHANNON has an amazing voice, like WANDA JACKSON mashed up with LULU and LESLEY GORE. Sweet with an underlying snarl. Or maybe more snarled with an underlying sweet? The first song is outta sight. A total party platter, punch-in-the-face number. Usually when music is so retro, it has a lame-o karaoke bar rockabilly douche appeal that makes me wanna cross the street. This is great, totally low-down garage soul across the board… I will admit that I like it when SHANNON sings best, cuz her voice is so insane. John Walters should have this band write him a soundtrack. The cover is next-level too, and if he ever sees it I am sure he will be compelled to buy it! (LG)
(1-2-3-4-Go!)

SHITTY LIMITS – "Yesterday's Heroes" EP

These much-hyped English punks play raw and fast garage slop with absolutely no frills, but they have an enigmatic quality that makes them sound unique somehow. I honestly didn't like them that much when I first heard one of their EPs about a year ago, but I've since "seen the light" so to speak, and am now a convert. Maybe it's the absolute minimalism mixed with a "we don't give a fuck" attitude and approach that finally won me over. I imagine that this is what the FALL would sound like if they came out in the late '90s and were on Rip-Off Records. This also sounds like CIVIC PROGRESS if they were a garage punk band instead of a hardcore one. *Yesterday's Heroes* is a reissue of their ridiculously rare and impossible-to-find debut six-track EP. If you haven't heard these guys yet, this is probably the best place to start. (BG)
(Motorchest)

SHORT CHANGED – CD

Never heard of this band and am very surprised considering they are local. Really heavy and fast HC done really well—super tight. I don't know why, but I'm kind of blown away by how tight this is. Parts are played at blitzkrieg speed and the drums are locked in with everything else. Not the most inventive sound, but goddamn good. "Burn Down Wagon Town" is my favorite track and probably one of their slower songs…fine, *mid-tempo*. But, damn that's a good riff. Guys from ACTS OF SEDITION contribute backing vocals; makes sense, this band reminds me of them, but fewer starts and stops, less prog-esque. Check it out for sure! (VL)
(Rodent Popsicle)

SICK SICK BIRDS – "Little Champ/Up at Night"

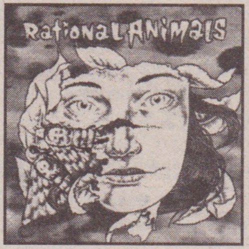
SICK SICK BIRDS gets #46 in the Art of the Underground series. I gotta say, this is better than most of the more recent volumes of limited EPs. I usually group these releases into two main categories: those worth listening to, and those that seem to be throwaway songs that were recorded and need to be used somewhere. These songs fall into the former, with a dirtier, faster GANG OF FOUR feel to them. Not bad at all. Hopefully this trend continues with this next collection of records. (BD)
(Art of the Underground)

SMALL BROWN BIKE – "Composite, Volume One" EP

I've been seeing this band's name pop up for what I can only guess is close to ten years now, and as far as I can recall, this is the first time I have heard them. I was expecting it to be faster with a Southern twinge to it. They sound like a slower, darker LEATHERFACE (musically, at least) with maybe even a hint of the WEAKERTHANS at times. I don't have anything to go by, but I'd bet any of their regular fans would dig this record. (BD)
(No Idea)

TV SMITH – "Live at the NVA" 2xCD

TV SMITH was the singer/songwriter/lyricist extraordinaire for the ADVERTS. That seminal '77 UK punk band. Y'know, the one's that did "Gary Gilmore's Eyes," et al. The ADVERTS crashed and burned real fast, the punks and most everyone else not digging their fabulous second album. Since the late '70s, TV SMITH has continued to write, record, and tour with a variety of ensembles, under a variety of different names, and latterly, solo. I guess he's never stopped touring Germany either, which remains a welcoming home to Anglo and American bands of all generations! Unlike most of contemporaries (and those that followed), TV SMITH has never reformed his punk band, and has continued to write superb songs, with probably the best lyrics to be found anywhere. Period. He's also fluent in German, as this live double-CD attests. Recorded in Germany, all the between song banter/explanations are in German. Which is a smashing blow against cultural imperialism, but a bit tricky for monolinguists such as myself to follow. Regardless, you do get 30 of his own songs, culled from the last 30 years of stupendous songwriting. All performed solo, with just acoustic guitar and his voice (but what a voice!). Plus some Germans singing along in places. Some of the ADVERTS' classics sound a little hollow



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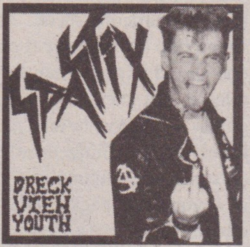


STRIKE
ANYWHERE

with just an acoustic guitar, but the strength, I've always thought with Citizen SMITH, was his post-ADVERTS work, which really shines through here, and in this format. Bloody brilliant. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

SNARLAS – "It's Not on TV" EP

This EP is an excellent example of the crest of the neo-riot grrrl wave. Maudlin lyrics describing ineffective intimacy ("Generation 5") and cycles of abuse ("Love Song") paired with simple, heavy instrumentation creates a satisfying punk moment in my ears. The lo-fi recording makes it difficult for me not to think of BIKINI KILL and HUGGY BEAR, which I hope isn't offensive because I mean it in the most affectionate way possible. (HD)
(Plan-It-X South)

SNUGGLE – "Zero Real Hearts" LP

It's no wonder that SNUGGLE is so popular. They pull out all the stops on this incredibly heart-warming, anthemic album, not getting caught up in over-thinking the songwriting and obviously having no trouble at all writing excellent lyrics that are actually about real things, with no effort to hide the real pain and suffering that's involved in each of our crushingly sad lives. This is pure pop, oozing its talons into your stony heart and forcing you to bawl while getting your ass kicked in the pit in the basement of some thousand-year-old punk house in Seattle. (HD)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

SORELLA MALDESTRA – "Maltempo" CD

Seriously? Maybe I just don't get it, but I find it hard to believe that this band could have ever "dominated the punk scene in Italy" during the '70s and '80s as the release sheet that came with this CD claims. I've heard some good punk bands from Italy over the years, and this is kinda weak in comparison. Maybe it's just me, but I hate when a band gets all weird and artsy for the sake of it and thinks that is what makes them "punk." (ML)
(Banksville)

SOUL CONTROL – "Cycles" LP

A debut full-length after several EPs, *Cycles* reveals SOUL CONTROL to be possible heavyweight contenders ready to dominate the modern hardcore scene. At first listen, the songs sound like the archetypal power-chord anthems that one would expect when listening to a Bridge Nine release, but then a keen ear notices some jangly guitar experimentation in the background. The lyrics, while falling mostly along the lines of the personal, are minimalistic yet semi-poetic screams of anguish that pack a punch in their simplicity. The album comes in a nice gatefold cover and certainly worth picking up if you dig this label's releases, SNAPCASE, THREADBARE, or later-period SICK OF IT ALL. (BG)
(Bridge Nine)

SOUL CONTROL – "Silent Reality/Feel the Pain"

This Rhode Island crew may be at the forefront of the '90s (post) hardcore retrospective going on in the scene right now, and I think they like it. With BURN and QUICKSAND comparisons flying at these guys like fucking darts, this single certainly embraces more than rejects those references. With this release they really display the more sparse and creative side (kinda in the "what the fuck?" sense) of their songwriting. The A-side, "Silent Reality," begins as a blurred vision of some sort of familiar hardcore tune (dizzying guitar, playful bass line) but soon begins to lend itself to a whole 'nother idea. The song becomes despondent and distant, a breakdown only defined by the vocal pattern and a searing lead riff that leads to total disintegration. That must have been a song… right? Woah. I have not heard their new full-length, also released on Bridge Nine, and I think this is a proper promo single from that release (the EP is the "radio edit" version). The B-side is a DINOSAUR JR cover, "Feel the Pain," which is pretty damn good I must say. To be honest I *hate* DINO JR and planned on hating the stupid cover song too, but was won over by the obvious TLC given to it by SOUL CONTROL. You decide if you wanna buy a radio edit single with a DINOSAUR JR cover though—I'd just pony up for the LP. (RM)
(Bridge Nine)

SPASTIX – "Dreck Vieh Youth" EP

This German outfit combines fast hardcore with breakdowns, chants, and a touch of rock to what they are doing. In all honesty they have not broken any new ground here, but I can see this being a cool intro-to-hardcore record for someone just getting into it. Great attitude and spirit here; "Reunion" is awesome. (MS)
(Matula)

SPENCEY DUDE & THE DOODLES – "Flirting" EP

Raw cut-and-dry pop garage from the Bay Area. Slightly goofy and bouncy, with a lot of "oohs" and "aahs." Music made for a slumber party or something. Literally every song is about girls—all four of 'em. (FS)
(Rob's House)

SPITS – "Pain" EP

How lucky can one be when the latest SPITS release ends up in your review box? These cats made my "top ten of the decade" list last issue, so to say that I totally dig them is an understatement. And this is a proper EP with four new tracks, which is so much better than some two-song-single bullshit. The song "Pain" is sort of a step off the beaten path for the band, as a wonky OBLIVIANS style creeps its way into the music. I was a bit worried when I threw this on, as this was the first track, and I thought to myself, "Has the goddamn SPITS decided to change their sound—this friggin' body of musical perfection that shouldn't be messed with?" Thank Christ that one song (which isn't bad at all, mind you) is an exception and the other three come out swingin' in full SPITS style. You should already be hip to these dudes by now, so put down the fucking magazine and go find yourself a copy of this EP while you still have a chance. (BG)
(Slovenly)

STATE – "Nihil Ex Nihilo" EP

The STATE return with a 7" that's decent; though none of the 7"s they've done since reforming have topped *No Illusions*, this is still a good, catchy record with the right ingredients to inspire circle pits and sing-alongs. Lots (and I mean *lots*) of gang vocal choruses, scissor beats, and guitar leads galore, (though they're a bit more wanky metal than the more rock ones on *No Illusions*). The riffs are hit or miss, with some excellent ones that definitely point to their Detroit (well, technically Ann Arbor) rock heritage, as well as more lackluster ones. I've had the opportunity to see this band a couple of times since their reformation, and they fucking deliver live too. (DG)
(Punks Before Profits)

STRAWBERRY BLONDES – "Fight Back" CD

Welsh punks deliver their second full-length and it's full of anthemic, guitar-driven rockers. The RANCID influences are blatantly worn with pride, and showcased rather well, truth be told. The CLASH was always legendary in Wales, and I'm sure the parents of STRAWBERRY BLONDES were suitably inspired. Kind of full-circle really, with this one. Includes the mandatory ska tracks, and guest vocals from chaps from the BRIGGS and the STUBBORN ALL STARS (for that authentic street-punk and ska cred). Good, class-conscious lyrics, and really rather swell all 'round. (RK)
(Not On Your Radio)

STRIKE ANYWHERE – "Failed State" EP

I was first hooked on Thomas' wordplay, infectious voice, and lyrics by the first INQUISITION 7", so I've—at the very least—"paid attention" to what he's been up to for the last fourteen years. My feelings on this band in recent years are somewhat splintered—*Change Is a Sound* and *Exit English* were great records, but the one after, what was it called? *Dead FM*? Not so much. On the other hand, this band is way more important to the world than a thousand Dis-clone war haikus. STRIKE ANYWHERE has fresh, out-stretched, outcast, malleable ears at attention that are willing to listen to their whip-smart questions and demands of modern life, as opposed to jaded aging crusters recreating "Never Again" over and over. I can't help but think that the same was said about RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, but this feels somehow different and way more genuine. If there has to be a band out there that is "selling out" the sound of punk or hardcore and stuffing it in the ears of the privileged white children of this disgusting wasteland, I'm glad it's a band like STRIKE ANYWHERE whose records will be flying off the shelves of Hot Topic. Whether anyone will pay attention, only time will tell, but it's kinda rad that kids will be learning choruses like, "Every orphan, every soldier, every family wounded by this sleight of hand. Every soldier, every family, every orphan are bodies in the blink of an eye. *I will stand against this lie*," to sing along to. Look at that, some optimism coming from *me*! Fuck me… This 7" shows a musical return to good STRIKE ANYWHERE. Sweet. Keep it up. (JU)
(Bridge Nine)

STRIKE ANYWHERE – "Iron Front" CD

Years ago, one of my roommates had the first (or maybe the second, I can't remember) STRIKE ANYWHERE LP and listened to it quite a bit. Before I had a chance to listen to the record, he had mentioned that they sounded like a more hardcore I-SPY or PROPAGANDHI, or a maybe a bit of both. They did, and they still do, too. It has been ages since I heard these guys, and while it's still not quite my cup of tea, I fully understand why people like them so much. Melodic hardcore for the masses—you get it all, from the moshing breakdowns and the chanted

background vox to the melodic riffs and lead vocals sung in key (imagine that!). And none of it is done obnoxiously, unlike so many other bands that you could describe as melodic hardcore. This is a perfect band to coax your fourteen-year-old brother or sister away from the likes of BLINK-182 or whatever shit they might be into, and bring them into the climate of political punk rock. (BD)
(Bridge Nine)

MARK SULTAN – "I Am the End/Catastrophe"

Typical MARK SULTAN (a.k.a. BBQ) fare; you're not in for any real surprises—syrupy one-man band rock'n'roll with a flair for '50s style ballads. This time SULTAN is joined by former LES SEXAREENOS bandmate Choyce. Unfortunately the fireworks don't fly like they did in the SEXAREENOS. (IS)
(In the Red)

SUNDOWNERS – "Gnome & Glacier" LP

Hard to pin down, SUNDOWNERS has a similar vibe to KILLER DREAMER. They aren't really as spastic or as fast, but the weird sort-of hectic guitar parts really remind me of that band. I like the lo-fi sound quality here, too. I appreciate when bands don't go all-out with fancy recordings. I know it's not always true, but it makes me feel like they care more about the experience than the actual material product. SUNDOWNERS might be the first non-hardcore band from Minneapolis in a while that illicits zero comparisons to that one really popular Mpls band that everyone seems to mention in these reviews. You know the one. (BD)
(Dirt Cult)

SYMPTOMS – "What Are You Gonna Get" LP

This has a real familiar feel, like they're aping someone else's riffs. "End of the Night" had a breakdown that reminded me of a band or song I like, but I can't place it. Overall, pretty decent. Shouted vocals backed by a second round of '80s DCHC mixed with DRIVE LIKE JEHU—lots of guitar wankery. Drummer sounds off in a couple of songs and that was getting on my nerves, but what really annoyed me was this is a one-sided 12" with eight songs and limited to 150 copies. Why so few? Are you using scarcity to entice buyers? Or maybe this is a tour pressing? What's going on here? My advice: tighten up and press a 7" in a quantity that more than a handful can find. (VL)
(Outlaw)

TEENAGE WHORE MOANS – "Moan All Nite" EP

Whatta expect from a band called the TEENAGE WHORE MOANS? The record comes with a poster of the three guys in the band standing in front of lockers, one of them holding open a centerfold from a porno mag. Plenty of songs about *wanting* to have sex. No false advertising here. All in all, pretty tame stuff. Not nearly as much attitude as they wish they had, nor as the songs need to really stand out. They cram seven same-sounding fast pop-punkish songs on this 7". A lesson in less-is-more: this probably would have held up better as a short, two song 45. But seven songs? Too much, too soon, boys. (IS)
(Eaglebauer Enterprises)

TERVEET KADET – "Ihmesin Poika, Pedon Poika" 10"

Land of the Finnish Dinosaurs this month at *MRR*, with new releases from RIISTETYT, RATTUS, and this 10" slab from TERVEET KÄDET. I would be lying if I tried to tell you that these ten songs even approached the brilliance of *Black God* or my favorite Finn-core LP, *The Horse*, but I was pretty surprised by this record start to finish. The weakest link is the singer, whose voice cracks at the most intense yells, but the pace is relentless and the riffs simply fucking slay all the way through. At the very least, it's nice to hear that they have not mellowed in the slightest and still deliver fast, in-your-face hardcore. (WN)
(Kamaset Levyt)

TORN APART – "Self Loathing" EP

Wow! This is the first 7" from this Leeds band. You'll find raging hardcore with lots of feedback, chaos, and rage. Seven songs in less than five minutes helps give you an idea of where they are coming from. They remind me a little bit of DROPDEAD and more of LOOK BACK AND LAUGH. Most songs begin with feedback and then kick into all-go hardcore. The lyrics lean towards the depression of life with a few political tracks. (MH)
(Grot)

TORTURED TONGUES – "Arizona Murder/Extension Cord"

There is some real sick-of-modern-living and "We're mad as hell and not going to take it anymore" anger on this nasty punk wave 7" from TORTURED TONGUES. Truly pissed-off-at-the-world disgust and vengeance; snotty and layered vocals blare out of this two-song single. Even without knowing what they're going on about, I know it's something unpleasant. The unease even comes through despite the handclaps and "woo-hoos." What kind of crazy impressive trick is that? (AL)
(Lethal Triad)

TORTURE THE ARTIST – CD

I'm a big fan of the work of Mass Giorgini. As a producer and engineer, of course, but as a bass-player and songwriter from SQUIRTGUN to SCREECHING WEASEL, he's added a depth of intelligence to the melodic pop canon that is all too rare. For this project, he's aided by SCREECHING WEASEL (among others) drummer Dan Lumley and songwriter/guitarist/singer Jorge Orillac. The result is a dozen melodic yet thoughtful meditations on some of the less savory aspects of life, art, and living. More ALKALINE TRIO than GREEN DAY, all housed in a Cristy Road cover that should be the final seal of approval for anyone still doubting the quality that resides within. (RK)
(Kid Tested)

TOXIC TOY – "Amazingly Realistic Puke!" CD

Horrible pop-punk in the NOFX vein from Malaysia. Too sloppy and too out of tune vocals bring up the question if these guys should get a free pass for being from Malaysia. Sorry, recommended for friends of the band and Malaysians. (RL)
(Nervhous)

TRAINWRECK – "Of Concrete Canyons and Inner Wastelands" LP

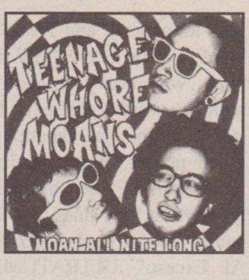
Right off, I noticed the warm, full, pro sound. The bass, guitar, and drums fight amongst themselves to punch your face. The singer should be hoarse from yelling but isn't. This is modern crust, with guitar leads and chaotic bits in the otherwise straightforward metallic hardcore. Too modern for me, as the songs are longer than two minutes, with pounding (not predictable) breakdowns. These kids have expanded their horizons a little further than my lust for thrash takes me. But this will be a sweet jam for those of you ready for a more complex, extended, and devastating sound. (JM)
(Adagio830)

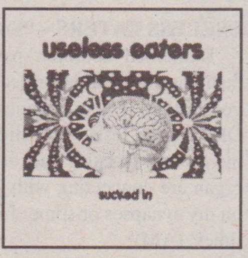
TYLER JON TYLER – "New England Street/Faster Than Light"

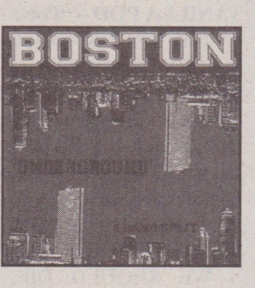
A poppy indie punky garage band from Chicago. Simple melodies with pleasant female vocals. Very catchy, almost anthemic, but that could just be the vocal delivery. This is really great. Includes a free mp3 download of the single, which is always cool. (CK)
(Trouble in Mind)

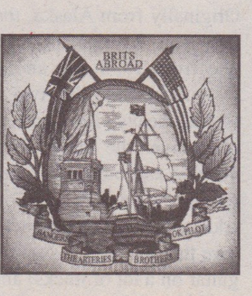
ULTRATUMBADOS – "Autogesto Al Exceso/Ultratumbados"

With these two songs, ULTRATUMBADOS has perfected the mix of melody and agitation. The band says that they're









goth-influenced, and I can definitely hear that, but these two tracks are from the dancier side of goth-punk, with heavy nods to post-punk as well. As with any worthy post-punk band, the rhythm section lays down a solid, repetitive foundation, which the guitar player follows at times, but things get way more exciting when the guitar ventures away from the rhythm. The lines that the guitar spurts out will haunt you for hours after listening. On "Autogesto Al Exceso" ULTRATUMBADOS kinda sounds like a Spanish-sung MANIKIN, and the song "Ultratumbados" attests to the band's appreciation for early NAKED RAYGUN. So yeah, these guys are playing music that's been done before, but their songs are dynamic and lively and well worth checking out if you're into post-punk, Spanish punk, goth-punk, etc. (CI)
(Southkore)

UNION JACK – "Tales of Urban Freedom" CD

OK, I'm a little nonplussed by this release. UNION JACK are self-proclaimed "bad ska." They sound mightily like a laidback FIFTEEN (at their best), mixed up with the best bits of AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY and CITIZEN FISH. In short, for a ska band, they're pretty damn gruff, melodic, and, well, I'm sure STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS fans would love a lot of their stuff. The confusion in my tiny mind comes from the fact that they sing in perfect English, and would seem to have the typical (i.e. lefty/political) Anglo concerns of the aforementioned bands. Yet the two labels that released this are both French, and the band's address also seems to be French. Regardless, Francophone or otherwise, if this is ska, I could get into it! (RK)
(Beer)

USELESS EATERS – "Sucked In" EP

Demented bedroom psych-pop from this one-man-band recording project. Blown-out production goes a long way to enhance these quirky yet catchy DIY scratch-fests. I am slightly tipsy right now and the dreamy vocals, wall of noise guitar, and circus organ are connecting with just the right wavelength on my synapses or some shit. I've listened to it three times. (AM)
(Goner)

VANILLA POD – "Poets on Payday" CD

This is a UK pop-punk band playing generic mid-'90s Fat Wreck-style pop-punk. Ex-Members of the TOY DOLLS and GOOBER PATROL. It's no "Nellie the Elephant," but what is? Reminds me of a less dynamic SAMIAM. Not horrible by any stretch but not all that interesting or distinct either. (P$)
(Boss Tuneage)

WE SHOULD DIE – LP

WE SHOULD DIE was a grindcore/death metal/hardcore band that existed from 1996-2004. Originally from Alaska, they ended up in Portland, OR. This LP contains two different recordings—one from 1998 and another from 2004—and the two sides sound like two different bands. Side '98 is bass-heavy, raw, and not as spastic. Side '04 is all over the place, with a second high-pitched vocalist and bursts of speed and chaos. The former reminds me a little of AGATHOCLES and the later adds a tiny powerviolence vibe to the grindcore. I love that the bass is so prominent (more so than the guitar on a lot of tracks) and not only because of the recording but because the band has two bass players. The lyrics are solid political/social and get right to the point. This is a great release if you missed this band when they were around. The members went on to be in BURIALS, SUPERBAD, and RITUAL NECROMANCY. (MH)
(Antropofago)

WHEELS ON FIRE – "Bad Lie" EP

Jangled pop tunes that hover somewhere between REIGNING SOUND, the OBITS, and ELVIS COSTELLO. With each side on this about two minutes long and considering the extreme palatability of music they are playing, I get the impression that the latest full-length by the band released earlier this year might have a higher payoff, as this release just translates into something too safe and so effortlessly executed that it almost disappears into the atmosphere with little impression left behind. (AL)
(Trouble in Mind)

THE WHITE WIRES – "Girly Girly Girly" LP

This might be my new favorite band. On the ever-dependable Douchemaster label, these guys don't sound dissimilar to their label-mates GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN. The thing is, these guys are from Canada. This is pure pop goodness, delivered with some '60s garage sensibility. The snare drum will have you tapping your foot. The lead guitar will have you bobbing your head from side to side. The combination will likely get you off of your big, fat ass. Very cool. (KK)
(Douchemaster)

WORN IN RED – "In the Offering" LP

Uuuuhhhggg, everything about this record and this band sucks. Not only is the music damn near unlistenable and *booooooring*, but the bleeding heart, this-is-our-scene poetics surrounding WORN IN RED is fucking nauseating. The LP is on super sweet orange/red colored vinyl, easily the coolest thing about this record. As far as melodic, heavy, interesting, and intelligent music is concerned, they really missed the mark on this one. WORN IN RED seems to be reaching for an epic, passionate, and draining sound but fall flat on their face. There is no special energy or excitement to the *entire* record and although the music is well played and written with some purpose, the songs drag on for*ever*, losing any sense of direction and all of this listener's interest. By the end of the whole album the only epic thing about the experience was the amount of patience it took me to get all the way through the eight self-serving hand-jobs these guys use for songs. Bleeagh. (RM)
(No Idea)

YELLOW FEVER – LP

This is kind of reminiscent of CASUAL DOTS. It's less angular than that, and kind of more lazy-sounding (like Sunday afternoons) and seems pretty influenced by CAROLE KING and that minimal early girl-group sound, with tiny tinges of folk. It's breezy pop music. Like riding a bike through a field and the sun is shining but everything feels isolated and weird and kind of lonely. Brings to mind the movie *Harold and Maude*, but I can't explain why. I like it. (MM)
(Wild World)

YUM YUMS – "Sweetest Candy" CD

If you like power-pop or really poppy punk then this is a no brainer. These guys from Norway have been knocking out the ditties since the '90s. This is a 25-track "best of" compilation that includes career-spanning material minus last year's full-length. Although some personal favorites, including their great cover of JANE WIEDLIN's "Rush Hour" are missing here, this still kicks ass. Hopefully this will be a start to getting all their CDs back in print. (RL)
(Kid Tested)

V/A – "Boston Underground" CD

Fuck me… I'm not the only former Bostonian in *MRR*'s ranks, so why do I get every CD from Boston?! This comp seems to exist for the right reasons: showing that punk ain't dead (?), but it really does nothing for me. The first band of four, SUPERPOWER, is sucky. The decent riffs (supplied by Terry from DISRUPT) can't save these bar-core tunes from Dave TREE's douche-y presence. The second sucky band on this comp is ALLSTON PANTS. Sounds like the house band at O'Brien's or The Sillouette. Wait, does the Sill even sell PBR? They probably do now. NO SHIT follows with the best set of tunes on the comp. Six thrashy hardcore punk numbers with chuggy breakdowns. The comp comes to a close with COLIN AND THE CANCER, whose tunes are kinda weird. At one moment typical street-punk, at other times more melodic and dark. This comp is *sooooo* Boston, it's crazy. Some things never change. (JU)
(KT)

V/A – "Brits Abroad" EP

This appears to be a sampler of four UK bands put out to familiarize you with some bands that played at The Fest 8. The line-up on *Brits Abroad* includes THE ARTERIES, OK PILOT, BROTHERS, and BANGERS. The bands mostly have similar sounds, with influences generally in the vein of the '90s Fat Wreck catalog. To me, The Fest seems like a giant clusterfuck of bands, with so many shows going on you have to choose who you'll see, and you only catch a handful of the bands that you like. It doesn't seem like the best way to get a taste of what's out there. This EP is here to help get you more familiarized. (BD)
(Specialist Subject)

V/A – "Clan Destine" LP

OK, this is a comp. The first song (MARY COTTER) features acoustic guitars, with a girl singing in this cute, sweet way about a crush. Dude, don't do this to me. OK, OK, it's OK, the second song (OVARIA) is all drums and guitars falling over and feeding back, while a girl first mumble-sings in this monotone way like MARY TIMONY, and then the chaos builds and she starts screaming. This is good. The next track is kind of atmospheric and the rest of this side continues like that and it's bumming me out. It's making me think of hippies doing that really slow, ravey dance they do. However, the last track on the first side (LOST GIRL) is decent. Side two starts out kind of OK, with garage rock and sad, fuzzed-out folk. All together, this is kind of lo-fi, K Records teen underground, but a little more garage-y in some places, a little ambient rave-ish here and there. OVARIA, WET DOG, and most of side two is good. (MM)
(Clan Destine)

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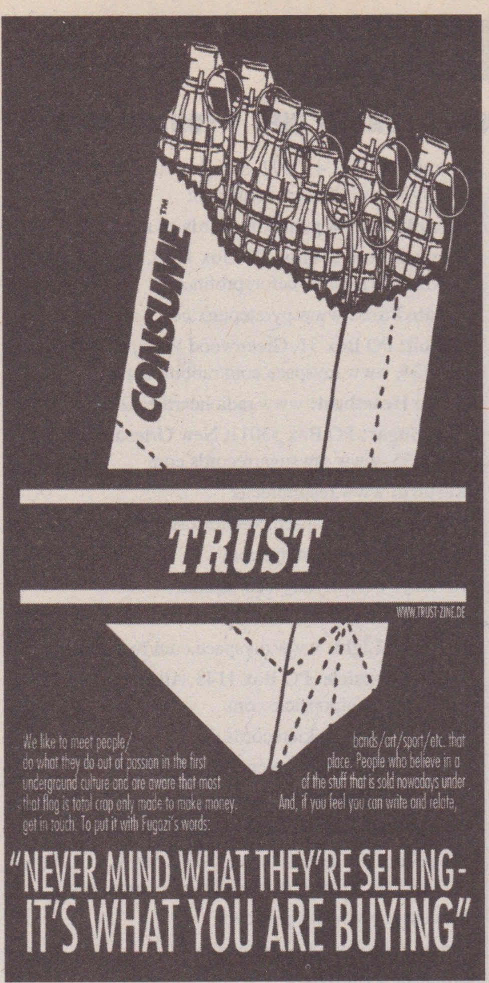

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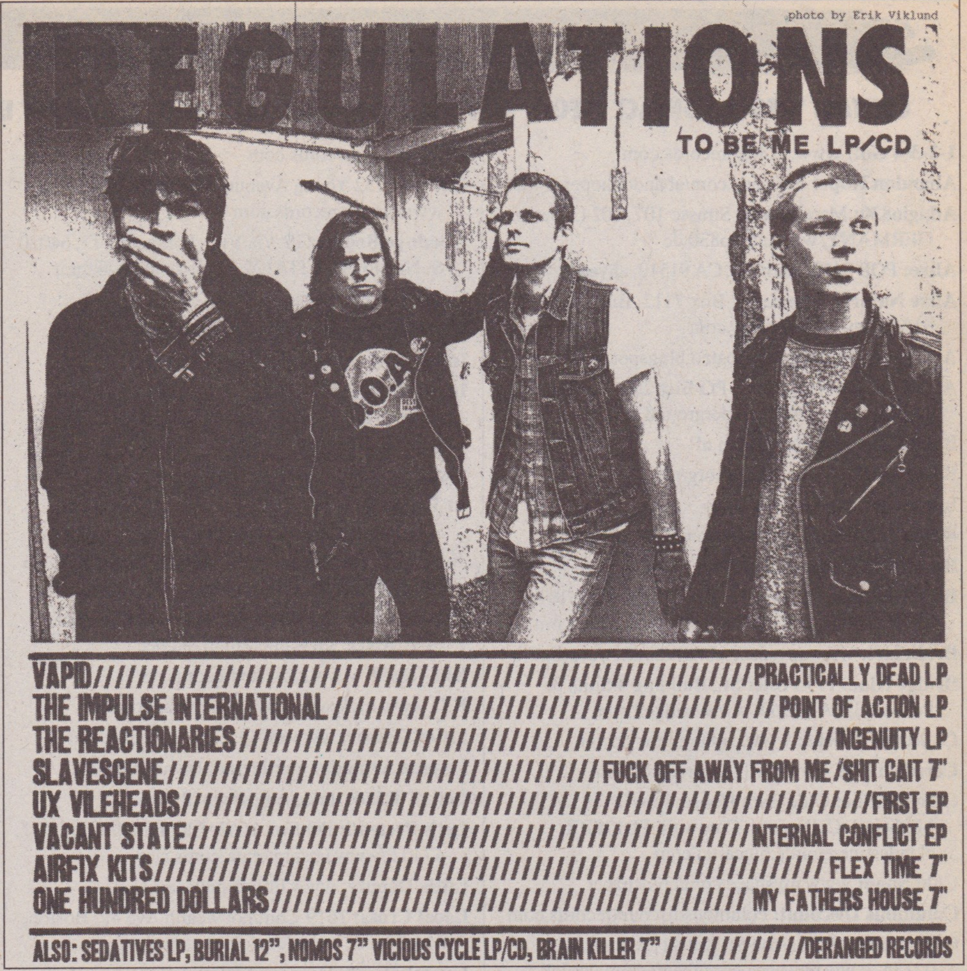

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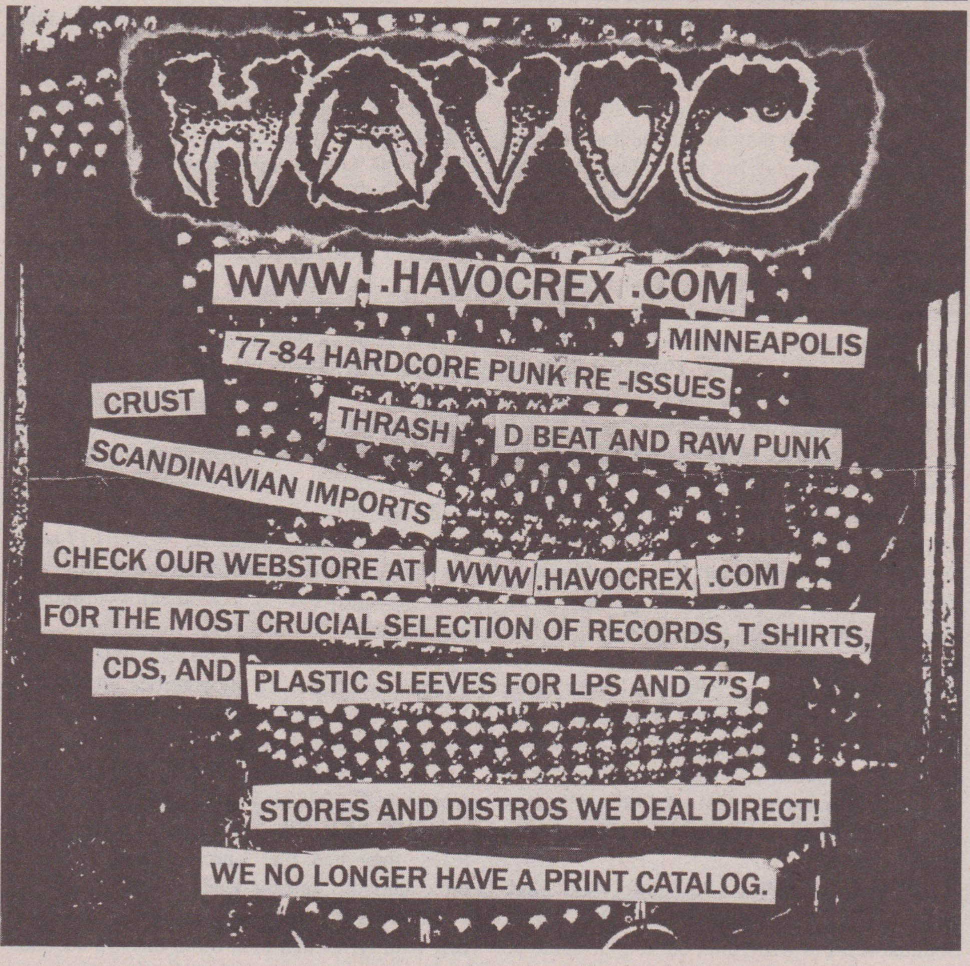

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Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Helen Degenerate, Dan Goetz, and xYosefx

APACHE – Stock blues hammer garage cock. Making casual references to both Nazi and Native American cultures (don't worry, it's in different songs). APACHE rules if you like that sort of thing. (Helen) (11-song cassette, no-lyrics included, www.myspace.com/sfapache)

ARISTIDES – Low-end heavy noisy rock from the UK. There's a tambourine, and the first song is called "My Friend's A Jerk," and it gets a little old. But they pick up the pace on "Mad Boogerish, and I like it better. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, $10ppd from clanderstinerecords.bigcartel.com)

COLD CIRCUITS – Great dynamic, desperate melodic punk from right here in SF. COLD CIRCUITS is maybe somewhere between the WIPERS and NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, but they have their own sound and each song has a slightly different flavor. The vocals range from melancholy, absent sounding harmonies to shouting to internal arguments out loud and they fit the music well. I know this band was looking for a singer for a while, and I'm stoked that they found one that fits, and I hope they will play out now! (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, p_lucich@yahoo.com)

CONDOMINIUM – This band got themselves a little buzz going on, and I am not referring to the 28-too-many ounces of high gravity malt that are currently making their way to my already diminished brain cells. I'm talking about their killer jams! CONDOMINIUM sounds fucking *ugly*, and that's sincere flattery, as it's something that countless bands strive for. If later BLACK FLAG was actually good, instead of a pile of self-righteous nonsense that apologists have spent a quarter-century analyzing and masturbating over (ok, *Process Of Weeding Out* rules, but *Family Man*? Seriously?), then it would sound like the excruciating dirge called "Lizard" that kicks off this fucking tape. Not sold on CONDOMINIUM after that piece or brilliant *wordsmithing*? Fuck you then, 'cause they go fast after the intro is over, and the shit is raw and sweaty and pissed. You know, like punk. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, Blinded c/o Hubert Denis, PO Box 51, 07-200 Wysikow, POLAND, blindedrec@o2.pl)

DEPORTATION – Straightforward Euro punk. It's like crust written by LA FRACTION. Sounds weird to write that, but it's the same no frills approach that my favorite Parisians use to write tuneful punk, except applies to short blasts of ferocious hardcore. 13 songs in 13 minutes, what's not to like? (Robert) (13-song CD, lyrics included, bradzirkle@hotmail.com)

HELLCAKE – a 34-minute electronic/noise prog opus based on the *Alien* films. Yes, I'm serious. And this rules. (Robert) (10-song CD, no lyrics included, $7ppd from clandestinerecords.bigcartel.com)

IKSIGREK – An epic mountain of dismal crust from Moscow. The first song alone is worth more than the price of admission... five minutes in and I'm waiting for the tempo to pick up...then I realize that this is all you get, and I smile. Devastating riffs just keep pummeling me like waves while I'm sitting in front of my speakers with my mouth half open. Second track starts acoustic and out of tune in a really discomforting way, then descends into frustrating noise leading into a seven-minute dirge to close the disc out. Three chords just mercilessly dragged out of the guitars repeatedly until finally they've had enough and only the bass is left with the remaining chaos. Yeah, it's that good. (Robert) (3-song CD, lyrics included, Madfly, trade preferred: alco_myxa@mail.ru)

KILL YOUR BRAIN – Pretty killer shits from Virgina. Equal parts MUDHONEY, VSS, and late-'80s East Coast hardcore with more than enough attitude to back up any of those comparisons. Perfectly fuzzed guitar tone that keeps me hooked during the very few moments that the songs lose me. Snarling but whiny reverb drenched vox might be a turnoff for some, but it's a total turn-*on* for me. I can easily see this shit being very, very popular, and me grudgingly liking it. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, $5 to PO Box 113, Harrisonburg, VA 22803, thekillyourbrain@gmail.com)

KING TUFF – Sickly sweet pop songs that remind me of '90s SF superheroes FANTASY. Vocal harmonies, prominent organ in the chorus, all that stuff. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics included, Burger, 1370S. Sanderson, Anaheim, CA 92806, 714-336-0561)

LION SLICER – Until the dueling guitar leads, they had me. Lurching and awkward dirty hardcore, but the leads fucking kill it. So I'll address the parts with no leads: good and raw with lyrics that took more than 15 seconds to scrawl out on a snot rag and song structure that requires thought and, dare I say, talent. Rough 4-track recording that totally works...but those leads make me think that they are actually shooting for something "more"...let's hope I think wrong. (Robert) (10-song cassette or CD, lyrics included, $1 ppd to rygarlando@yahoo.com)

MAGNUM FORCE – The photos of crack and powder cocaine use plus the graffiti-style logo led me to think that these guys might owe a debt to bands like PLUTOCRACY and DESPISE YOU, and my unerring senses did not fail me. Raging heavy hardcore with firm roots in the West Coast powerviolence sound. I'll be keeping my eyes on MAGNUM FORCE—this is a fucking good tape. Mine is #58/60, so hit them up quick if you want one. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, Blastcat c/o Patrick Forrest, 550 Pearl St. Apt. 303, Reading, PA 19602, bwastbeat@gmail.com)

NO BUNNY – I've kinda wanted to hear this band for a while, since they are hot shit and all, and after the acoustic "Your Mouth," I am mildly entertained, but I'm hoping that NO BUNNY kicks it up a notch and starts to sound punk...at least a little bit. "Oh Cody" is even less punk so I FFWD right into "Mask's On" and I'm starting to get the feeling that this "band" is just a dude with a guitar singing cheeky coffee shop open mic night songs. So I listened to them on MyShit, and it's *way* cooler than the acoustic crap on this tape; it's like a whole band (kinda) playing killer dance party pop punk. Sucks when you find out you should have gone straight to a social networking site. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, Burger, 1370S. Sanderson, Anaheim, CA 92806, 714-336-0561)

PAN ZLOBEK / REPRESSION ATTACK – After a few hours of demo reviews, this is exactly what I needed to get myself fucking excited again, a Russian crust assault!! PAN ZLOBEK (now defunct) is a raw and fast D-beat attack, with just slight tinges of melody. They mix the tempo, and the production ups the intensity—this is music best listened to *raw*, and raw is what you get. REPRESSION ATTACK are young kids who come from a small town east of Moscow and deliver full frontal ScandiCrust mayhem. Nothing new here, but this shit is so fucking good I can't get enough..."Warsystem" cover that's just as raw as the original? Oh hell yeah, sign me up. A two-band rager from the other side of the world, consider me stoked. (Robert) (tons of songs, lyrics included, trade preferred: Madfly, alco_myxa@mail.ru)

PIG TAKEOVER / THE UNNECESSARY BUTTONS – Midwest noise core nonsense from PIG TAKEOVER—super low fi shit assault with faux creepy horror movie "monster's coming to get you" vocals. It's pretty ridiculous, and I pretty like it. Oh yeah, all the songs are about killin' pigs. THE UNNECESSARY BUTTONS, on the other hand are meandering noodling indie rock stuff, but with the same basement recording as PIG TAKEOVER. It doesn't work. Perhaps this side would be better if it had a decent recording, but I kinda doubt it. THE UNNECESSARY BUTTONS sound kinda like their name. This tape has absolutely the best insert art *ever*. Whoever made it, I want you to design my next band's record. I'm serious, write me c/o MRR. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, $2 to Frankenjew c/o 1776 Chestnut Ave., Glenview, IL 60025)

PINE AWAY – This is close to '80s college rock (early REM, GUADALCANAL DIARY) as it is to the '90s emo pop punk from their home town of San Francisco (J CHURCH, JAWBREAKER), but it's a little more bouncy than the former and more syrupy than the latter. Combine all those bands with WEAKERTHANS, and you'll have PINE AWAY in a nutshell. Not my thing, but well played. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, 2629 Irving Street, San Francisco, CA 94122, fullyintercoastal@hotmail.com)

POSSIBLE FATHERS – Ok, this is the *Doing the Dad Thing* tape. It's much less muddy than the other one and has a few more palatable elements of pop, which I find less appealing, but you might like! I still think this band rules. (Helen) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/possiblefathers)

POSSIBLE FATHERS – Holy holy. This review is for the *New Daddy In Town* tape and is excellent use of the four-tracks. Monotone vocals and spiraling driving guitars. Somewhere between NIRVANA and HICKEY (which I realize leaves very little space), POSSIBLE FATHERS stands hand in hand with LONG LEGGED WOMAN in the race against past future time. (Helen) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/possiblefathers)

RIB CAGES – Super fuzzed out punk rock 'n' roll from the Northwest with the kind of singer that is inviting you to a fun party every time he opens his mouth "Yeeah-Yuh!!" Fortunately everything is plenty distorted, so the fact that these folks might actually be making run of the mill garage slop 'n' roll is masked by the noise (which I like).The approach is pretty good, but I'm pretty bored after a couple of tunes. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/ribcages)

SAID GUN – OK, here's a good rule for aspiring bands: to avoid disappointing people, if you choose to name your band after another band's song title, at least sound something like that band. I was really hoping that this would be some EMBRACE worship, but instead it's melodic hardcore-influenced pop punk. It's not bad, but man, what a let down... (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, $3 from Said Gun, 5635 E. Bell Rd. #2050, Scottsdale, AZ 85254, www.myspace.com/saidgunaz, bensfeatures@gmail.com)

SEALINGS – I'm not sure if this is punk, but it's fkkn great. Drum machine/bass/vocals with bursts of guitar only when necessary. Super dark and goth sounding shits that could be exceptionally hip if they tried...let's hope they don't try, because this dirty delivery is transfixing. This is my last review of the month, and it might be my favorite (considering how cooked my ears are today, and how cynical one can become after listening to ho-hum demos for six hours, that means SEALINGS is actually really fucking good). FUCK!!! They just killed it with a pop song. Oh well, back to being cynical. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, $10ppd from clandestinerecords.bigcartel.com)

SPEEDWOLF – Well, it was bound to happen someday. Someone actually thought that *Bark at the Poon* was a good title for a tape. As you might have guessed, this is fairly mediocre thrash metal. The fine gentlemen of SODOM aren't quaking in their boots right now. You should just listen to the new MIDNIGHT picturedisc instead—now that's the real shit. (xYosefx) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, Reed Bruemmer, 1085 Pearl St. #304, Denver, CO 80203, www.myspace.com/speedwolfmetal, ddcbitch@yahoo.com)

STRAP ON – This is what your average *MRR* demo reviewer is expecting when they reach their grubby paws into that basket: poorly recorded "fuck you" punk fucking rock. Good thing for STRAP ON that this is exactly what I *hope* to find. Start/stop, screeching vocals, ultra simple delivery, but I bet these guys kill it live. 98% punk demo packaging (taped over an '80s mainstream/new wave mix tape and spray painted all neon and shit) with 0% contact information. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, no contact)

SUMMERTIME BLOCK TALK – This demo is sort of all over the place, but is screechy mostly suburban teenage punk and is thankfully recorded on something shitty. The songs themselves mix humor with more serious topics and one, I think, musically pokes fun at "amazingcore." There's also reggae and hip hop songs, which are intended as jokes but are actually competent for a punk band. As for the actual punk tracks, they're not a bad start. (Dan) (12-song CD, lyrics included, summertimeblocktalk@gmail.com)

THE TAGALONGS – Typical cutesy yet skillful pan-Portland/Santa Cruz pop. Think: SHOW ME THE PINK and the MOST. A couple of songs where a male voice sings sound like DEAD MOON. (Helen) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included, tagalongspdx@gmail.com)

TV SUICIDES – This is their *Nerve Damage* demo, the first of two that TV SUICIDES sent. The band plays very straightforward, possibly Oi!-influenced, mid-tempo hardcore punk, with harsh vocals and lukewarm riffs that aren't cringe-worthy but don't really stand out either. The best song is the second, which is carried by a better riff and bass line over the chorus that adds sort of a doomed element, which is fitting given that this band is based in the Detroit suburbs. (Dan) (4-song CD, lyrics included, 21620 Hoffman St., St. Clair Shores, MI 48082, www.myspace.com/tvsuicides)

TV SUICIDES – This is the *Faces of Meth* demo, which is their second and a huge improvement over the first. The sound isn't that different aside from being better, but the songwriting is improved and the vocalists (all three members sing at different parts) are more pissed. There's interesting overdubs such as a flanger and what sound like subtle but uncharacteristic guitar that only add to the creepy, paranoid vibe. (Dan) (4-song CD, lyrics included, 21620 Hoffman St., St. Clair Shores, MI 48082, www.myspace.com/tvsuicides)

WAR/SYSTEM – Political UK metal crust with a Scandinavian bent, as the name might suggest. I could totally get behind this if it were fast, but just when they should have kicked the tempo into overdrive, they dropped into a double bass heavy chugga chugga breakdown and then went right back to the same chorus. It sounds like there's at least one metalhead who does a little too much songwriting for WAR/SYTEM, and this slow/mid-tempo thing really doesn't suit the music they are playing at all... but if they only played faster... Who knows? (Robert) (3-song CD, no lyrics included, $6 ppd from Pat Terrorain, 120 Landsdowne Rd., Worcester WR3 8JL, ENGLAND)

WHITE WARDS – Impossible-to-read logo? Check. Intentionally shitty-looking black-and-white photocopied cover? Check. Obscure foreboding lyrics written in an illegible scrawl? Check. No, this isn't French black metal, it's Washington state "cult hardcore." Fortunately for WHITE WARDS, beneath the obscurantism and misspellings one can discover some truly fucked-up dark hardcore. There is a genuine feeling of menace here that you rarely find in newer hardcore recordings. Seek this out now, or buy it later from some pimply faced little shit on eBay along with the latest ultra-limited one-sided tour 7" from [insert cult hardcore band name here]. (xYosefx) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, Ian Jeffries, 5140 Steamboat Island Rd., NW Olympia, WA 98502, www.oursound.net, whitewards@gmail.com)

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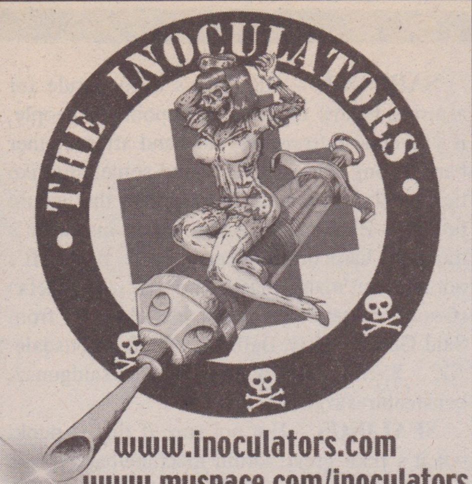

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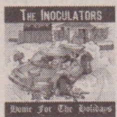
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KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
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ZINES

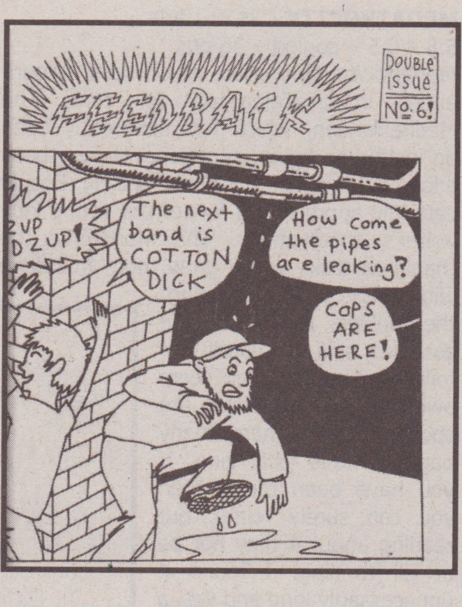
Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio
(JD) Judy Balmin
(JB) Julia Booze
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(VX) XYosefX

ANTIPATIA #1 / free or the cost of postage
11 x 17 – copied – two pgs – Spanish
Another awesome-looking Spanish punk/hardcore zine that I can't read, but would like to. *Antipatia* is put out to compliment a couple of radio shows, so it's kinda like a Spanish version of *Equalizing Distort*, I guess. This has photos of Crimen De Estado, Otan, Atentado (their EP is one of the best of the last year, by the way), and DSB, and lots of writing (reviews, I think) about the current international punk and hardcore scene with a heavy focus on Spain. If you're lucky enough to run across this at a show or info shop and you speak Spanish then definitely grab it. Or if this review has enticed you to buy it, just send 'em the cost of postage with a letter and they'll send you an issue in return. (CI)
PO Box 24223/ 08080, Barcelona / Spain

BIG HANDS #7 / 2$ each
5.5 x 9.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Oh father time, are you out there, can you hear me? I like sad music and I often ponder the meaning of life and of death. For more insight into my personal thoughts on these unsolved mysteries, I present you with this, my journal. (DS)
Aaron Lane Smith / 1104 Imperial Rd / Cary, NC 27511

BROKEN PENCIL #45 / $5.95
11 x 8.5 – printed – 54 pgs
Looks like a Canadian government/grant subsidized magazine. *Broken Pencil* resembles *Punk Planet* but has a broader non-music focus. There are some articles I flipped past in extreme disinterest, much like every magazine of this nature, but there was a great piece on underground media and zine culture in small town Canada that was sort of like a road trip of oddball DIY offshoots. Also liked the short thing on a community/show space in Latvia started by hardcore kids, though it wasn't super punk orientated—the focus was more about how they don't really have a big zine/comic culture there. I would have been more interested in the DIY/punk show/integrating with the local community aspects of the place. I also liked a piece by Samantha Tree about the feminist punk scene in Calgary... There are a bunch of excerpts from other zines and comics scattered throughout. (LG)
PO Box 203 Stn P / Toronto, ON M5S 2S7 / Canada


DOUBLE ISSUE №6!
FEEDBACK
ZUP DZUP!
The next band is COTTON DICK
How come the pipes are leaking?
COPS ARE HERE!

CONSCIOUS #3 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
For some reason, I've been getting a lot of Malaysian zines for review these days, and I'm digging it. *Conscious* was originally intended to be a huge comprehensive fanzine full of reviews and interviews and what not, but it somehow turned into a personal zine about Ben's upbringing and experiences with adoption and with searching for a long-lost brother who was separated from him at a young age. Ben also writes an epic story about he and his friends being beaten up by cops on New Years Eve for no reason and the corruption that is inherent in the police force. My favorite thing about the zine is that it is filled with tons of pithy sayings and wise words, like "life is short but wide." So true. (DA)
Sofian Baharom / 134A Jalan Langgak Bukit / Setapak / 53000 Kuala Lumpur / Malaysia
sacredletters@gmail.com

DIRGE #6 / $2
8.5 x 7 – copied – 24 pgs
Dirge is a decent cut-and-paste DIY zine that focuses heavily on the D-beat and crust side of punk, and consists mainly of interviews (the editor confesses that he feels reviews are boring, so he doesn't write them). Bands featured in this edition are Nerveskade (an American outfit, despite the Norwegian name), Mundo Muerto (Los Angeles), and the Malaysian band Apparatus. The strong point of this zine is the inclusion of gig photos throughout the issue, adding a nice visual component lacking in many others. The weak point, however, is that aside from pictures and interviews, *Dirge* doesn't seem to cover much else. That's cool, I guess, as some people think punk zines should be strictly music, but I think some columns or other features would make this otherwise decent publication even more solid. (BG)
Dirge c/o Eugene / 147 Rugby Road / Brooklyn, NY 11226
projectileppuke@yahoo.com

ENTRY POINT / free
5.5 x 9.5 – copied – 18 pgs
This is subtitled *A Compilation of Zinester Firsts,* and that is the concept in a nutshell. Each page is dedicated to a person responsible for bringing the world another zine. There is talk of inspiration and first time exposure to zine culture. *Entry Point* could effectively introduce the casual reader to writers unknown, and will likely inspire new works. A good idea—nothing flashy, but a solid effort. (DS)
Nicole Introvert /
Internationalzinemonth.wordpress.com

FEEDBACK #6 / $2ppd
7 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Charming right off the bat. I am left with a feeling of "but wait, what else?" after the last page of these comic show reviews. There are four panels to explain the bands at each show, along with insights and banter from the artist. I find it lovable, funny, and creative...plus the comic format is perfect for the amount of information a show review needs! Only the highlights. I also appreciate the artist/punk's vast musical taste and appropriate level of disdain for every genre. (JB)
John Issacson / 3613 SE 10th Ave. / Portland, OR 97202
feedbackcomics.blogspot.com

Later Daze
issue number four
PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS.
PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS. PIGEONS.
PIGEONS. PIGEONS.

GUTTERSLUG #2 / no price listed
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 68 pgs
This huge zine is filled with Emily's writing about her wild life as a smelly fucked up punk, hitching all over, drinking and puking in the streets, etc. But part of her life as a homeless teenager is living in shelters, dealing with the courts and social services, and trying to manage the repercussions of her rough, former home life. The former stuff reads like the long-ago first issue of *Scam*, including a jailhouse wine recipe. When she writes about issues and problems she's struggling with, it's closer to compilations such as *Support* or the trauma-processing zines that came in the wake of riot grrrl. The power in this zine isn't in the writing itself, which isn't especially good or bad, but in the breadth of material she covers, and in making the connections as to how and why somebody ends up learnin' to make jailhouse wine in the first place. If these two themes together sound relevant to you, you oughta check this out. Oh yeah most of the action takes place in rural Australia. Kids must be smarter over there, as this zine begins with an acknowledgement that she does have [white] privilege and that there is potentially triggering material inside. (JM)
Emily / PO Box 386 / Fortitude Valley / QLD / Australia 4001

LATER DAZE #4 / $0.50 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs
I reviewed the last issue of *Later Daze* too, and am stoked to be getting it for review! Keith has a lot of interesting stories and articles, and manages to come up with new and interesting things for each issue. This time around, there's a piece on how expensive BART is and how hard it is to scam (red cards Keith, red cards), with an amusing story of a kid hopping out of the Orinda station, getting chased, and then safely finding refuge on a departing bus. Keith also includes his guest health column a couple of *MRR*s back about getting polio via a vaccine and living with it, a piece on the thrill of discovering early-'80s Orinda (Keith's suburban hometown) punks Deadly Reign, and some other good stuff I won't spoil for you because you should get this. His layouts are also getting neater and less scrawled, but without abandoning the rad style that has come to characterize *Later Daze*. Can't wait for the next one! (DG)
1608 Prince St. / Berkeley, CA 94703
theheist@rock.com

MEDATROCITY / 2$ or trade
5.5 x 9.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Medatrocity chronicles a worker's experiences in a Telegraph St. café, The Mediterranean, which has apparently been an institution for many moons. Having been a long time worker in a similar setting, I could certainly appreciate a few of the young lady writer's observations. The monotony, the thankless tasks which grow more mundane with every passing evening; the junkies, the idiots, the assholes, and the handful of folks that make it all seem awesome and important are spoken of in the many, many pages of this local zine. If you have been there, then you can surely relate, but reading about it may not be at all thrilling. I found it unnecessarily long and yes, a bit trite even. This zine does not break any new ground(s). (DS)
836 57th St / Oakland, CA 94608

MOSH
#12
JULY '09
the fury
douglas ward
the garrison
cock say cock dung

MODERN BROPAR IV / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
Bunch of dudes doing dude things. Photos of hot rods, the Mummies, dudes with their tricked-out bicycles, Crackbox, Two Man Advantage, Teenage Whore Moans, Musclebound, blah, blah, blah. *Modern Bropar* is basically a photozine with some collages and other randomness. The vibe is bro heavy, and I'm currently tossing it towards the recycling bin. (CI)
Mattitude / 4944 Pine St / Philadelphia, PA 19143
matt.emmerich@gmail.com
www.myspace.com/bropar

MODERN BROPAR #3 / no price listed
5.5 x 8 – copied – 20 pgs
This photo and flyer collection of Philly shows has been out for a while now. It looks good, with pictures of Retard Strength, Teenage Whore Moans, Rowdy Ones, and Vulcan. The flyers show there has been a bunch fun shows there, but you knew that already. This is pretty well done. (JM)
Mattitude / 4944 Pine St / Philadelphia, PA 19143
matt.emmerich@gmail.com
www.myspace.com/bropar

MORE NOIZE #2 / **VAPAUS** #4 / $?
8.5 x 12 – copied – 12 pgs
Here's a split zine, featuring *More Noize* from the UK and *Vapaus* from Croatia. The gent from *MN* sent this in, so I'll take a look at his half first. I reviewed his first issue four months back and not much has changed—it still has no layout to speak of and reads like a webzine. Features an interview with Canadian noisecore act Schizophasia, a retrospective on the German band Vorkriegsphase, and a bunch of reviews. Honestly, I was hoping for more with this second issue. The interview and retrospective were good, but I could have used with more in that vein and far fewer reviews, and a good layout would do fucking wonders. *Vapaus* stands out from *More Noize* in a number of ways, not the least of which is a nicely done cut-and-paste layout. Apparently this is his first issue in English, the rest being in Juraj's native Croatian, which goes a long way towards explaining why I'd never heard of the zine before. That's a pity for me, since I really enjoyed his half of this split. He interviews a bunch of international hardcore/punk/crust bands from I'd never heard of (Chaos Destroy, Derriba Tus Muros, Kaaska, Zudas Krust, and Big Bang) and has a small section of reviews. The interviews were all quite short but good. I'd recommend picking this up for the *Varaus* side alone. (VX)
More Noize c/o Tony Gunnarson / 31 Woodville Road / E17 7ER / London / England
slobodanburgher@gmail.com

MORE NOIZE #3 / $?
6 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
All right, this is a vast improvement over Tony's previous two issues—which is funny, since in the editorial he says that this one was thrown together far more quickly. First off, while the layout is still pretty basic it is highly improved through the switch to a half-size format, making everything much easier to read than in the previous full-size issues. The review section takes up a smaller portion of the zine as well, making way for two interesting original interviews (with Terska from Finland and Caravana Anarquista from Japan), a newly translated Wankys interviews from a Japanese zine, a short Wankys/Active Minds tour report, a scene report from Brisbane, Australia, and several other short pieces of writing on hardccore/punk/dis/noisecore/etc. Nearly a third of the zine is still taken up with reviews, but that's a significant cutback. Overall this issue finally makes *More Noize* a zine I can recommend without reservation, and I hope Tony only continues to improve over time. (VX)
More Noize c/o Tony Gunnarson / 31 Woodville Road / E17 7ER / London / England
slobodanburgher@gmail.com

MOSH #12 / $2 ppd international, trades preferred
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Damn, apparently the editor has been doing this zine for ten years now—that's some serious dedication. *Mosh* hails from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and features interviews with local reggae punk band the Garrison (with the slogan "Eat Pussy, Not War"?!?), a young punk band from the village of Terengganu called Cock Say Cock Dung, the editor of US zine *The Fury,* and Douglas Ward of 97-Shiki and Screeching Weasel. These are followed by several pages of reviews for books, zines, tapes, and CDs. The zine is nicely laid out, but I didn't get too much out of it. There are a lot of references that I didn't get, probably since I'm not familiar with the punk scene, culture, politics, and history of Malaysia. A good read nonetheless. (VX)
Nervhous Records / 49, Jalan Rahim Kajai / Taman Tun Dr. Ismail / 60000 Kuala Lumpur / Malaysia
nizangmosh@gmail.com

NEW TO EVERYTHING #8 / $1
4.25 x 6 – copied – 28 pgs
In January 2007 I reviewed *New to Everything* and claimed that there wasn't anything I could find fault with but that nothing stuck in my head. Again I can't find anything that really bothers me about this zine, but neither can I generate much enthusiasm. The stories cover family, birthday celebrations, friends, and death. I suppose I'd like to read some stories written by Leanne that don't place her as the central character the next time through. In any event, putting out a quarter-sized, typewritten personal zine for over the last three years deserves some accolades, if only for the perseverance demonstrated. (CR)
Leanne / PO Box 10713 / Pittsburgh, PA 15203
dearleanne@gmail.com

NODE PAJOMO Fall Winter 2009 / trade
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 24 pgs
A rad little resource for those of you intrigued by mail art and various "thing" exchanges involving mail! It's a listing of every mail art museum, artist, and random lonely human that the author comes across, along with a little explanation of why mail art and commerce don't mix. Then there's a section in the back with people that want mix tapes, or will do free foot readings if you send 'em a tape or a photocopy of yer foot. (LG)
PO Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227

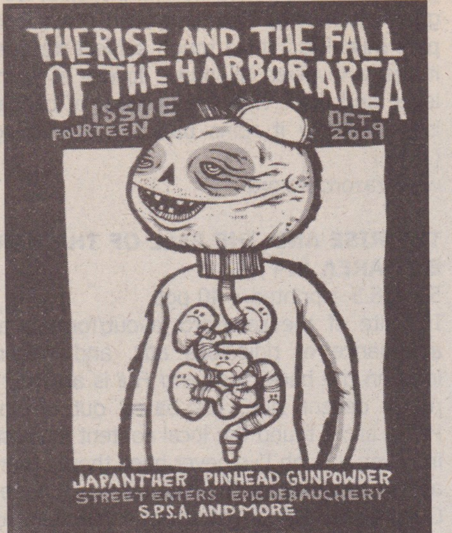
R3
RAZORCAKE
WE DO OUR PART
#4
RVIVR
ARTCORE FANZINE
THE LUMBERJACK MORDAM MUSIC GROUP DEBACLE
NO BUNNY
GOOD LUCK

RAZORCAKE #53 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 114 pgs
Can't help but mention how cool the cover looks, with actual stencils made of all the members of RVIVR except...Matt...who is replaced by some other dude who kind of looks like Tom Gable...dropped the ball *Razor*-dudes, really. But otherwise this issue is packed with delightful shit. RVIVR is one of my favorite bands right now and the interview with them is intelligent and challenging, it goes far beyond band talk. Also interviewed are Good Luck, NoBunny, and *Artcore* magazine. The most interesting part however, and really well edited, is the testimonal style exposé on the Lumberjack/Mordam Distro scandal that I seem to remember was a very tender subject here at MRR HQ. As much as I don't really get the "industry" legalese thrown around in the piece, I feel like I can grasp what happened now and I think it's a good attempt at "learning from other people's mistakes." It's a tough subject because it really involves all music lovers at some level, and deals with the ugliness of capitalism and how it ruins basically everything. (JB)
www.razorcake.org

THE RISE AND THE FALL OF THE HARBOR AREA #14 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs
In spite of the semi-pro layout/format, an abundance of ridiculous ads, and Volcom logo on the back, *Rise and Fall* is actually a pretty decent zine. It's based out of San Pedro and I found the local content interesting even though I've never been there. There are interviews with Japanther, Pinhead Gunpowder, Street Eaters, and members of the San Pedro Skatepark Association, all of which are worthwhile reads (especially the skatepark one, which is pretty in-depth). There's also a mini San Pedro scene report that covers a few recently formed bands, a piece on a local diner, some reprinted Bukowski poems, and forgettable record and DVD reviews. (DG)
PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733
www.theriseandthefall.com

SILBER MINI COMICS / $1 each
1.5 x 1.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Silber Media sent in five mini comics, which I'm reviewing together. The format is so small that every page is one panel. The stories tend to be dreamlike and involve violence. The art tends toward the simple side, and works well with the plain writing. My biggest complaint is that my fine motor skills make it hard to read such a small publication. Very few zines are a buck these days, and these would be worth a try if you love comics. (JM)
Silber Media / PO Box 18062 / Raleigh, NC 27619
www.silbermedia.com

SMILE, HON YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE #12 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 60 pgs
Smile, Hon You're in Baltimore is not a zine. This is a literary journal with far too much poetry for my taste, although one poem is far too much poetry in my estimation. The contributors are Baltimoreans who for the most part focus on some component of Baltimore culture or life ranging from drugs to rats to human remains. If you like independent literary journals, geographical writing, or Baltimore, I'd recommend this. Otherwise you may be a bit disappointed like I was. (CR).
Eight Stone Press / William P. Tandy / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212
wpt@eightstonepress.com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ISSUE FOURTEEN
OCT 2009
JAPANTHER PINHEAD GUNPOWDER
STREET EATERS EPIC DEBAUCHERY
S.P.S.A. AND MORE

SUGAR + HEARTSTRINGS #3 / $1
5.5x8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Sugar + Hearstrings is a typical per-zine, it's not bad except for the fact that it's annoyingly written in the style of a hyper 12-year-old in an internet chat room. (MM)
aminafoxdye@gmail.com

TINPAN MONTHLY Sept, Nov, Oct, and I can't tell / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – about 20 pgs
Zine and record reviews, interviews, personal anecdotes about bloopers in the central Pennsylvania punk life, lots of tips on how to be punker. In addition to putting out this cut-and-paste zine, the authors host a punk rock radio show on WQSU. They talk about it a lot. I chose not to read most of the handwritten portions because the handwriting kind of sucks most of the time. I did, however, read the portion written by a prisoner somewhere who insists that whoever is reading it is probably definitely 100% a poser. Rough. That same issue has an overview of different audio delivery systems (8-track, laserdisc, etc.) that have existed and fallen out of use. The author presents this overview in the context of dissing the protected digital audio formats that record companies use to sell you music online. It's all right. The content generally ranges from OK, to boring, to way boring and not clever at all. Maybe you have to be a PA insider to get it. (JD)
Tinpan Monthly / 862 N 4th St / Sunbury, PA 17801
tinpanmonthly@yahoo.com

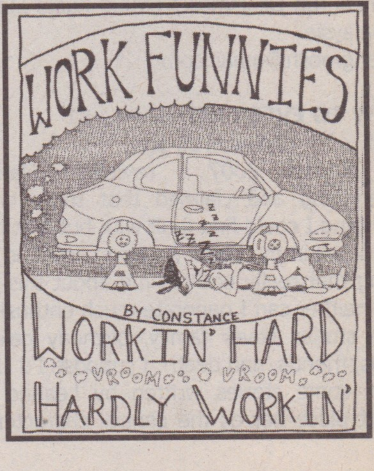
TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #222 / ? 2
8.25 x 7.25 – printed – 32pgs – Finnish
The cover of this little Finnish zine, which translates as "The Other Alternative," will immediately catch your eye with its cool, full color Pushead artwork, which is taken from Kylesa's *Static Tensions* album. *Toinen Vaihtoehto* appears to be an official Finnish punk periodical of sorts, published since the late '80s, and it reviews national bands and gigs, as well as announcing upcoming punk related events. The band interviews don't entirely rely on Finn bands, however, and this issue features Kylesa (hence the cover art) and a write up on Jonsson from Anti Cimex and Wolfpack, and the incredible Finnish band Abortti 13 is interviewed here, making me wish I could get past the language barrier to read it! Other than that, the issue contains a few pages of reviews, some gig photos, and a short comic on the back. This seems like an excellent resource for that neck of the woods. (BG)
Toinen Vaihtoehto / PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland,
tv@punkinfinland.net

TOOTHWORM #4 / free?
4.25 x 5.5 – 36 pgs
Fuck. This is the best *Toothworm* yet. It took me a few days to process. How can I explain? It deals with everything: abuse, depression, vagrancy, *genderqueerity*, bullshit we aren't taking anymore, philosophy, alcoholism, healthcare, hatred, feminism, deep and fully realized hope, and pure fucking sass. Not to mention there's butt drawings everywhere and fart clouds that maybe are actually rainbows. The writing gets under my skin, I both relate to it and feel unnerved by it. I just love everything about it. It has this *way*. (JB)
Toothworm / 1935 Linden St. / Oakland, CA 94607
toofworm@gmail.com

TRAINWRECK #7 / $1
5.5x4.25 – copied – 40 pgs
Trainwreck started out seeming like a typical tour diary. Overall it's more of a collection of kind of vague stories about interactions with people in different towns and it's really reflective. Not just "played a show, got drunk," but more internal dialogue. There's a certain sadness to it. I don't think I understood it. but I liked it. (MM)
Dave Brainwreck / 74 Dwight St #2 / New Haven, CT 06511

UNEMPLOYED / $2 plus postage
6 x 4 – printed – 40 pgs
"Is it possible to see shades of gray without becoming one?" asks Aaron Lake Smith in this book titled *Unemployment*, which explores his experience of that state of being. He writes about questing for a lifestyle in which he can be unemployed, creative, and live life without fretting about finding a job every moment, rendering himself incapable of doing or enjoying those activities he dreams about when he is employed. The quote above refers to his fear that it might not be possible to find a real balance in between work, art, and enjoying life—there may be no true freedom for this fellow and many like him. His story is peppered with Black Flag, Morrissey, and Crass lyrics. While taking the reader on a meandering tour of his jobless day, somewhere in the middle, he talks shit on CrimethInc for a page or so, "The Point of *Days of War, Nights of Love* wasn't to be a step-by-step guide to utopia and a better world. It was just a catalyst, food for thought to get readers to develop their own survival system—a provocative illustration of some attempts that had been made. But instead of taking the hint and developing our own generational definition of resistance, we just lazily adopted theirs." Well put. Aaron's voice and personal insights always manage to capture my attention, even when he's on a topic like this that's getting played out in every venue and medium nowadays. I googled his ass to see what else he's been up to and it looks like unemployment hasn't got him too down. He's currently at (or probably hanging out near) the Copenhagen Climate Change Conference reporting on the environmental justice activism. Keep an eye on this one. He's got his head in the game. (JD)
Aaron Lake Smith / 1104 Imperial Rd / Cary, NC 27511

WORK FUNNIES / $3
4.25 x 7 – copied – 26 pgs
Work Funnies is an amusing and distinctly rudimentary yet charming comic book about the author's experience as a female apprentice mechanic. Her drawing style is simple yet evocative, which is probably how I would describe this fanzine. It's hard to describe why this is rad, I feel like if I explain away the comic strip stories it'll detract from the thing that makes this such an excellent document. There's one with different people's reactions to the news that the writer was beginning training as an auto-mechanic, one comparing her experiences as a stripper to those of her new job, and my favorite one was the first one, a simple exchange between her boss and herself... I think this works because of the themed nature. I am not sure how interested I would be if *Work Funnies* was just some day-to-day life experience comic thing. (LG)
bigcavecomix@live.com



jan-feb // nine two four gilman

Sun, January 3rd
Harms Way

Fri, January 8th
Sabertooth Zombie
Grace Alley
Skin Like Iron

Sun, January 10th
Mohoram Atta (reunion)

Thur, January 14th
Mystery Dope
Wesh
Shohei Kobayashi
The Blackheads
Robbie Wobbles

Fri, January 15th
Grass Widow

Sat, January 16th
Hope Conspiracy
Lewd Acts
Never Healed
Touche Amore
Nails

Sun, January 17th
New Earth Creeps

Sat, January 23rd
Younger Lovers

Fri, January 29th
Cruel Hand
Bracewar
Mother of Mercy
Crucified
Sacred

Sat, February 6th
Angry Samoans
Dr. Know
Oppressed Logic
Bum City Saints
Nihilist Cunt

Sat, February 27th
UGZ 2010 Speed Trials
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Phobia
Pretty Little Flower
Laughing Dog
Triac
more bands TBA

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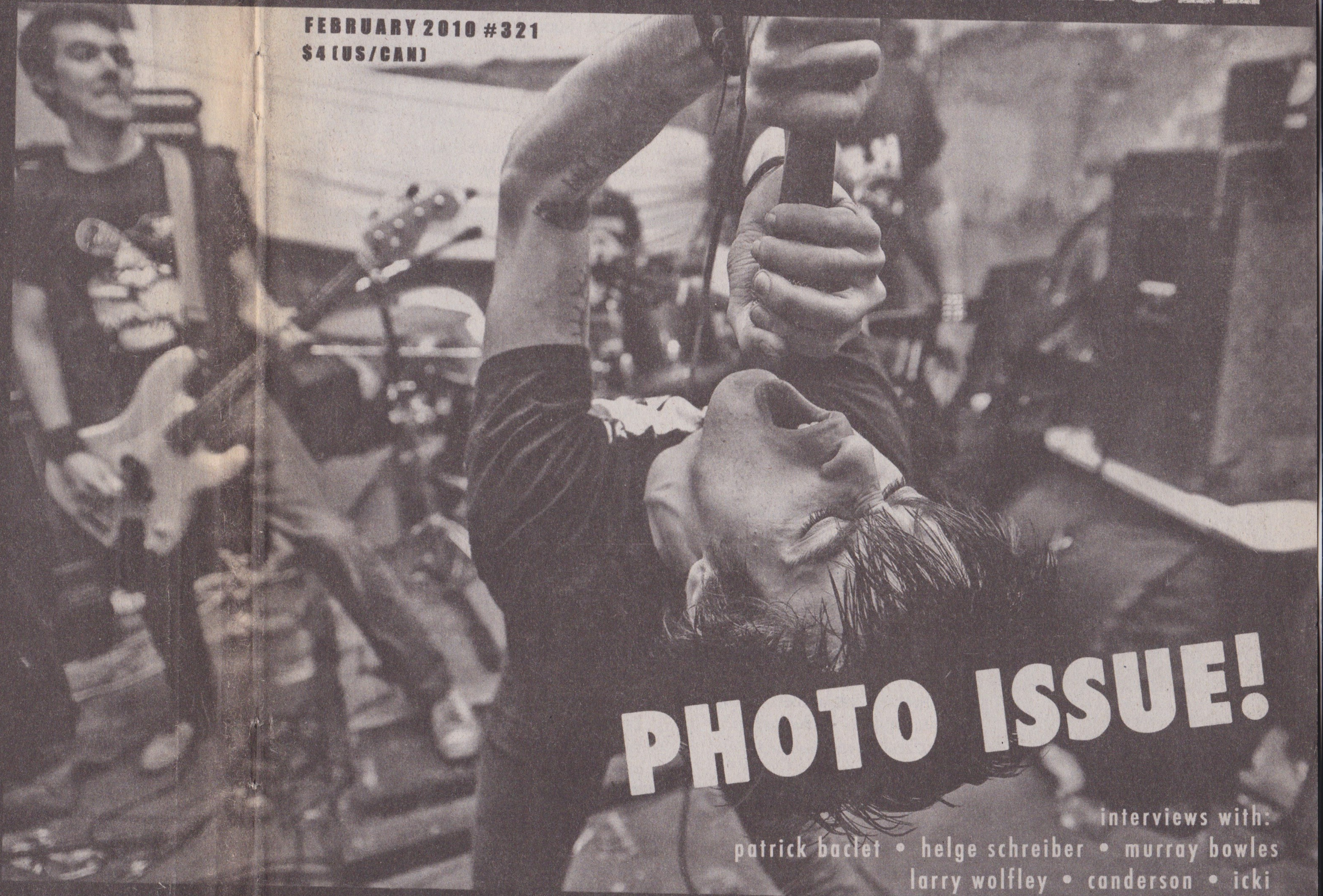

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PLUS: punk photobook bibliography